To Come When Called

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/27774838.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter, Matthew Brown/Will Graham
Characters:	Will Graham's Dogs, Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Jimmy Price, Brian Zeller, Jack Crawford, Alana Bloom, Abigail Hobbs, Garrett Jacob Hobbs, Beverly Katz, Abel Gideon, Matthew Brown (Hannibal), Original Characters
Additional Tags:	Hannibal (TV) Season/Series 01, Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Hannibal Lecter is a Cannibal, Hannibal Lecter Loves Will Graham, Angst, Slow Burn, Anal Sex, Anal Fingering, Blow Jobs, First Time, Shower Sex, Hand Jobs, Dom/sub, Omega Will Graham, Bottom Will Graham, Top Hannibal Lecter, Alpha Hannibal Lecter, Hannibal Lecter is the Chesapeake Ripper, Hannibal (TV) Season/Series 02, Original Character(s), Mating Bites, Daddy Kink, Mating Cycles/In Heat, Mpreg, Possessive Hannibal Lecter, Cannibalism, Minor Character Death, Canon-Typical Violence
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of To Come When Called Series
Stats:	Published: 2020-11-29 Completed: 2021-03-14 Words: 66,538 Chapters: 30/30

To Come When Called

by EmrysRealmskip

Summary

Will's spent his whole life away from the Alpha and Omega drama in the world. He was a Beta and a mediocre one at that, but Will's world turns upside down when he meets Hannibal Lecter for the first time. A man Jack says has 'needed' expertise on the recent Minnesota missing girls case.

But The Alpha sets off something deep inside Will, something he didn't even know was there.

“ You can’t run away from who you are, even though that means running straight into something that could unlock your true nature.
Will was unique, his empathy, his cunning. But he never expected this... He never expected to walk into the belly of the beast unscathed, and possibly unafraid. He can’t run from what's inside him. Even if he doesn’t quite know what it is... Yet.”

Notes

Part one of the To Come When Called series.
Part two “ To Leave & To Follow “ is out now!
💕
(About MCD: No Major characters die, just minor characters)

Hi all! this is my first fic, hope you like it,

(Chapter Title chapter name based on " The Love club' By LORDE)

Go get punched for the love club

"Not fond of eye contact, are you?" Hannibal Lecter smirks, it's slight but noticeable. For just meeting him, this man's eyes are all over Will. Sinking past his scull, a shiver caresses Will's spine. Was it too hot or too cold in here? He couldn't tell, just like he could tell where the scent of fresh pine was coming from. Odd smell for the inside of Quantico which usually smelt of must and bleach cleaner left on the hard surfaces.

Will shifts in his seat, heat touching his flush face. Was it anger? Or something else? " Eyes are distracting. You see too much. You don't see enough. And it's hard to focus when you're thinking those whites are, really white or they must have hepatitis, or is that a burst vein? So I try to avoid eyes whenever possible." He decided on anger, it was now flooding his insides. He wiped a bead of sweat from his brow, then shifted again, not finding an optimal position to sit in Jacks's office next to this- this.

"I imagine what you see and learn touches everything else in your mind. Your values and decency are present yet shocked at your associations, appalled at your dreams. No forts in the bone arena of your skull for things you love." Hannibal speaks again and Will feels oddly dissected by the brown-gold orbs across from him... Then something clicks.

"Whose profile are you working on? " Wills's voice is rough. He looks to Jack oddly silent in the corner. " Whose profile is he working on?" Will asks Jack.

" I'm sorry, Will. Observing is what we do. I can't shut mine off any more than you can shut yours off." Hannibal says and Will feels a shift, no a pull in his direction. Eyes not meeting but skimming Hannibal's face, his mouth, his jaw. And suddenly Will feels a surge of what he'd like to call rage, but he knew it was not the case... He spun in his chair to look at Jack.

" Please don't psychoanalyze me. You won't like me when I'm psychoanalyzed." His legs were trembling... What in the *hell* was going on him, Jesus. Sweat dripped from his dark curls to his collar. "Now if you'll excuse me, I have to go give a lecture on psychoanalyzing." Will forced himself up, pushing past the two men, leaving in what it seemed was a heated cloud of steam and spice.

Why did he snap like that? And why was his whole body begging to go back to that room, when his mind rather jump off a cliff than dare to attempt any steps in that direction. He couldn't believe he made up a lie to leave, it was embarrassing, at least it was believable. He couldn't breathe until he hit the door to the parking lot, digging his keys out of his deep pocket. The sound of them rattling, metal against metal made him cringe.

In the driver's seat he forced himself to breathe, he felt his forehead with the back of his fingers. Surging heat radiated from his flesh... He must be coming down with something.. A fever? He wouldn't doubt it. But something in the way his stomach twinged said otherwise.

Will started the car and began the drive back to Wolfs Trap, it wasn't long, but somehow the confined space of his Sudan made it feel like years before he arrived at his own domain. A

swarm of fur on four legs surrounded him. Yipping and nosing his pant leg. The brindled one, the new one in Will's herd of seven came up to him as he reclined on his couch.

" Hey Winston," Will said with a smile, ruffling the dog's newly cleaned fur, it felt good under his fingertips, smooth and dense. He sighed and fumbled for the remote, trying to forget about his freakish reaction to today's endeavor. The old Tv came on with a buzz and a thunk, the channel broadcasting, Baltimore News 1. As the dogs settled to chewing their toys and having their little rows with each other Will half tuned in to the *newscasters'* humming voice...

'It's an ungodly sight here in downtown Baltimore, With three more AA's in a week, it seems the police have their hands full..'

Will was silently grateful for being a beta male and not ruled by his rage like most alphas he knew, even Jack let it get the best of him at times, Although Alpha assaults were the least of Will's or the world's problems. Especially if what Jack and he were discussing got worse. The Minnesota Shrike wasn't assaulting, he was stealing and gobbling whole. And he needed to be stopped.

Will's stomach growled over the volume of the next 'hitting' news story. Realizing he hadn't eaten since breakfast, he dragged himself to his kitchen, searching for something to take the edge off without actually having to cook something. Will hated how lazy he was about eating, if it wasn't simple and quick, he didn't have the patience. Lucky for his dogs, who were now swirling the tails around him, he did in fact cook their food, to perfection he might add. He patted their fuzz heads, one by one giving them all equal affection. He grabbed a jar of peanut butter from the cupboard and some probably some to stale bead. Slathering its surface with a thick layer and plunging into his mouth like a child. Below him, Buster whined.

"It's okay buddy, you'll get yours too," Will said and went to grab their bowls. Once that was done he felt a sudden decline in his energy like his battery was on low. He took off his glasses, setting them on his nightstand, lifting his hands to his face rubbing slow circles in his temples. His mind flashed to those eyes, golden honey brown, on him like a brand. He shuttered then checked his forehead again. The heat was still there from earlier, but softer, duller. He took a few Asprin for good measure with a finger of whiskey and before he knew it night descended on the house and the world around him.

He took the dogs out for their nightly rummage and bathroom break before bed. The cold was brisk against his skin, a slight wind caressed his frame, subduing the flames under his skin. He opened the door back into much-needed warmth, letting a very tired very satisfied herd of fuzzies in with him. As the dogs settled in their beds Will stripped his work clothes off, changing into a simple t-shirt and boxers. He glided into bed, setting an alarm for tomorrow. As soon as his head hit the fluff of his pillows a sense of calm and comfort fell over him, lids felt heavy and his heartbeat slowed into a cathartic sleep...

/ heat, fluttering warmth.. red waves of singeing molten...hands. Gripping, claiming, tasting. Pine and breath, and the thumping. The erratic surge of nerves being undone and re-done. Red Alpha eyes, a gaze so hot it would melt bone and flesh... And the yearning, the panic, the liquid heat... Red surrounds, red dominates, red like blood, deep and never-ending. /

The moans and cries swallowed by sleep woke the dogs... Hearing their muffled cries Will wakes and struggles against sheets. Eyes opening, gasping for air with seven heads looking up to him in concern. Will sits up still panting, soaked in wet sweat, soaked in liquid heat. His groin throbbing with ache. With need.

" What t- the fuck." Will says to himself touching his hands to his face, smoothing the wet curls back from his forehead. *This isn't normal. This isn't-* The sheets were suffocating him, the air was thick, and his body felt wrong. He couldn't see past the haze in front of him, fumbling to the bathroom with shaking limbs. The water splashed his face, the cooling sensation didn't last long. All of the fire and fury from the hellish and horrifying dream was accumulating. He couldn't ignore his body's desperate state and longer. He turned on his showerhead avoiding the heat it could provide him, putting the dial right in the middle. He stripped off his sweat-drenched shirt and flung it on the floor in a frenzy. Grappling with his boxers he assessed the situation, he was rock hard, and he couldn't shake the feeling of hot hands running all down his body and sights of golden brown eyes turning red at the sight of him. He didn't care how ridiculous this was, he wasn't even sure if he was awake, he just knew he wanted- No he needed to release the tension between his thighs...

He stepped in the water stream, it ran down his back, down his thighs, coating him completely. He rinsed the drying sweat out of his hair until he could no longer hold himself back.

He palmed his length, and in response his whole body jerked. His hips rolled as he fucked into his hand. His brain felt like it was on fire, flashing images he couldn't control.

Hannibal.

His lips, full and he would bet, everso soft. He could nearly feel them on him. " Ah, fuck." He threw his head back, legs trembling as the water crashed. Without thinking with a free hand he turned the dial on the shower hotter, his body begged for warmth. Water now scolding, reddening his flesh as he arched into the touch that wasn't enough. One hand braced the wall, holding the bulk of his weight. Pleasure unlike he's ever felt on his own ricocheting off of every muscle in his body. Toes curling as he got closer.

"I can't shut mine off any more than you can shut yours off." he heard Hannibals accented voice in his head. It was true he couldn't shut it off. His moans grew louder, " H-Hannibal" His voice heavy with arousal, thick with need. " Alpha." He remembered his teeth, sharp points, fangs. He could nearly feel them sinking into his neck, claiming him.

" Fuck-ah" The noise that came out was one of a wounded animal. Wills whole body contacted as his climax came over him, "Hannibal fuck-" His breaths in short gasps and he rode out the pleasure. It fizzled like pop rocks on his skin, tingling and fleeing. When his breath evened out again, he shut the water off. Will stood there, wet, naked, and still coming off a pleasure high like no other. He was exhausted. As soon as he was dry he climbed back into bed, not bothering with clothes, skin still hot.

He buried himself in blankets, like a nest of soft plush. And fell instantly and soundly back to sleep...

I'm In A Click, But I Want Out

Chapter Summary

Will hates doctors... But finds the source of his 'probelm'

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will woke with a start. Sunlight bleeding through the Shades of his house as his alarm went off. He smacked the off switch promptly with an open fist. He checked his phone on his bedside table for missed calls from Jack, but there weren't any. He grumbled as he rubbed his eyes and let out a lazy yawn, lifting his bare shoulders out of his blanket cocoon.

Bare.

What? Will could swear he went to bed clothed.. he fumbled with his sheets, pulling them back and swinging his legs out the side of the warmth of his bed. He was completely naked... That meant... No. it was. It had to be a dream, it had to be.

His brain racked and wrestled with its thought of last night and what he thought was pure imagination. Even that aside, he had never, not once in his life, had thoughts about another person like that... let alone a man. Will's stomach churned, thinking like butter. Whatever was going on in his head, whatever force held onto his skin, it felt hungry, starved, desperate for attention...

He shot up frantically, shaking off a new sheen of slick newly forming sweat. Flashing cold water in his flush face was all he could do.

Fumbling, he sought out a new set of clothes. He felt exposed, chilled, and vulnerable. Grabbing a long sleeve, flannel, boxers, and pants was the easy part... Feeling the drag of fabric on sensitive skin wasn't easy. The sensation was close to a sunburn being scratched as he pulled his pants over his slim hips. Tying his belt a notch too tight just to feel the sting of heat.

The aftertaste from last night's fever dream had crawled out of the bed with him. Something felt off. Like something inside him was deeply wrong and wretched. It was getting harder to breathe.

He battled his sleep thoughts with coffee. Black. Hot. And nearly burning on the way down. Grabbing a granola bar and a banana, Will put on his jacket, said a brief 'see you later' to the dogs... and hopped out onto his porch.

He was lucky it was the weekend and he didn't have classes, he wouldn't know how to talk in front of a crowd like this. He was in the process of convincing himself to go to urgent care when he locked his door with a clack.

Will hater doctors. He hated them. Poking and prodding, medaling with his mind. They weren't good for much, and Will rarely entertained the idea of seeing one, even when he was sick... but this felt different. Strange somehow. Like he was imploding.

The car started. Wills mind still hadn't made peace with the fact that where he was headed, there could only be discomfort...

There were 'encouraging' posters at the Baltimore General. Will skimmed them with his blue-gray eyes. Tracing the curve of paper while he waiting in the walk-in section of the office.

Unleash your inner alpha; with alphaplexx. The one and only male alpha enhancement drug for alpha past their prime...

Will felt a distaste in his mouth, but it was filling up with saliva...

" Graham." His head snapped up to see a small brunette woman in the doorway. " Dr. Stamments will see you know. Come on back."

The hallway was stale and starchy. Will was led to room 119 where he was given a dressing gown. The nurse smirked when Will said, " Do I, Do I have to?" He gestured to the ugly hospital fabric.

" it's preferable, but no, you don't *have* to." She smiled again and slipped out of the room.

The wait was ongoing, Will rubbed his thighs together just to feel the friction. Until a balding man in a white smock waltzed through the door with a clipboard in hand.

" It says here that your symptoms include excessive perspiration, hot to the touch skin, and-" He flips through the small stack of papers pinned to the corkboard. " Hmm, interesting." He paused, eyes tracing some of the more ludicrous details he wrote down. Will was honest about how it felt, how his body felt... Different.

" Sorry, Doc I fail to see why a fever is interesting? " The phrase slipped from his lips before he could bite it back. It was snapper, more agitated than he expected. He had to real this newfound fussiness back if he was going to get any helpful answers.

The doctor smirked and placed a hand over Wills's forehead, Then turned to the white drawer behind him, fishing out a thermometer. "Let's see then shall we?" He lifted the rod to

Will's mouth, which opened reluctantly. The plastic felt wrong in his mouth. He was glad when it was removed. The doc's eyes scanned the results. " Well, well, just as I thought."

" *What,* is like you thought?"

" This is a rare occurrence but not completely unusual. " He took his plastic gloves off, tossing them in the nearby trash. " At 34 you are very late to the love club." He chuckled. Will cringed at the sound. Still fidgeting, restless.

" Again Doctor, vagaries." He was growing impatient.

" You really don't have a clue, do you?" Stamments blue eyes weren't menacing, but Will felt threatened.

" No," Will scoffed. " That's precisely why I'm here." Will's jaw felt tight,

" Well, let's make it simple, Mr. Graham, you are an *omega*. " Stamments delivered the line like it wasn't life-changing. Wills breath caught in his throat, it felt constricted, dry, and sticking together like sandpaper.

" How, how is that possible... Omegas and Alphas present during puberty. And doc, you well know I'm way past hormones and teen acne." At least he *hoped* he was past teen acne... " I'm beta... I *have* to be." The last fell soft and distant, but his heart was hammering.

" Yes, that is the usual case. But as I said, it's rare, but not impossible." The Doctor sat down in his swivel chair, attempting to be less intimidating, and continued. " This type of omega will only present when faced by its true alpha. And for no one else." A rush of emotion crawled up and over Will's skin, his breath hitched, brain denying everything he's heard thus far.

" True alpha... You mean like-"

" A true pairing. Your alpha is in your life now and your body is reacting, going into its first heat. That's why you feeling these things, its completely normal-"

"It's not normal! It's impossible, there's no way, I'm not even around any alphas..." *Just Jack.* Will thought, but he's not new he's not-

" Someone new then? You had to have caught the scent somehow, or you wouldn't have this reaction... I got to say this is one of the strongest-"

" Is there... Is there anything I can do about it.." Will cut Stamments off, desperate for this to be not true, and remembering all the posters for medication in the hallway... He didn't want to be this, he wanted to be a normal socially awkward beta male, he wanted normalcy in his body. He had enough weird and unbalanced elsewhere in his life, doing what he does for work.

" Yes," Stamments said scratching his nearly hairless head. " But they don't work for everyone, they're made to suppress the need to mate, it dulls the side affects your feeling.

Believe it or not some omegas live solitary lives, they don't have a need for an alpha..." Stamments continued but Will was locked in his head...

He remembered it. Pine. The strong scent of forest and musk. Hannibal's eyes on him. He shook the thought off, not daring to go down that road again.

" H-how much." Will inquired. The doctor looked up to meet his eyes, Will settled to look at his forehead.

" With your job, your insurance, cheap actually. " He smiled, Will sighed. Some relief filling him.

" Okay, well, how fast can you get them ready for me." *Please, Soon,* His mind begged.

" Let us see. " He flipped to look at his computer screen, scrolling down, clicking, entering keys. " You can get them in a week if you get them from the pharmacy.." He clicked again, eyes following." But, if you get them delivered to your door... As soon as Wednesday." The Doctor smiled.

" Delivery then."

" Yes, okay. That's all set, but let me-" Stammets rustled with the massive about of patient pamphlets at his desk, plucking one from the center and placing it in Will's clammy hands.

So Nobody Told You Were an Omega: Signs and Symptoms, What to expect.

The paper felt heavy in his hand. His thoughts still scattered and distant.

He left the doctor's office in a hurry, driving back to Wolf Trap in suspended silence, flashes of Hannibal's full lips tucked in a small curve.

" Graham, we need you, there been another killing in Minnesota "Jacks's voice calls over the line, and Will makes his way to the crime scene.

Chapter End Notes

* Stamments isn't a serial killer in this fic*
However, I will be making a replacement killer of my own making for the next few chapters. <3

When The Snakes Slither By

Chapter Summary

> Hannibal scoffed, eyes twinkling, "Of course you don’t. You and I are just alike. Problem-free. Nothing about us to feel horrible about." He studded Wills's face, and it began to heat up again from the attention. "I think Uncle Jack sees you as a fragile little tea-cup, the finest china used for only special guests."
>
> " How do you see me?" Will wasn't sure if he wanted that answer, truthfully, maybe it would be easier if Hannibal took less interest in him.
>
> "The mongoose I want under the house when the snakes slither by. "

The field feels empty. But it isn't. Crows circle and land on the body. Perfectly mounted on a stags head, for all of no one to see... No one but who the killer intended to show... Will felt sick. There are similar wounds across her torso to the ones seen on Elise Nichols, as well as two large punctures on her chest.

" The head was reported stolen last night about a mile from here. " Jack states.

"Just the head?" Will questions,

Brian Zeller, Beverly Katz, and Jimmy Price are combing the immediate area for forensic evidence and Will tried not to think of yesterday's events... Those thoughts didn't belong at a crime scene, let alone one as artfully gruesome as this one.

" So this is why they’re calling him the “Minnesota Shrike.” Will hears Zeller say. His eyes still glued to the propped-up corpse as the crows were meddling and in the way... He shooed them.

" Like the bird right?" Will asks.

" Shrike’s a perching bird. Impales mice and lizards on thorny branches and barbed wire. Rips their organs right out of their bodies. Puts them in a little birdie pantry and eats them later." Price says.

Will circles around the body with Jacks's watchful eye close. *He wanted her to be found this way.* Will thinks.

" I almost feel like he’s mocking her." Wills head swam with intrigue and heightened awareness.

Or he’s mocking us.

" Where did all his love go?" Jack asks, starring at the stag head, Will assumes, entirely stumped. But Will wasn't stumped at all, there was something so very different about this body than the body of Elise Nichols...*Whoever tucked Elise Nichols into bed didn't paint this picture.*

Brian Zeller approached Jack, eyes showing a hint of disgust that was shrouded by fear. " He took her lungs. I think she was still alive when he cut them out."

A chill, so profound crawled its way up Will's spine, this girl, this man's prey, this wasn't love this was..." Our cannibal loves women. He doesn't want to destroy them. He wants to consume them. Keep some part of them inside." He brushed a strand of heated hair off his forehead... The sick feeling creeping upon him wasn't distaste or even malice for that matter... Something different was taking hold of him. He thought he shook it off, something about this crime scene was triggering it. His thoughts snapped back to the stark difference between the two kills.."This girl's killer thought she was a pig."

" You think this is a copy cat?" Jack asked him. And he had to admit, that thought crossed his mind.

The last few sentences that floated out of his mouth and into Jack's ears, he barely heard them. Deductive reasoning still active, his mind was just simply somewhere else. Minnesota Shrike. had a daughter, same age, same height...

" What about the Copy Cat?" Jack probed further, still not satisfied with the conclusions drawn.

" An intelligent psychopath, particularly a sadist, is hard to catch. There's no traceable motive. There'll be no patterns. He may never kill like this again." Will said. Then he felt the memories of his Jack's and Lecter's meeting days before. Hannibals smug face, that overly calm, overly nonchalant gestures that he gave off. Like he knew everything like he himself was some pompous- Will could feel his cheeks heating up. He needed to real it back, try and combat this sickening *omega* reaction. He didn't know if he was furious or turned on by the thought of him, he didn't want to know, he just wanted out of here.

" Have Dr. Lecter work up a psychological profile. You seem to be impressed with his opinion." Will spat at Jack, maybe more harshly than intended. and made his way back to his car, and back to his Minneapolis hotel room.

In the morning, there was a solid knock at his hotel door. Will rubbed his eyes grabbing for his robe. Once it was snuggly wrapped around him, slight roomy and plush, he eased the door nob open. The smell immediately hit him like a wave of heat and honey.

Hannibal Lecter was standing outside his door holding two cups, a thermos, and a small thermal food storage bag.

"Good morning, Will. May I come in?" He asks, a small smile on his lips. Will stares. Not knowing how to move in this moment.

"Where’s Crawford?" Will manages to squeak out, looking over the taller man's shoulder just to check... But Hannibal is alone.

" Deposed in court. The adventure will be yours and mine today." There's that smirk again. Will stands still, still processing his reality.

" May I come in?" Hannibal's voice breaks the buzz in his head,

" Yes- yeah, come in." Will moves away from the doorway, making sure not to let himself get too close. They move to the table, Will keeps his distance. As if that would do any good at this point. He felt all lit up, obvious, and shining. Maybe that was just the thin sheen of sweat making its way to cover his heated skin.

Hannibal takes two Tupperware containers and sets them down, then the two mugs, Then pours hot coffee from the thermos, filling them both. Will sits down across from Hannibal, crossing his legs, in this moment he is very grateful for the robe, even if it's keeping all the heat in... Even if he's suffocating, at least the embarrassment of whatever was happening to him down south wouldn't ruin the seemly delicious breakfast Hannibal was unavailing. The smell of the food, for a moment, drowned out the strong scent of Hannibals unmistakable alpha musk that was sending shivers and pulsing heat down beneath his briefs.

" I’m very careful about what I put into my body. Which means I end up preparing most meals myself. A little protein scramble to start the day. Some eggs, some sausage." Hannibal says while making earth shuttering eye contact with Will as he places a bite into his mouth and chews... The flavor was amazing, bits of egg and cheese melting together in his mouth. The sausage was especially good, hints of garlic and pepper.

" It’s delicious. Thank you." Will felt calmer slowly, not so feverish.

"My pleasure," Hannibal says with slight amusement. Smile showing his teeth just a bit, sharp fangs as he bit into another bite of the scramble. Will wondered what those teeth would feel like on his skin, scraping across the nape of his neck, biting, claiming his flesh.

Stop. Will felt another surge to his groin. He tried to hide his awkwardness with another sip of hot coffee. Hands shaking slightly. Hannibals eyes were still on him. it felt hot and thick in the room.

"Just- um just keep it professional." Will blurted out, desperate for those eyes to stop swallowing him.

He had to know what was going on, he had to.

"Or we could socialize like adults, god forbid we become friendly," Hannibal says eyes glinting in the small streak of sun that was coming in his hotel window. He shivered,

Will swallowed, trying to keep his excessive saliva down, " I don’t find you that interesting." He lied.

" You will." Hannibal chuckled, downing the last of his coffee.

Will nearly choked then. Coughing a bit, picking around with the last few bites of his breakfast.

" Agent Crawford tells me you have a knack for the monsters." Hannibal changes the subject... Luckily. Wils mind now on the crime scene yesterday, and whatever remaining arousal he had melted off into nothing.

" I don’t think the Shrike killed that girl in the field," Will said, thoughts now solely on Cassies mounted body, covered in crows, vultures of the less fortunate. She wasn't less fortunate, she was dead.

"The devil is in the details. What didn’t your Copy Cat do to the girl in the field? What gave it away? " Hannibals eyes gave off intrigue and, maybe, interest in him. or just on how his mind worked.

"Everything," Will answered, thinking back to how utterly gift-wrapped the scene was, perfectly morbid, but not the Shrike, it couldn't be. " It’s like he had to show me a negative so I could see the positive. " Will finished and sighed, running a hand through his hair.

" Are you reconstructing his fantasies? What kind of problems does he have?" Hannibal spoke softer now, looking straight to the back of Will's head, sifting through the madness and soup. His focus on Will was nearly startling.

" He has a few. " Will tilted his head, showing his pale neck, *wait.. was he flirting?*

Hannibal's eyes followed the curve of Will's exposed neck, a small bead a sweat fell across it. " Ever have any problems, Will." Hannibal's question was searching for an answer he wouldn't find.

" No," Will said blankly. Avoiding anything too personal was going to be difficult. If he had it his way right now, neither of them would leave this hotel room for a while. Those thoughts of being utterly torn apart by the man across him scared him to the core of himself... Maybe even more than these murders did.

Hannibal scoffed, eyes twinkling, "Of course you don’t. You and I are just alike. Problem-free. Nothing about us to feel horrible about." He studded Wills's face, and it began to heat up again from the attention. "I think Uncle Jack sees you as a fragile little tea-cup, the finest china used for only special guests."

" How do you see me?" Will wasn't sure if he wanted that answer, truthfully, maybe it would be easier if Hannibal took less interest in him.

"The mongoose I want under the house when the snakes slither by. "

Silence fell between them, and that indecent hammering of Wil"s heart was back at full capacity. This wasn't going to be good... Whatever this was. He could hardly focus, breathe, think around Hannibal. He needed those suppressants, now.

" Finish your breakfast." Hannibal broke the silence, gesturing to the last few bites of food Will had left to eat.

He shoved it into his mouth, no words were spoken. The only thoughts that were heard in Will's brain were...

Yes, alpha.

Theirs blood on my hands ; and the killers not my enemy

Chapter Summary

The Minnesota Shrike's ticking time bomb is about to explode...

Chapter title based on : ("The Bomb Dot Com V2.0" By - Sleeping With Sirens)

The car rolls up, idling, then stopping outside the construction site...

"Jack Crawford wants me to make sure you're of sound mind and body... To look for metal pipe threaders? " Hannibal says with an honest twinge to his low voice.

Will can't help smiling to himself. "That's between you and Jack." He unbuckles his seatbelt.

"Must be hundreds of construction sites all over Minnesota." Hannibal pokes, and Will can't tell if he's trying to get a rise out of him.

"Certain kinda metal. Certain kinda pipe. Certain kinda pipe coating. So we're looking at construction sites that use that kinda pipe." Will says avoiding eye contact in the small confines of the rental car.

"And what are we looking for?" Hannibal asks, then unbuckles, opening the door to the outside air.

" At this stage, anything really. But mostly anything peculiar." Will follows Hannibal like a dog with his tail between his legs to the camper trailer office. He looks over to see a pleased smirk across Hannibal's lips.

"What are you smiling about?" Will asks.

"Peeking behind the curtain. Curious how the FBI goes about its business when it isn't kicking in doors." Hannibal truly seemed gitty, and that itself was throwing off Will's game.

"Two fellas from the F.B.I. They're going through drawers now. Putting papers in file boxes. Yes. They're taking things. No. They didn't say what their names were-" The nervous secretary spoke over the phone.

Files. Papers askew, Will and Hannibal were rummaging through them, trying to find snippets of anything, anything that would set them on the path to finding the shrike.

" What did you say your names were?" The secretary asks, but Will barely hears it, he has plucked a paper out from piles of files. A resignation letter, a phone number but no address. Then something in his gut swirls.

" Garret Jacob Hobbs." Will read aloud.

"That's one of our pipe threaders. Those are all the resignation letters. Plumbers union requires them whenever members finish a job. " She answered the non-question-question. Will felt the weight of the paper in his hands. His fingers going white gripping it. It had the smell of an alpha on it. Wild. Deranged. Will could smell it as easy as flowers in summer. A chill went through him.

" Did Mr. Hobbs have a daughter? Eighteen or nineteen, wind chaffed? Plain but pretty? She would have auburn hair. About this tall." He gestured to the woman,

" Yes? Maybe? I don't know, I don't keep company with these people."

Will looked up to Hannibal, breathing in deep the pine scent that radiated off of his tanned skin...Then he dropped his head back to the floor, these alpha scents were distinctly different.

" Left a phone number. No address." He said to Hannibal.

"Therefore he has something to hide? " Hannibal wasn't convinced, but he didn't need to be. Will was and that was enough.

"Everyone else left an address." Will justified.

Then looking to the secretary," You have an address for Mr. Hobbs? "

Will rushed out of the rental car as crimson crawled out onto the concrete porch step of the Hobbs house. The body of Louise Hobbs collapsed onto it like a bag of dropped bricks. Blood spurting out from a gash in her neck as she struggled to scream. Wills hands pressed against the crack in her artery. Her weak fingers holding on to Wills's wrist as he felt her pulse slow and weakening until there was no thump, no sound at all. The smell of copper was thick, Wills's hands were soaked in violence. His heart hammered in his chest, adrenaline spiking, the instinct to protect ran rapidly through his veins, hot and pulsing.

The wooden door of the Hobbs house was locked, quickly, abrasively, Will kicked the oak down. The strength he didn't have, yet he used, hammered through the surface, breaking it into splintered and pieces. He stepped through the threshold.

Will took hold of his gun, aiming it in front of him, his recklessness followed him with every turn of the halls in the house... They were coated in spatters of blood. Walls dripping in wetness.

" Garret Jacob Hobbs? F.B.I." He announced with a shaky voice.

Will stopped cold at the sight sprawled before him. Garret's hands were on the knife, his daughter's neck was tasting the metal, her weight falling back on him, her head underneath his chin. Her wide blue eyes screaming, her voice choked for air as the knife slide past her larynx.

BLAM.

The first shot went off. Hitting Garret Jacob Hobbs's shoulder. But he wasn't giving up. Knife still sliding deeper, blood spraying, ungodly choking noises.

BLAM. BLAM.

Two more, hitting his lungs and organs. The smell of gunfire and metal mixed.

BLAM. BLAM.

Wills's hands shook, he couldn't stop shaking. Time slowed. Garret slumped against the kitchen counter. Air coming out in puffs. His daughter's body dropped on the tile. The floor was slick with red. Will, coming to his senses, he dipped down over the girl In a panic, pulling over his lap, both hands attempting to slow the bleeding. He failed her mother, he wouldn't fail her. Blue eyes red with blood, wet with tears, fluttered closed as she wheezed through her slashed windpipe.

" No, no, no" Will breathed. His shirt glasses and forearms now slathered with her blood. It was hot and slippery. Will felt like he was dying to.

Or maybe it was something else. Something deeper inside. Something that felt justified with the murder he had just committed. His body tingled, pins and needles across his skin.

"See." Wills's eyes met Garrets, he sat barely clinging onto his useless life. "See." He said again. Will knew what he was referring to, he knew the way Garret felt as his life ebbed from him. He could feel the insanity dripping off of him; just as the blood dripped off Will.

Will heard footsteps coming to him. He smelled Hannibal before he saw him. His scent somehow calming the chaos within him, around him. His shaking hands are met by Hannibal's firm ones. He lets him take over, he sees Hannibal's larger hands applying pressure. The sounds of sirens sing outside. Will begins to shut down. And drift, drift, drift.

He held her hand the whole way there. Even in the ambulance. He never left her side. Even now Hannibal was next to Abigail, holding her limp hand as she slept, hooked up to life saving machines... Wills hands still smelt of blood as he sat in Abigals hospital room. No matter how much he showered in the past two days the scent of it never washed off. The adrenaline peaked then peaked again. He felt...Unstable. Like a good wind gust could topple him, blow him over. Sending him far far away into a world where he wasn't a murderer.

Flashes in Will's brain played like a film real. He saw it all as if he was still there, the blood, the glint of sharpened metal. The smell of Hannibal's musk tangled with the scent of copper blood. He shivered.

" You said he wouldn't get too close." Alana's words he overheard rang in his mind.

Was he? Was he too close? It didn't feel like that. But maybe it did. His skin still hummed. He rubbed his face with the back of his hands.

The Hospital's fluorescent lights hang over his mess of untamed curls, he takes a breath, Hannibal sturs in his seat. Golden brown eyes flick open, a flash of red rings around them when they hit Will's face. *Oh god.*

" Go, get some rest Will, We'll be here when you get back." A sluggish smile crossed his face, radiating up to his high cheekbones and silvering brown hair.

" I'll go, but you've got to tell me something." Will shifted awkwardly.

" Anything Will, what is it?" Hannibal said making too much eye contact.

He cant look at me like that here. Anywhere but here. Will thought as the begins of arousal clipped at his heels.

"Did you hear it? " Will spoke unsteadily, his voice trembling. " Did you hear what he said to me?"

" Who?"

"Hobbs. In the kitchen," He got up and started to pace..." Because I feel like I'm going crazy here." Hannibal stood then, Will wasn't facing him but in a moment he could feel his closeness...

" Will, I didn't hear anything." Will could feel the alphas hot breath around his neck. " Will you look flush, are you sure you're alright?" Hannibal touched Wills's shoulder, guiding him, so they were pressed. Without knowing it Will instinctually arched back into the touch, nearly resting his head on Hannibal's shoulder, aching for the alpha's warmth. Hannibal wrapped his hand around Will so the back of his palm was now pressed against Will's forehead.

"Will, you feel warm." Will nearly groaned at the slight touch, then shook it off in a huff, making distance between them.

" I-" He started to croak out, facing away from him so he wouldn't notice the bulge forming in his jeans. " I gotta go feed my dogs." Will rushed out as fast as he could, making his way to the hospital parking lot...

He checked his phone, still nothing from Crawford. But hell if he knew it was coming soon. An earful. Tuesday was ending, and Will desperately needed sleep.

Tomorrow's Wednesday, tomorrow the heat supersets would arrive. And god he needed them. Or things were just going to get worse...

Marco ; Pollo

*" Reason you currently "used to" work homicide is you couldn't stomach pulling the trigger. You just pulled the trigger **ten** times."*

Will heard Jack's voice in his head. Over and over. Booming like he spoke over a megaphone.

This day was straight from hell, Will started his suppressants, got an earful from Crawford, and just when it couldn't possibly get worse... Therapy was thrown on the table.

" I asked you to get close to Hobbs, I need to know you didn't get too close."

Jack often thought of when he needed, Will, on the other hand, he didn't even get a word in, even with himself. The psyche eval wasn't a formality like Will hoped it would be. Being around Hannibal these last few days at the hospital was hard enough when they weren't alone, but now, he was going to be locked in a mandated therapy session with the man. He rubbed the goosebumps down on his arms. Will knew all the tricks, all the ways someone of Hannibal's profession could get in his head, all the things that could be dug up. Yet here he was, in his parking lot, hyping himself up to walk through that door. Knowing who, or what could walk back out.

Wills's palms were sweaty as he grabbed the door handle to the entrance of Hannibal's office. He was sitting down in the empty waiting room frantically attempting to brush the many stay dog hairs off his pants when Hannibal opened the door to his office.

" Good evening. Please come in." He said, flashing a coy smile.

Will walked through the threshold, eyes scanning Hannibal's place of work... The room itself was a lot larger than Will had imaged, or, rather, tried *not* to imagine. Its two-story layout was sleek, adorned with grays and the occasional pop of vibrant red. the upper half was completely made up of an impressive amount of books, almost like a mini-library. In the center of the room lied Hannibal's desk. It was deep mahogany, its surface glistened in the low light.

" Will, id like to give you something," Will looked up, half lost in thought. Hannibal's large hand slid a paper across one of his stationary tables.

" What's this?" Will said cocking his head.

" Your Psychological Evaluation. You're totally functional and more or less sane. Well done." Hannibal's eyes looked fondly at him.

" What? I-" Will stopped, confusion taking its place in his head. " So I have your seal of approval?" Will collected his thoughts with a near playful sarcastic mark,

"Jack Crawford may lay his head to rest knowing he didn't break you, and our conversation can proceed unobstructed by paperwork." He said, then ran his tongue over his bottom lip. " Since I'm aware that you think therapy simply doesn't work on you Will, id like to try an unorthodox method today if you'd participate." A small smile tugged his lips, just enough to reveal his fanged canine.

Hannibal seemed to know details he shouldn't, and in the small silence, Will felt the smallest pull towards the man standing across him. He felt a chill at the back of his neck, his blue eyes flicking between Hannibal's face and the latter that was behind him. The overwhelming need to please Hannibal came like high tide, and Will was simply the sand slipping out to mix with the salt of the water in the deep. He sucked in a breath, then gave the alpha the answer he was looking for.

Hannibal looking pleased with himself, walked with Will to the center of the room. " Now, this may seem strange," Hannibal began to fumble with his tie around his neck, Will's blood pressure spiked at the site.

What kind of unorthodox was this?

" I want you to feel safe with me Will, enough to tell me anything and everything on your mind in this moment..." The blue and red tie was off his throat, resting in his hands now. He moved closer to will, Hannibal's scent was duller, but still, there, and he could still taste it on his tongue. Will's jaw went slack, nerves clawed up his skin through the fabric of his shirt.

Hannibal was behind him now, the tie still in hand, " This is a trust-building exercise, " Hannibal's breath was hot on the back of his neck.

" I'm going to put the tie across your eyes like a blindfold," Will's heart was pounding in his throat. " And after I do, I'm going to walk somewhere in this office, and you are going to find me using every sense, but sight. " Hannibal paused, He leaned in, breathing thickly.

Did he just smell me?

" The game is, the closer you are to finding me, the less personal the questions will be that I will ask, but the farther you move from your target...The more difficult they will become." Everything inside of Will was trembling, aching for Hannibal to move, to touch him, he could barely handle the puff of his breath behind him. He stood frozen, hanging on every word the alpha was speaking so seductively against his sensitive throat.

" Will, I need you to tell me yes or no." He nearly whispered in Will's ear.

" Y-yes," Will whined.

" Good boy," Hannibal said as he slipped the makeshift blindfold over his eyes, Hannibal's fingers brushing Will's cheek made another strained whine come up in his throat. He wanted to be good, obedient, pliable... Once his sight was no more he heard Hannibal step away, shuffling light footsteps in the new darkness.

" Stay there until I say," Hannibal's voice was like velvet and gravel mixed together, and Will's lack of sight just made it so much sweeter in his ears. " Okay Will, first question, " Will's breath hitched. Skin tingling, he felt safe, he felt *alive.*

" How did you feel when you killed Garret Jacob Hobbs?" The question stung like too hot of water on the skin, Will's face crinkled up in protest to the feelings he was about to give way to. He didn't want to talk about it, his thoughts stained him enough. But something in him, something primal and needy spoke stronger than his guilt or shame.. And he answered with as much honesty as he could.

" I liked killing Hobbs." He stuttered out, images of Abigail's blood spraying out her artery in her neck, how warm it was, how Hannibal's hands covering his over her neck felt. " It felt- it felt just." There was silence as Will ' moved about the cabin' using his sense of smell and touch to navigate. The closer he got to the chairs, the more the air smelt of leather. His hands felt for the coolness of the chair, his mind still wandering from the depths of that day.

" Killing must feel good to God, too. He does it all the time, and are we not created in his image?" Hannibal says.

Will scoffs, not expecting that type of nonjudgmental reaction." Depends on who you ask."

Five moves on the chessboard later, Will was at Hannibal's desk, or he *thought* he was. He chuckled as he touched the pads of his fingers to the papers and pens atop the surface. Then he heard Hannibal's breath change.

" What's so funny Will, you find my questions amusing?" His voice came in waves, hitting off things around Will, reaching up and out as Will tapped his nail against the wooden desk.

" No, no, Dr. Lecter. I just had a memory, its stupid really," Will said softly,

" None of your memories are stupid, Will. The next question is," He paused. " Tell me what popped in your head, dear boy." Will could still feel the heat of the alpha somewhere in this large room, and it was driving him insane not being able to see him, his chiseled features, cheekbones that could cut glass, and lips that could swallow him whole.

Will chuckled again, aching to move his boat further, so he answered. "It's just this, what we are doing reminds me of when I used to take swimming lessons as a kid. " Will rested himself up against the desk, leaning his weight half heavy across it. " We played a game. Marco Pollo. We would blind ourselves in the water, and chase one another as one shouted ' Marco' and the other said 'Pollo' until they were found..." He smiled, feeling oddly warm. " Now can I move Dr. Lecter?"

Hannibal scoffs, " Yes, and please Will, call me Hannibal, I think you've earned your first name basis card." His voice was louder, and Will was getting closer. He breathed in deep, searching for the alphas scent, if he wasn't on suppressants, he would have found Hannibal in an instant. His feet brushed the floor, the toe of his shoes hitting something. He felt for Hannibal, only to find the large statuelike figure of the stag he had near the latter. He felt the deer's large twisting horns, it was cold like ice.

At least he knew where he was.

Part of him wanted to go on like this forever, the other part screamed for sight, for Hannibal, and for what would happen after this was over. He moved forward, Hannibal was awfully quiet. His hand reached the wood of the latter to the upper-level library.

" How do *I* make you feel, Will" Hannibal's breath was on his neck once more, he'd found him.

" I- " He managed to get out, " I thought the questions were easier the closer I got, not harder." Wills's voice was low, he could practically taste Hannibal now, his stomach swelled as he reached for him. Shaky fingers touched the buttons of Hannibal's shirt. " Are you going to take the blindfold off?" He half-whispered, so close now. " Or do you want to make me say it?"

He could almost feel Hannibal's smile, then he felt the heat from his mouth inches from Will's own. " I'd prefer you to be honest with me, Will..." The anticipation was killing him, he held back a suffocated moan as Hannibal's hands grasped his face, removing the blindfold. And Will was in the land of light once more.

Will squinted as he took in the sight of Hannibal's parted wet mouth. " I-" He started again, eyes darting to lips then back up to Hannibal's marron eyes. He was against the latter, learning back to the wood. " You make me feel-" He couldn't finish the sentence with Hannibal's hot mouth over his, he fell into the taller man's arms, body giving in to the touch.

Will moaned loudly as Hannibal gripped his hips, rubbing up against him in just the right spot.

Is this really happening? Will thinks as Hannibal's tongue swipes over his lower lip, begging for access to his wet heat. Then without warning, Hannibal pulls away.

Will blinks rapidly, wondering why the older man stopped. Hannibal leans into Will's neck. He can't help to arch it as another soft moan leaves his lips. The older man's tongue swipes a line across the scent glands Will didn't know he had until last week. He feels fragile, at the mercy of Hannibal and Hannibal only.

" You're on suppressants," Hannibal whispers to Wills's hot skin. Will manages a nod. " You can't imagine how it made me feel when I caught your scent for the first time." Hannibal's mouth was over him again, sucking a kiss mark lightly into his neck.

" Ahh, mm. " Wills self-control was completely gone, he learned into the alpha, lips to his ear, " You can't imagine how I felt when they told me I was an omega, silly stubborn me, apparently I'm the special type who only shows its cool kid card when someone with a full deck shows up." Will could barely believe the words out of his mouth but he wanted more more more Hannibal, and he couldn't stop.

" You're it, Hannibal," Will said standing back to make eye contact in time to see the alpha's eyes flash, ringed with red. " Your scent made this happen, that day, it claimed me. Now it's your turn." Will tilted his neck more in submission.

Dangerous Game

Hannibal stood there, watching him. Will was out on a limb here, acting like this around what was to be his psychiatrist. But god he just needed Hannibal to move, to do something other than look at him with that stoic but handsome look on his face. His body burned a smoldering sizzle that crept up against the backs of Wills's thighs, newfound wet omega heat forming between his legs.

" Please," Will whined begging with his neck out for the alpha to claim. But Hannibal just chuckled. Will raised an eyebrow.. *Was this funny to him?*

" Not yet dear one." Hannibal breathed hot air directly into him, their bodies so close, he shivered.

God, he wondered what this would be like without suppressants... Would he just become a feral mess underneath Hannibal?

" What do you mean not yet?" Will groaned, snaking his hand up Hannibal's waistcoat. Hannibal's mouth curved up into the tiniest of smiles.

" You are an insatiable little thing aren't you Will Graham?" Hannibal said avoiding Will's question to much dismay. " Your not ready for my mark, but there is something I cant do to ease the burn." Hannibal got closer, lips nearly touching Will's. Will's moan left his lips before Hannibal even touched him, Hannibals hands grabbed Will's hips lifting him up. Will gasped. Shock rolled through him as the alpha towed his unmated omega over his shoulder in one swift movement and walked him to the center of the room. Hannibal held him with one hand and with the other moved items off the surface of his desk making way for his landing.

Finally, Will was placed gently like a ragdoll atop the newly cleared space. The look in Hannibal's eyes was alluring, his golden brown iris now blown, nearly black by his dilating pupil.

" H-Hannibal?" Will stuttered as the older man ran his hands up and down Will's thighs. It felt like fire, like sparks rolling up from his knees to his hips.

" Yes." Hannibal kneeled on the ground next to him, Will's legs hung off the desk and Hannibal mouthed his knee cap through his pants, kissing it gently.

" What are you- what are you d-doing." Wills's heart was racing as Hannibal's head nested between his thighs. He heard Hannibal breathe deep, inhaling his fertile scent nose to the inseam of his pants. Hannibal kissed at his inner thigh as his hands went to undo Will's belt.

" I'm going to take the edge off, it's not healthy for you to stay-" He began to pull Will's pants down over his sensitive thoughts...”So cooped up." He finished looking up at Will then, fangs showing slightly through the openness of his mouth. Will couldn’t stop the slight noise that slipped out of his mouth. He couldn’t control to insane urge to lean into the touch Hannibal was providing him.

Will's mind was running a million miles a minute, cock growing thick with need. His head spun. *Was he really doing this?* His thoughts were brought back to the day he first met Hannibal, the night he woke up desperate for the alphas touch. The heat of that shower seemed like nothing now compared to this.

Once Will's pants were at his ankles Hannibal started to nose him. Nuzzling Will's inner thighs, slight stubble from Hannibal's face gave Will a welcome burn as his back arched into the touch.

" Mmmf." Will moaned as he felt Hannibal's tongue run across his thigh. He felt more wetness pool in his boxers as Hannibal's mouth met the fabric. " See, " Hannibal said as he freed Will's aching cock from its confines. Hannibal's hot tongue ran a strip of wet heat up the underside of Will's throbbing length.

" Ah, fuck." He jerked upwards just to have Hannibal's hands pin down his hips.

" You will behave yourself won't you?" Hannibal said, it was more of a command than a question, and Will couldn't refuse...

" Y-Yes. I will just, please." Will threw his head back some biting his lip and squeezing his eyes shut. " Please don't stop."

The heat from Hannibal's breath was driving him mad, " I don't intend to." Hannibal said, then he took the already leaking head of Will's neglected cock slowly into his mouth.

It was like heaven. Hannibal's wet tongue lapped at the tip while his rough veiny hands worked the base. " Alpha" Will moaned mindlessly

"mm god you feel s-so good," Hannibal growled in response of the omegas praise and begun to take more of him into his mouth.

Will knew he couldn't last long, not like this. Not with Hannibal's scent in his nose, flooding his throat. Not while his body screamed for release on Hannibal's tongue. Hannibal hollowed his cheeks, picking up the pace.

A high-pitched whine left Will as he felt his cock hit the back of Hannibal's throat. He panted and tried desperately not to move his hips, to be good for alpha, but it was almost excruciating. Hannibal's hands traveled as he sucked and took Will's cock deep into his fanged mouth. They moved over Will's hips, moving him, forcing him deeper into the wet carven. Obscene sloppy spotty moans were drawn out of the man beneath him like Will was the best thing he had ever tasted in his life. And that thought was starting to take Will over the edge, he laced his hands in Hannibals to perfectly gelled hair and gripped at him roughly, nails scraping his scalp and he whined.

" That's it." Hannibal cooed between sucks. " Come for me."

Will felt like he was being torn in half in the best possible way. His grip on Hannibal got stronger as he gave in to his climax, roughly bucking his hips, fucking into Hannibal's wet heat, forcing him to choke on his length.

" Oh god, Hannibal." He gasped as he realized all the tension he had been caring since he first laid eyes on Hannibal. He rode his orgasm out as Hannibal swallowed him greedily, drinking every drop of come.

“ Fuck, ahh.” Hannibal continued to overstimulate him, his tongue running over The sensitive head of Will’s cock...

When Hannibal finally let him go, He came out of his mouth with a 'pop', Will looks down to see Hannibal had the most sinister of smiles across his redden lips.

"It's best not to keep things like this bottled up Will," Hannibal said licking his lips. Will nodded still in shock of what had just happened.

" You said-" Will started, " You said I wasn't ready for you to claim me."

" Yes, yes I did," Hannibal said calmly like he didn't just spontaneously suck Will's dick in his office.

" When will I be?" Will asked desperately wanting for more of this, more of alpha's sweet burning touch.

Hannibal cocked his head to the side and gazed into Will who was still shivering and feeling the aftershocks of one of the best orgasms of his life... " I will call on you, and when I call on you." Hannibal's hands lifted Will from the desk, setting him down gingerly. " You'll have to do something for me, to prove you ready."

" Anything, anything," Will assured while zipping and buckling his pants. Still hot everywhere, still feeling the ghost of Hannibal's hot touch on his skin.

" Good boy." Hannibal keened, and then the real therapy started...

The leaves were colored with red drying blood. The freshly laid corpse atop the pile. There were incision marks across the nearly naked flesh. Will peered into the black and purple circular bruise welts around both of the victim's Eye sockets ...

“ What kind of monster do you assume did this?” Jack Crawford said gazing down at the body. His coat is upturned to the growing wind of November.

“ The hungry kind,” Will said, crouching, putting on blue surgical gloves to touch the surprisingly still warm corpse. The irony smell of blood mixed with soil in his nose. He ran his hand down the line made across the with of the thigh and shivered. “ There are *pieces* of him missing Jack. These cuts weren’t just made as simple mutilations, they are...” Wills's face hardened, breathing in deep, he could nearly smell the spent adrenaline on the man's skin below him.

“ They are what Will?” Jack probed impatiently as normal.

Will stood up and removed the slightly blood-stained gloves. He sighed, “ It’s almost like butcher marks. Like when cattle get cut in certain ways to get the best piece of meat. “

Will watched as Beverly, Price, and Zeller started to take the body piece by piece to the lab to be observed. Their faces pained, they had seen so much in their time working for the FBI but this seemed different, more sinister somehow.

Once the body was loaded, Jack approached him, " We'll keep you updated, keep your cell on you, we'll need your opinion of whoever the fuck did this once we have more solid information. "

As Jack walked away, Will's brain started spiraling, memories, and things he dared not think were real. He needed to level himself out somehow. The site of his poor grouping of bullets lodged in Garret Jacob Hobb's chest, he was a rusty shot.

The drive back was bleak, orange, red, and yellow leaves rustled in the wind as his car mulled through piles of dead foliage. As he got closer to his destination his thoughts on occasion dangerously drifting back to Hannibal, and the day's previous therapy season that might have changed everything about his life. He noticed he had goosebumps as he turned to wheel into the Quantico parking lot.

He didn't think about where he was going until he got there, feet leading him to the shooting range.

His shoulder had a ghost of an ache, and he switched positions holding the gun but still felt a slight pull. The shots went off, loudness still coming in through the noise-blocking headphones on his head. As he looked up to assess his accuracy on the target something felt wrong, something that dripped with non-reality... But still, there he was, as clear as the last time he saw him.

Garret Jacob Hobb's.

Hung on the line like laundry out to dry, but dead, decaying, and full of bullets he knew didn't land on the target. Sweat broke above his brow, He kept shooting.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

There was no blood coming from the wounds in Hobbs, the holes ripped him open like paper.

What the hell is happening? He forced his eyes to shut, forced himself to breathe, the gun remaining in his hands trembled. Not knowing what was real or some hormonal fucked-up-ness, he clicked on the safety and stepped back from the stall. He felt a body behind him, a hand at his shoulder, he flinched.

" You're tight," Beverly spoke as she touched him lightly. Will nearly jumped out of his skin, he didn't hear her come in, though he still had the headphones on.

" I have a rotator-cuff issue." Will breathed, now starting to calm at the sound of her voice. " I got stabbed when I was a cop." Her hand was still on him, warm touch causing waves to roll through him.

" I got stabbed in the third grade. With a number 2 pencil. Thought I was going to get lead poisoning. " Beverly said as she stood back from him a small smile on her face. Will admired her confidence.

" No lead in a pencil. Graphite. " Will nearly chuckled, then his eyes caught the target, it was normal again, he let out a sigh.

" Now you tell me." Beverly reached around him, positioning his left elbow, flaring it out more. " See if that helps." Will lined up his shot again, flipping the safety back off.

He felt the pulse of each trigger pull, four shots in a roll, all of them made him vibrate with nervousness, but it was different this time, almost electric. He checked the accuracy once again, "It's better. You come all the way down here to teach me how to shoot?" He wondered at the amount of interest she was showing. Somehow she felt different than the last time.. Before his *change.*

" No, Jack sent me down here to get you." She smiled, " Come on, I'll show you what clues we got from the body, It's a head-scratcher. " Beverly held out her hand and Will took it reluctantly as they walked to the lab.

Cautious Culprit

Jimmy Price was meticulously leaning over the body, swabs in one hand, magnifying glass in the other. Zeller was opposite him, typing something into the computer system.

" What do we got?" Jack's booming alpha tone came from behind Will, causing shivers to crawl from his arms in retreat.

Zeller turned around sharply, " Gottcha." He exclaimed pointing to the computer screen.

" We gotta match?" Beverly asked him. Will looked to Zeller whose face looked upturned but strained.

" Yeah, but you're not gonna like it," Zeller answered. Jimmy took off his bloodied gloves throwing them in the trash.

" Got a match to what?" Will probed the group.

" Fingerprints." Jimmy and Zeller said simultaneously. Will's eyes studied the body, skating on the newly cleaned surface, the surgical cuts ran deep along the torso. He lost himself in the aesthetic of the murder. Clean incisions and most likely, meat missing. A cannibal? Human organs dealer? Whatever it was they'd find out, and with Will now back in the saddle, maybe quicker.

The match Jimmy found from the surface of the body was tracked in the database, Will hung his head over the side of the computer screen. He recognized the name. It was in the papers two years ago...

" Uh I'm not sure this is helpful," Will said then looking over to Jack sheepishly.

" I told you weren't gonna like it." Zeller shrugged.

" Well, I guess this means a trip to Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane," Jack grumbled, putting his coat back on. Will followed the group to the destination, not knowing what the future of the day held...

The office of BSHCI was overly furnished with a full library at its disposal. The general administrator for the looney bin sat in a large ruffled leather chair, his cool blue eyes flicking between him and Jack. Will felt the nervousness of being in a place such as this, a place where people with broken brains go, a place he wasn't sure if he could get out if they were to ever asses him...

" Able Gideon. You want to see Able Gideon? Whatever for? And you." Fredrick Chilton said cocking his head at Will who was standing behind Beverly. " The inmates are going to smell you from a mile away, an unmated omega of your age shouldn't be near these psychos." Will stepped back some, but Jimmy stepped forward forcing him to stay put...

" Graham? An omega? That's impossible." Jimmy said, looking between the small group almost huddled to Fredricks desk. " I would have noticed it."

Will scratched his head and sighed," Well, it's kinda recent I-"

" Can we see him or not Fredrick?" Jack asked, bulldozing right over the comments about his recent diagnosis.

" I knew there was something different about you." Beverly leaned to whisper in Wills's ear.

"You may, but don't expect him to answer any questions. He's been quite mute as of late." Fredrick huffed, standing up from his massive chair and offering a hand gesture to the door. " I'll have an orderly lead the way... Matthew! You're needed at the helm." He called down the hall.

Frederick looked to Jack, " Keep that one away from the bars.." He spoke soft, but enough for Will to hear. " As for me," He spoke louder now as if he wanted the whole place to know...

He seemed like that kind of guy...

" I have pressing matters to attend to." Fredrick finished with a smile.

" Betta males... Overcompensating much? " Beverly laughed referring to Chilton as they walked down the hall together.

Zeller elbowed her, " Hey, we're not all bad. Just because you're an alpha fem doesn't mean you can step on the little guy." He chuckled, and then something in Will's brain clicked... The way she had *smelled* in the gun range, how she felt different... It was all his body reacting to another alpha.

They walked until a man in a white uniform flagged them down, " Hey, I'll be taking you to Gideon, but just remember, stay behind the white line at all times, select patients have taken to pissing on their psychiatrists." He was tall, charming, and had aqua-colored eyes that glinted in the florescent hospital light.

Jack's phone rang suddenly, the sound echoing off of the hospital walls, " Yes, Bella, of course, on my way." He managed the damage on the other line, then with a sigh, he said, " I'll let you guys handle this one..." He said moving towards the exit.

" See, this is why alphas shouldn't marry other alphas.." Will overheard Zeller comment to Jimmy on the way to Able's cell.

The orderly, Matthew, kept an unusually close distance to Will once they arrived, he didn't know if it was protective or mildly creepy, he settled with both.

" Now how do you think my fingerprints got on a dead body? Did someone stamp them on? Or maybe they made a cast of my prints?" Able twiddled the small bit of hair he had on his head, he was right, it was incredibly odd for a man whos been locked up for two years for the murder of his wife and his family to have any possible involvement with the current murder.

But still, they needed to chase every lead and cover their asses, murders like these often don't happen just once.

Will stepped forward, toes hitting the line, " Mr. Gideon, do you know of anyone who would have had access to any of your belongings outside here? Anything someone could take old prints off of items you had around often? "

" All my stuff is in a lock-up in Lancaster, if that's what you're asking," Gideon said with an oddly gleeful tone, too sweet for an interrogation. Ables's cool blue eyes were all over Will, he breathed deeply through his nose before stepping close to the bars whispering, " I haven't smelt someone as sweet as you in quite a while." Will went blank as Able attempted to grab the front of his shirt through the bars. Beverly let out a snarl but it was Matthew that came between them in an instant... The air grew thick with alpha musk. The orderly grabbed Will by the waits and hosted him out of the room.

"Too dangerous." He mumbled while Will became a rag doll in his arms for a moment. Matthew had lifted him as if he weighed no more than a large sack of potatoes. He could feel him sniffing his neck briefly before he was placed back on solid ground. The others still in the room with Gideon.

His legs were jelly, he wobbled a bit, Matthew steadied him with a large hand on his back." What in the hell was that?" Will spat at the man beside him, almost panting in fear of what most just happened.

" That. " Matthew pointed to the door they came in, " Is what happens when an unmatted omega gets too close to a crazy psychotic alpha, he gets flirty, then he gets murdery." The man chuckled, shoulders moving up and down some.

" You think this is funny?!" Will wiped the sweat from his brow and gazed into the very oceanic blue eyes near him.

" No, no not funny just, we told you to stay on that side of the line," Matthews's demeanor was one of confidence and casual pinning. " If I remember correctly Mr. Graham, your foot was just a bit in what we orderlies call ' the hot zone' "

"Yeah Well," Will brushed off any remainder of touch off him, "You didn't have to carry me."

Matthew smiled, all teeth, Will saw his sizable fangs poke out of his mouth. " No, I didn't, " He whispered, " But if I didn't get you out of there poor Mr. Gideon would have had you for dinner." Matthews's breath was sweet, like mint and thyme. He knew he was an alpha, he could feel It in the way his body was leaning almost diagonally at him... Slanted... He leaned closer, his body choosing his moves, not his mind... Certainly not his logic. Will eyed Matthews strong jaw and how it moved and flexed as he talked, he wasn't listening, just floating weak and pliable.

That's when Beverly came barging in, the worried look on her face was obvious, " Maybe you shouldn't be here Graham. We got enough info from him anyways, he gave us the address to the lock-up, Jacks been informed. " She rubbed at his shoulder,

Why was she treating me like a pet?

He shrugged her off, " Yeah, um I'll go." He made it out of the room, feeling like a toy his dogs tare to shreds. He was almost out the door when a warm hand caught his shoulder, he turned around, defensive, ready to punch.

" Hey, hey it's just me." The orderly smirked, " I just wanted to give you this, you know, just in case." He handed over a folded piece of white paper. Will took it, reluctantly, saying nothing and walking out the door.

What was this guy's fascination with him? And why did another alpha's attention feel this good?

Will drove home from Baltimore, heat blasting in his car causing ripples of heat to stimulate his overly sensitive skin. The cold had never bothered him before, but this was a different kind of chill.

His wheels hit the wet sludge compiled of dirt debris and wet fallen leaves. He shut off the radio, the noise making his ears ring. It was getting dark as he pulled up to his little abode. The silence was welcome out in the open, just the whistle of the autumn wind howling.

His front door opened with a creek. He heard the rustle of paws and panting excited breath. His dog's bodies, all different shapes, and sizes rushed towards the door. He greeted them one by one, rubbing the soft fuzz and varying textures. " Hey, guys. Did you miss me? "

Zoe made tiny circles on the carpet, Max, on the other hand, was far less amused by this master's return. The rest wined and begged jumping up to Will's knees just to get plopped back down... " Alright, alright, I get you your food." Will smiled, feeling more relaxed amongst his pack. He rummaged through the fridge pulling out an already made concoction of ground turkey and stewed vegetables that he would soon mix with the appropriate measure of kibble for each pup.

He felt someone rubbing up against his leg. it was the new addition, Winston. He sniffed Will's pantleg, sniffing up and down. "Hey, buddy." He stroked Winston's brindled fur then set down all of seven of the bowls.

Will sighed and nestled into the background, observing his pack chow down. Oh, how their life must be so simple, so easy. At times he envied it, at times he wished he could join them, having an owner take care of him, stoke his neck and ears.. Pay attention to his every need.

He wondered what it would *feel* like to have all his needs met... Not a care in the world. Not a problem in sight. Just constant love and affection, reassurance, and soothing...

Will opened the side door to let the stampede of paws out, the dogs sniffed and snotted, marking spots in the grass until they felt satisfied.

He let them in.

Oh to be satisfied... That ache to slow into a dull pulsing throb...

Oh how he longed to be touched, felt, and stoked. He heard a purr in his throat just thinking about it. He rubbed his eyes and cleared his throat. He poured himself a large glass of water, grabbing the pack of pills on his kitchen counter. The suppressants had stoped the heat flashed and an insatiable need to be touched. Most of all they subdued the heat his body triggered when he saw him. When he smelt that pine and clean mint of Hannibal's skin.

He shivered. Gulping down the prescription.

It could never be like that. Even if he wanted it that way. He could never be with his psychiatrist of all god damn people. It was unethical.

God, then what they did on that desk was even worse, wasn't it?

Will reclined onto his bed, stomach too much like waves in the sea to eat. He laid his head back and sighed. Feeling his eyes close just so briefly. So, so briefly.

" Will, it's the Hobbs girl. She's awake. " Will woke to his phone ringing off the hook, Jacks' commanding voice directing him. " I want you to go check on her, Doctor Lecters already there." He looked at his bedside table its number hard to see in blinding daylight that streamed through his windows..

7:55 AM. Did he sleep that long?

Will shot up, gathering new clothes and gulping down to black coffee. He left for the Baltimore Hospital in a blur.

Ugliest thing in the world

Hannibal was there. Hovering over the girl's body, eyes golden and ever watchful. Will walks up slowly, trying not to spook the girl, her eyes already tell of fear and exhaustion.

" I'm Special Agent Will Graham," Will says down to Abigail who is twiddling her long locks nervously.

Hannibal moved so his mouth is at Will's ear, he spoke so only the two of them could hear" *Someone* let Freddie Lounds in uninvited, she sturred her up quite a bit, poor girl had to find out what happened from a tabloid writer." Will sighed rubbing the space between his glasses and his nose. He stepped closer to the Hobbs girl, light steps marking a path to where she lied in a hospital bed, neck bandaged.

" Abigail, this is Doctor Lecter... Do you remember us?" He said softly.

" I remember you." She looked to Hannibal, " You killed my dad." Then back to Will.

Flashes of blood sprays and gurgling sounds came to Wills's mind. The smell came back in waves like steam rising from a train. The air, thick with iron and copper, the warmth of blood as it stained his fingers, his hands, his arms. Until he was completely coated in it. Until he allowed himself to kill, to feel the quiet sense of power that left him tingling...

He blinked hard, trying to shake it off, and took in a deep breath before speaking... "I'm sorry we couldn't save your mother. We did everything we could, but she was already gone." The gilt coated his throat like honey or slick from a cough drop.

Abigail sniffed, " I know. I saw him kill her. " Her face was calmer now, almost like a mask was put over her frightened eyes.

" You saw it?" Hannibal asked, still hovering over Will, a fly on his back.

" It was sort of like seeing it." She looked up past Will, gazing into the alpha at his back.

Hannibal stepped forward, moving to the side of her bed."There was no vocabulary for your mind to articulate the violence." His voice was almost empathetic, almost.

Abigail nodded, "Didn't seem real. He was loving right up until the second he wasn't. He kept telling me he was sorry and to just hold still. He was going to make it all go away." Her eyes widened then, almost like when I person tells the truth and the pupils dilate.

" There was plenty wrong with your father, Abigail, but there's nothing wrong with you. You said he was loving. I believe it. That's what you brought out in him." Will tried to understand, his ability to feel what energy coming off of her was nearly throwing him for a loop. She was sad he was gone...But there was something else, something hidden from sight, even from him...

" It’s not all I brought out in him." Abigail's mask slipped some. Allowing Will to see beneath. There was a shade of guilt that colored her eyes and gave sound to her voice.

" Did he tell you about the young women he murdered?" Hannibal asked bluntly. Will shot him an unapproving look. She clearly was distressed enough.

" You don’t have to answer that right now if you don’t want to." Will stepped closer almost possessively, almost mothering.

" But we will have to ask you those questions eventually." Hannibal wasn't looking at Abigail when he said those words... His eyes were burrowed in Will, it was disastrous and hard to break the trance...

Not now, Jesus. Please not now. He pleaded in his mind for his body not to react.

" I’m going to be messed up, aren’t I? " Abilgails voice cut through the tension between the unmated omega and his noncommittal alpha. "I’m worried about nightmares." Her blue eyes dilated more, crystal clear tears forming and falling onto her rosy cheeks.

" Shh, now. We'll help you with the nightmares." Hannibal wiped a stay tear from her face.

She tried to smile but then her expression changed. Her blue eyes found Will then, her full lips parted. " Do you-" Her voice broke some, "Do you have nightmares about killing my dad?"

Will's brain when straight to the void. The nightmares he had about Hobb's death were more like- almost like daydreams. Where he felt the confusing pleasure of taking someone so wrong and vile out of the world for good...It gave him solace, it gave him security even. But above anything, it gave him a rush. A flood of emotions and nowhere to put them, almost like he was exploding in the most beautiful hideous was possible. It could have been the near heat, the omega pheromones... But it wasn't.

But he couldn't. He couldn't say that he couldn't breathe life into it. The only time he ever spoke about such a thing was in the tender 'care' or Dr. Lecter. The alpha who *changed* him.

He gulped, " Sometimes it’s hard for me to dream about much else." *That was mildly honest...*He thought. He still felt the alpha in the room pull, he tried to fight it.

" Killing somebody, even if you have to do it, it feels that bad? " Abigail asked, not looking like she wanted the true answer.

" Ugliest thing in the world," Will said softly, still avoiding eye contact.

Or at least it should've been

Therapy with Dr. Lecter felt touch and go. Like when you touch the nose of a car and it comes to run you over... Like a game of deadly tag.

The closer he got to him physically. The harder it was to concentrate on what he was saying.

Their fingers brushed as he took the glass of red wine offered at the beginning of the session. He nearly dropped it just from his knuckles kissing Hannibal's.

"Will. Did you hear me?" Hannibal's voice came in clearer through Wils mental fog. He looked up to see Hannibal sitting cross-legged in one of his leather chairs. Will blinked. Not recalling having had heard him speak.

He brushed his curls behind his ear with his free hand and walked to sit opposite the alpha. " N-no I must have been-"

" Elsewhere?" Hannibal asked, mouth lifting from his wine glass. " You asked me if someone, from a psychology stance if one could catch another ' crazy'."

" Oh," Will said, now vaguely remembering the thought...Although he didn't remember saying it out loud...Odd.

"Folie a deux," Hannibal said, eyes pealing back Wills exterior that he so carefully placed for the appointment.

" What?" Will asked not knowing why Hannibal was speaking french at random.

" 'A Madness shared by two.' " Hannibal clarified." A french term to describe a rare happing of emotions and circumstance." He paused and tilted his head, well knowing it would send waves of his mouthwatering scent directly at Will. " And you think Abigail is a contender for it?"

Will avoided breathing deeply, soon growling slightly lightheaded he exhaled in one puff, " I don't know, but there is something going on with her that shes not showing, that she doesn't want people to see... You know," He took another sip of wine, letting it coat his throat before speaking again, " Jack thinks she had something to do with the murders. That she was apart of it all somehow.. "

" That she was the bait?" Hannibal asked,

" No. Maybe. I don't know. " He sighed gulping the last of the sweet red blend. " It would explain her demeanor. Her-"

" Guilt." Hannibal finished,

" Yeah, yes. That. " Will said.

Hannibal uncrossed his legs. Will grasped the arm of the chair as the hair on his arms stood up. He could feel his concentration ebbing away, his self-control slipping. He got up quickly making strides against his better judgment to the one thing on his mind.

He reached out to touch him, just to be caught at the wrist. He nearly moaned just at the skin to skin contact. " Do you want something, my boy," Hannibal said, slowly standing up to meet Will, hand still clasped around his wrist like a silver cuff...

" Ah, " He squirmed at the pressure of Hannibal's fingers.

" So needy." Hannibal cooed, stroking his thumb across Will's parted lips. Will moaned, breathy and unsure, his fingers laced in Hannibal's hair tugging him close. Soon Wills's mouth hovered over Hannibal's neck.

" God. You smell so good," He panted, feeling the loss of control. Hannibal stood still and let Will's hands wander over his clothed body. Hannibal's hands were to his side as Will's tongue licked a stipe of the exposed flesh of Hannibal's neck. Will whined at the taste feeling his erection Digg against his pants.

" Please." He pleaded into the alpha's ear.

" Please what dear one." Hannibal's voice was utterly calm...Smug even. But that just set Will off more. He grabbed at Hannibal's waistcoat griping for dear life with a dangerous need to feel his alpha. But Hannibal didn't move. Body like a brick wall.

" Please, I need-"

Hannibal grabbed Will's hips roughly, forcing him to look in his eyes. They were ringed red. " As tempting as you are, little omega, I have to stop you here."

Wils eyes got huge, " What? Why?"

Hannibal tsked and gripped his sides harder, " In due time, in due time." He sniffed Will's neck, a long inhale. And Will swore he could see his shoulder's shake.

Hannibal released him, A whine came out of his throat. His whole body screaming *alpha alpha.*

Will felt off-balance and like his legs were melted butter sticks. " You told the Hobbs girl that killing someone was the ugliest thing in the world.." Hannibal stoked Will's cheek. " Come back to me when you are honest with yourself. "

Will groaned as he was released. The session time was up,

He reluctantly made it back to his car. Anger bubbled up in him. He was so close. He tasted him. And felt his need. God this will drive him insane if Hannibal keeps teasing him like this. HE can't take it. Suppressants or no suppressants, he might as well be screwed.

He bashed his head into his steering wheel. Again and again.

Then a thought passed him. He rummaged through his glow compartment to find the small slip of paper he acquired some time ago. " There you are," Will said as he read the phone number on the wrinkled white paper...

He typed it in his cell, not knowing what would happen or if anything would come from it...

' Hey, Matt, It's Will. Will Graham. I'll take you up on that drink. ' He hit send and drove back to the safety of his house and his dogs.

Wrong Kind Of High

Matthew was late. Will sucked down his thrid whiskey on the rocks, nervously tapping his feet against the bar. Matthew had picked the place, ***' Harlon's'***...The neon sign had said. Of all the bars in Baltimore, this one was the one with grungy bikers out front. The lights were dim and the smell of Alpha musk tangled with the scent of gin and triple sec. Will rubbed the back of his neck and the man nearest to him took an extra long breath in his direction.

He should be more careful.

But it was too late, and a small crowd of three large tattooed bikers that looked like they could swallow him in one go came skulking towards him...

" You looks lost, " The bald one said, red bandana over his forehead.

" Yeah he does look lost, dudnt he Wally." His shorter fatter companion who reeked of sweat and pork said looking with his beady eyes on Will. Wally moved in on him, they were a shoulders length apart.

" Yous shouldn't come in here smelling like that little omega." His beer-drenched breath hit Will's face. He froze, deer in headlights amount three hungry men. Bandana man moved to the other side of Will, his fat finger grazed Will's cheek. Will let out a small yelp, the alcohol he had ingested making it hard to react, but it just made all three men laugh, their cavity-ridden teeth showing through their puffy gums. " So sweet." He sniffed.

" Aw look I don't think he liked that Wally," The man chuckled and poked at Will's cheek.

Just as Will's skin was crawling off his body from near fear and disgust a voice rang out in a deep rumbly alpha tone..."I suggest you get away from my mate." It boomed. Will's eyes tried to find the source of sound but he only saw the top of a man with short brown hair. " That is unless you want to taste my fists." The crowd dispersed and Will made eye contact with his savior.

It was Matthew, he was dressed in a blue button-down only halfway up, his smooth chest showing through the loose buttons. He made his way to Will. " Hey, sorry about that," He patted him on the shoulder lightly. Surprisingly Will didn't flinch. He made eye contact with Matthew as he sat down on the stool next to him.

" Thanks.." His eyes looked the alpha up and down in the low bar lighting, " Quick," He coughed, " Quick thinking out there. " Will was more grateful than he let on.

Matthew nodded, smiling some, " Yeah, well, those three looked like they were gearing to eat you." Matthew flagged the bartender, " Aye, Jameson, My usual, please." He faced Will again, " This place is a dive but, my buddies owns it, so I get free drinks."

Will took a breath, feeling safer now he had some protection for the goons who spoke like they were in third grade. He took a swig of the last of his whiskey and smiled." You said

you'd be here a half-hour ago," Voice teasing, just a bit. Jameson came over and placed Matthews's drink down on a napkin.

" Yes, I did say that," He paused taking a sip of a bubbly clear liquid, " But I had something to take care of last-minute, sorry about that." Matthew's smile was near infectious, Will felt himself mirroring the alpha, he felt oddly calm, being in a bar, on a date...With a **man.** Will smiled up at him.

Matthew pointed at Will's empty glass, " How many of those have you had sailor? " Will chucked, lacing his hands together,

" Three? Four? I honestly don't know, but this wasn't the type of drink I started with." He looked at Matthew sideways, he was kind of...Beautiful, kind of- " Did you know that you're pretty," Will blushed immediately regretting the sudden honesty.

Matthew's eyes felt heavy on his skin, " Did you know what your drunk?" He chuckled, leaning in, "It's not safe for you to be out here like this, " Hot breath hit Wills neck, shivers made trails down his body... It wasn't the way Hannibal made him feel, but at least he was feeling *something*. He wanted to go with it, still desperate from the day before. " You need to be careful."

Will smiled lazily, and leaned further in, " Not with you around I don't."

Matthew reeled back, a smug look on his face, " You've sure changed your tune." He said plainly.

" Huh me? No, I'm just merely-" Wills's hand stoked sparks down Matthew's arm. He needed this, he needed to feel...Alive. " Taking the opportunity you give me." Will's hand rested on Matthews's wrist.

" And what opportunity is that?" He asked Will, head tilted, more alpha musk coming straight for him. He breathed it in with a shutter.

Did he really want to do this?

Will stared at Matthews's blue eyes, his mind so desperately wanting them to be russet brow ringed with red. " To feel something." He let out a rush of air, Matthew drank the rest of his gin and tonic, then grabbing Will by the wrist he hauled him to the parking lot.

" Where we goin' alpha?" Will asked sloppily, legs wobbly.

Matthew laughed, deep and throaty as they passed his car. " You said you wanted to feel, let me take you somewhere," He led him to the line of bikes outside the bar.

" You don't mean-"

"Oh, I really do," Matthew smirked as his leg went over a clad black motorcycle. " You coming love? " Will gulped,

" Fuck it, " He climbed on the back of the metal death machine, locking his legs in place and wrapping his arms around the alphas strong chest. The motor roared in Will's ear as chills ran across his skin. The kickstand gave and Matthew revved the engine.

Matthew turned his head, face in Will's neck, " You ready for this?" He asked, voice making its way through the noise. Will nodded and the bike rolled.

The speed was incredible, his hands gripped Matthew's waist tightly. His nose burring in the back of the alpha's hair, breathing in the earthy scent. Street lights blurred past his eyes, sounds of crowds of people as they passed by buzzed softly. The wind whipped his curls in his face as they took the curves of the road. His heart raced, his flesh ached and he groaned being this close to the young alpha. He smelt so different than Hannibal, almost as if the age difference made him more potent to Will, more deadly. He shook his head from the thoughts of the man who rejected him. Focusing on the pleasure of the night and the feeling of his thighs rubbing against Matthew's.

The colors of the lit-up downtown were chaotic but it worked, it was curbing Wills need. His body still felt sore, aching for touch...He hated it. He hated how needy he had become.

The bike slowed as it rolled back into the parking lot after what seemed like a lifetime.

" What are you smiling about?" He asked Matthew as he got off his bike.

" Nothing nothing, " Matthew approached him, Will backed into the brick wall of the ally way. "It's just you look really beautiful in the moonlight." Nerves raced in Will's heart at the comment, Cheeks heating up, although he couldn't see them in the near dark. Will's ass hit the solid brick, Matthew loomed close, dipping down to sniff his neck. He arched it, sending waves of heat straight at Matthew.

" Can I?" Matthew breathed into his neck, Will's body gave in to the slight touch as the alpha lips hovered over their target.

"Y-yes. Please." Will whined, gripping Matthews's hips, pulling him in. The heat from his mouth made him melt. He was expecting teeth, but there weren't any, just soft wet heat as the alpha kissed his pale neck. Will moaned. " Are you- " He panted, "Are you not going to bite me?'

He could feel the man's smile on his flesh, he pulled away, looking Will in the eyes, " What we do, if we do it, it's not going to be like that." He said softly hovering over Will's lips. " I'm not going to mark you. Your skin to pretty to scar." His eyes were hungry, Will stood perfectly still, still holding on to Matthew's shirt. "What do you want omega? Hmm, what do you need."

"K-kiss me. Please." He whined as his lips were claimed by him. He moaned into his mouth as the alpha pinned him to the wall. He didn't feel trapt. He felt...Distracted.

Will felt needy, he was panting, arching into the alpha touch. He wanted it harder. Matthews's kisses were soft, light, but Will craved harsh and violent. He bit the alphas lower lip in an attempt to coax him into being more aggressive.

" Touch me," He groaned, rutting against solid flesh. Then in a second Matthews's hands were at his ass, gripping the round flesh over his pants. " Mmm." His lips were on the alphas neck, sucking at it, shy teeth nipping, tasting the musk from the source. He bit into his neck, just below his ear. Matthew moaned and tightened his grip on Will.

" Please," Will whined when his lips were taken again. Their tongues danced, Will licked into the roof of his mouth, sweet heat ripe for him to take.

Matthew was only the second man he had ever been intimate within his life, but this felt so real, so natural. " Will." Matthew panted on his lips.

Will looked up, the blue of Matthews's eyes were ringed red. " Will, I can't." He stepped back, leaving Wills's body cold against the wall.

" What? Why?" Will felt cheated, he was getting somewhere with this...

" It's-" He rubbed the bite mark on his neck Will had made minutes earlier. " It's a lot to explain Will, but it's not you." He smiled. " You're- You're perfect. I just can't control myself."

Will moved forward aching his neck, " What if I don't want you to?"

He smiled moving farther away to his bike, " That's flattering, I just, I need to think some on this. Okay?" He pulled the kickstand out, " But I'll call you, haha, Who knows, maybe I'll see you while I'm working. " He winked, straddled the bike, and turned it on, revving the engine.

He sped away into the night, leaving Will cold, and painfully hard. " Fuck." He yelled to no one. Then he got in his car and drove the hour home.

The next morning Will woke to his cell ringing. Early. The dogs were swarmed around him huddled and still asleep, as hr wished he was. He groaned standing up to take the call, walking into the kitchen to not wake his pack of fuzzies.

" Yeah?" He spoke into the cell.

" Will, there's been another killing. " Jack said over the line.

" What? When? " Will rubbed his eyes. It was 5:30 in the morning.

" The body was just found, time of death hasn't been confirmed but it's him. "

"Who?"

" The Black-Eyed-Butcher. Or so that's what Tattle crime is calling it. Ugh, remind me to send Freddie Lounds another lawsuit." Jack's agitated voice made Wills's shoulder tense.

" Okay, okay. Do you want me down at the lab now?" He asked, multitasking and pouring some fresh coffee into a thermous.

" Be here in an hour, that's when the autopsy will be done. We need your brain, Will. We need to catch this guy." Jack's tone was an honest one, Will sighed and nodded.

" Alright. I'll be there." The line when dead.

The lab was cold, Will wore a flannel, his coffee thermos the only thing keeping him any sort of warm. Beverly stood by the fresh corpse, her eyes scanning for details.

" So the Black-Eyed-Butcher huh? Quite a catchy name for someone who cut up and eats people." Zeller joked. But still, this was new information to Will...

" He's a cannibal?" Will asked Zeller while looking down at the body. It was a female this time, mid-thirties, with dark brown hair. But the same incision marks, the same pattern...

" Yes, or an organ harvester. But I'm going with flesh-eating crazy. You see here?" Beverly moved a gloved hand to touch the body she lifted up a flap of free skin, revealing the hole where the liver should be. Will's eyes went wide.

" This-" He stopped rubbing his scalp with his palm, memories from a case two years ago coming in like flashcards. " Wasnt there another case like this? Say like two years ago. Someone who took surgical trophies, and dropped multiple bodies in a row.."

" I think your think of The Chesapeake Ripper," Jack said as he came bulldozing in. " And yes it is similar, but not enough alike to think it is that same person."

" You never caught The Ripper did you, Jack? " Will asked, still facing the body.

" No, we didn't. " He grumbled.

" Is there any way they are the same?" Zeller asked.

"No." Will piped in, " From what I'm seeing here, they cant be. The Ripper what he did, or does, its-" He gazed down at the cut lines in the girl's flesh. " He wouldn't kill this way. You said the injuries are post-Mortem?" He asked Zeller who was typing something into the computer with force.

" Uh, yeah, " He replied. Will nodded moving to face Jack now.

" The Ripper, with his kills he- The injury happened when the victim is alive. He likes toying with them, making them suffer." He thinks back to the countless nights he spent obsessing over The Ripper cases instead of making lesson plans for his class. " He eats them because they're no better than pigs to him. Just livestock."

The door swings open, Will smells him before he sees him. Dr. Hannibal Lecter.

" Ah, Dr. there you are." Jack greets him gingerly. Will nearly suffocates at his smell, his mouth starts watering, his legs tremble.

Fuck, did he forget to take his suppressants today? He tried to think but he came up blank. Shit, this is not good.

"Dr. Lecter will be accompanying you all to Gideon's Lockup search today. Turns out he knows the fella who owns the place." Jack smiled, and Hannibal moved closer in the room.

"Will," He said softly looking directly at him, eyes dark. "It's good to see you."

" Likewise, Dr.," He said a little too sarcastically. Gritting his teeth.

" Alright, Zeller you stay here, keep us updated on any developments with the body." Jack ordered, " Price, Beverly, You're with me. And Will." He ordered. "You and Hannibal can ride together."

Fuck. Oh, god no. " Isn't the Lock-up in Lancaster? " He asked nervously.

" Yes, indeed it is," Jack said.

" That's nearly two hours away." Will started to sweat at the thought of being in a car with Hannibal with the windows up for two long hours...

" Better bring snacks," Jack said, then he left with the others down the hall. Will looked over to Hannibal whose face was the epitome of smugness.

This car ride would be the longest of his damn life.

Hell Ride

Hannibal's black Bentley was parked outside Quantico, Will prepared for the worst, even if he didn't know what the worst was.. They walked in silence until they entered the metal trap. The engine started, and Will rubbed circles in his arms to combat goosebumps from forming.

" Are you cold, Will?" Hannibal asked as they pulled out of the large parking space and into the path to the freeway. Will said nothing, he busied himself with the map on his phone that linked up the lock-up Gideon's belongings were said to be at. He tapped the touch screen, not looking up to the man beside him. " Will," Hannibal asked again.

Will groaned softly, pushing up his glasses, " No, I'm fine Dr." He fiddled with his seatbelt, it was too tight over his chest, he felt like a child trying to fuss with it. The leather interior of Hannibal's car was pristine. No dust or clutter. He felt wrong, out of place being the only thing inside it that hadn't been lint rolled to perfection. He brushed his hand over his pants, no matter how much he cleaned his clothes, they always had trace amounts of fur on them. He was the one thing that didn't belong in this picture.

The sun blared through the windshield, Will squinted to see. Avoiding all eye contact with someone as close to him as Hannibal was, complicated to say the least. The sound of Hannibal's even breathing started to affect him. The rush of air into the man's lungs, the pull of breath and oxygen from his mouth to his chest. It was like a song, like a siren calling him out to sea, He knew if he broke his own rule of engagement this trip would end badly. He was already rejected once, he didn't need another notch on that belt to understand his...Position in all this. He was Hannibal's patient, not his lover, no matter how much hell he has gone through specifically because of his scent, his touch. Everything that involved him had to be handled like fire. For it could and would destroy everything in its path, burning down all of the sense in Wills's mind till he was nothing but instinct and need. He never wanted to be that, he was a person, not a rag doll with the sole purpose to mate. No matter how badly he wanted...

" Everything alright Will? " Hannibal's voice called to him through the storm of his thoughts.

Will blinked, sighing, " Yep, yeah- uh why?"

" Well, you've hardly said two words in a half-hour, is that normal for you?" Hannibal's probing question didn't sit well...

Why does he suddenly care about his behavior or lack thereof?

" Is it normal for you to ask stupid questions?" Will snapped back, realizing some stress but almost instantly regretting it. Hannibal fell silent, just the click of the blinker filling up space between them. That and the pressure building in Will's chest.

Will knew he couldn't fight it, he was now breaking his rule, only to look upon Hannibal's pained face. He rolled his eyes, half sorry half angry at himself for taking it too far. " S-sorry. I just, I have a lot on my mind these days." He made a slight attempt to mull over tension...

Hannibal to Will's surprise looked at him and smiled, " I know, dear Will, I know." Was it smug? Was his face upturned to his own pleasure at seeing Will unhinge, or was it because he enjoyed the fact that he made Will squirm?

" You do, do you," Will grumbled under his breath. Was he angry or aroused... The line was always so blurry with Hannibal. He wanted to punch him in his pretty face then take him for all he had. The car slowed, he didn't care why. The gas station came into view, red signs telling prices and types of fuel. The engine stalled.

" Will, " Hannibal's hand was at his shoulder, he hadn't realized he was panting, he wiped the drool that threatened to come out of the side of his mouth, looking over to Hannibal.

" Yes." He breathed. He was so close to just throwing himself at the man, he wanted to bite, to scent and suck at his flesh. The hand touching him was making things worse, much worse.

" We're down to a fourth of a tank, " Hannibal's eyes darted to Will's lips, then back up to his widening eyes. He rustled with his wallet, pulling out a bill, " Here, go get yourself something to eat, you look a bit pale."

Fuck.

Will sat there for a moment before taking the money as Hannibal left to go to the pump. What was he a sugar daddy? Jesus. Will hated that he was right. His stomach growled at the mere thought of food, even highway junk food. He undid his belt and swung his legs out of the car, breathing fresh air, cold and crisp. That all changed when he entered the Snack Mart as they called it.

He silently strolled through the shelves of chips, candy, alcohol, and soda finally coming to the hot food section. The smell of warm bread wafted through the air, his eyes caught a view of the hot dog reel warming the links of unhealthy fat ridden meat. He nearly groaned, mouth-watering. It was self serve, he shamelessly piled two hot dogs with mustard ketchup and relish.

Realizing he would need some sort of liquid to choke these heart attacks down, he skimmed the refrigerated shelves. He grabbed a blue Gatorade and a huge water bottle because, why not. And topped the purchase off with one of those little jerky bags.. Teriyaki it said.

He smiled at the clerk who was seemly way too young for the job, took his goods, and left. He had shoved one whole hot dog in his mouth before entering the car. He couldn't remember the last time he had one. They were oddly good for gas station food.

He sat and waited quietly hotdog halfway in his mouth when Hannibal came back in. Their eyes connected, mustard fell onto his shirt, his mouth wrapped around the meat. He bit into it harshly, teeth cutting up its shape into mincemeat. Hannibal's eyes were back on his lips as he licked them clean.

" We've better get a move on to catch up to Jack and the others." Will half-whispered, then taking a long swig of the blue Gatorade and making audible gulping sounds, letting the sports drink run down his face freely. He was a mess. It was Hannibal's fault.

Hannibal nodded, a small smile on his face, then suddenly his hand lifted to Will's mouth, grazing the trail of liquid. His eyes were dark, nearly all pupil as he took the remnants onto his finger and put it gingerly into his mouth. Full lips sucking the digit, eyes not leaving Will's.

Will could feel the swell in his belly set fire in his groin at the sight of it. He turned away face reddening. The engine started up again and they were back on their way. Will was so tantalized by Hannibal's small gesture of ownership that he pretended to fall asleep the rest of the way. Head against the cool glass, eyes closed. He only sturred at the turns of the car as they made it off the highway. His hands rested over his groin, trying to shield prying eyes from the obvious evidence of arousal.

This man could do anything mundane, say anything in that thickly accented voice, and Will would be melted butter on the floor.

He tried to keep his thoughts pure and his breath even the rest of the way... He couldn't afford to arrive at the lock-up with a hard-on. But he couldn't help it, being so close to the alpha made his skin buzz and his teeth clench. There was so much about being an omega that he didn't understand, didn't know what to think about. It was so odd to him, feeling these intense feelings, this need and fire so hot, he wanted to bath in it, scorch his skin, burn himself up in Hannibal's light.

His head was spinning, He didn't realize how much time had gone by when his shoulder was tapped.

" Will were here," Hannibal said softly in his ear causing shivers to float over his skin.

" I'm up." He said groggily, feeling as though he actually slept.

When he opened his eyes he saw Jack's car parked in front of what looked like a large warehouse. The frame of the building was metal and dome-shaped. Hannibal got out first, greeting Jack.

" Did you guys catch the bad half of traffic? We've been here for a while. Oh, " Jack said as he looked to Will. " Uh, you got something.." He pointed to Will's face.

Will brushed his leave over what was most likely a ketchup stain. " Sorry, I got hungry. " He said now in a semi-circle with the others.

" Well, what are we waiting for, lets go!" Jimmy said already in his plastic-like suit to protect evidence. " Gloves are over there." He pointed to the supply heap by Jacks's car.

" I'll be manhandling the camera," Beverly said snapping her gloves over her wrists. " We'll sweep the area for forensics, then Will and Hannibal will come comb through the objects." She explained, taking charge like she always did. " We're looking for anything out of place. Anything missing...Gideon will tell us via the photographs...Hopefully."

" We'll need to catalog everything. You hear me? Head to toe." Jack ordered, sipping coffee way too late in the day. The air smelt of burnt rubber, something like melting plastic with a

hint of sulfur. Will rubbed his nose with his sleeve as they walked into the main building.

" It should be this one," Jimmy said pointing at the locked door. " Number 53."

" Bult cutters." Beverly hollered back to Jack,

" Don't we have a key? " Will asked, no one answered, the large metal clasps were passed to Beverly, she smiled looking down at them.

" Aren't these things a beauty." She lifted them to the lock, pressing the blades on the thick metal. Her alpha strength easing the metal to snap under the pressure of the built cutter. The lock snapped in seconds clattering to the floor with a thunk.

" Clear." She said, opening the door with a creek. She stepped into the storage unit, Cold air drafted out, Will shivered. Hannibal hung close by him, eyes watching him. Jimmy went in next, flashlight in hand until he found a working light switch. Once they were on, Will saw the cluttered room in full.

There were couches, mirrors, bed frames, even a record collection complete with a vinal record player. The team set up a station with tools including tape, baby powder, talc powder, and a microscope. Brushes were made available to everyone, soft bristles that could brush off powder from a fresh print.

" Jimmy please tell me you didn't forget the UV light?" Beverly called across the way, gloved hands searching throw a forensic bag.

" No it's in there, " Jimmy said then looking to Will he said, " Let me know when you and Hannibal got your count." Will nodded, listing objects on a pad of paper. He avoided Hannibals eyes, he shivered, the temperature of the metal room held no heat. He watched Beverly scour the storage unit for any valuable evidence, body fluids, and DNA, anything that the killer would have left when he got hold of Ables fingerprints, her camera making audible flashing noises as she went.

" Check all glass and metal and plastic surfaces, " Jack barked as he hung in the doorframe watching everything...Typical.

" Excuse me," Hannibal brushed against Will's back end, Hannibal's hips pressed against him in the tight fit, he let out a gasp, then shut his mouth trying to hold in the weak noise crawling up his throat. Jimmy looked at him sideways.

" You alright Graham?" He asked with a smile, hands using the Black Light on one of the three couches.

Will coughed, " Mhm, yeah, just fine. " Jimmy gave him a look that said ' I'm onto you'. But didn't say anything more...Wills list grew long, he made tick marks next to names of doubles until everything, everything was accounted for. One thing was left, he had to double-check his findings with Hannibal.

He maneuvered his way to him, piles of junk at his feet. When he got to Hannibal he opted for just shoving the list in his face rather than speaking. Hannibal's eyebrow went up, a small smirk at his lips.

" I assure you, Will, we got the same thing." He whispered to close to his neck, he jumped back, feet catching on some sort of keepsake. His balance gave, and the room tipped sideways. He tried to catch himself, tried to brace for the fall, but it was too fast. Until the warm strong hands of his alpha caught him at the waist, inches before he arrived headfirst into a large glass table. He held him mid-air, their eyes connected and everyone else in the room disappeared. He felt warmth in his chest, he was panting. Hannibal's amber-brown eyes looked into him as he lifted the profiler up straight.

" You must be more careful, Mr.Graham. We wouldn't want that unique brain of yours on the floor, would we?" His voice was so soft, only Will could hear him...Only Will could feel the strength in his fingers as he gripped his hips, warm breath puffing on his neck.

" Are you going to let me go, Dr?" Will asked softly with his eyes locked on the man that held him. He didn't want that, but there were eyes that could see them any moment, they were caught in their work as Will was caught up in Hannibal. The way he felt, the way he smelled...His mouth started watering. Hannibals hand rubbing circles into his sides.

" Are you going to be more careful, Will?" He whispered back, full lips at his ear. Will nearly moaned. He had to fight the pull to him.

" Yes." He breathed.

Hannibal's gripped tightened, " Ah." Will gasped, wiggling.

" Yes, what dear one?"

God, what was his angle?

" Yes," He paused gulping. " Alpha." He breathed, then in a second he was let go. And Hannibal walked away, leaving him warm and tingly.

The Tail Of Two

Option number one. One was what Will needed. Simple. Safe.

Two. Two was everything inside of him, and everything he wanted to feel when the monsters in his head got loud.

But life was very simple, and Will often didn't provide for himself what he needed. For the love of everything holy, he couldn't stop himself. The near touches, the glances laced in alpha musk seeping just right into his skin, Hannibal was trouble, trouble for an already troubled man.

Matthew on the other hand held opportunity and mystery. A distracting from his raging thoughts of murder mayhem and cannibals, his impulsive lust for the one thing he truly wanted that he couldn't have. He wasn't stability, no, no one on this green earth could give him that. He was new, and Will might have chosen to spend the night in his arms if he wasn't..

He ignored Matthews's text, getting in the car for a weekly scheduled appointment with Hannibal. His attire, he had put more effort into it. His hair was no longer disheveled from a tossing and turning night's sleep drenched in sweat and visions of blood on his hands. He was... Presentable.

The car was warm, heating gushing on through vents rattling metal and sounds of outside winds howling. He had an hour to think, to drive, to plan. What would he say to the prying questions about the new body, or maybe they would simply talk about how good it might feel to whip the sick son of a bitch off the planet.

The Black-Eyed Butcher. Will cringed at the catchy tune of a name, a murderous scavenger of corpses, he put there. Maybe Will did want to kill him, maybe not, but Hannibal would work an answer out either way.

Will's day had consisted of lurking around the lab, the others studied the fresh body, Will shuffled through a catalog of pictures and items notices Beverly had complied. He spotted Hannibal's handwriting on the notes they had made to keep track of all the items. She was to take them to Abel Gideon as soon as Fredrick Chilton approved of another meeting. Will, of course, would not be attending, not with the near incident that had him scooped up by the nearest orderly like a child. He hated feeling week, he hated feeling vulnerable more, his omega body a prize for everyone to take except the one person he so desired to be taken by...

Jimmy and Zeller went through all other evidence scoped out at the lock-up. Numerous half smudged fingerprints, all of them so far, Gideons. Nothing helpful or mildly amusing had happened, just routine procedures that came up empty time and time again.

If this guy was near as good as The Chessepeak Ripper, he or she, most likely he, would not leave a stitch of DNA or otherwise. The only indication that could help was Gideon's account of the findings. And that was *if* he would comply.

Will's car rolled to a stop, his clothed body faced the autumn cold. He took a seat in the waiting room, leg bouncing with anticipation of the night and what it held.

" Good evening, Will, come in." Will rose, eyes skating over details in the man's face, noticing every micro expression. He wasn't wearing a suit jacket or a waistcoat. His button-down was burgundy red.

They sat opposite each other. Will balanced his body by hugging onto each side of the leather chair, fingers slightly digging, imprinting. He swallowed thickly.

" So, " Hannibal said blankly.

" So?" Will licked his lips instinctively, he could smell Hannibal now, the pine forest musk.

Hannibal smiled, " Our killer made headlines again," He picked up a newspaper at his side and read, " ' *This reporter smells a sounder*, " He crinkled the edges of the paper, clearing his throat. " *Two body's in Baltimore this week, with killings to rival The Chessapeak Rippers own grizzly gore, The F.B.I has its hands full, will they let another cannibal slip through their fingers again? "*

" Well, that's.." Will grumbled. " Freddie Lounds-" He stopped himself from saying something rash, " Freddie Lounds is a problem, a problem that presents itself when the pariahs have something to gain. " Hannibal's honeyed gaze dug into Will from a distance, but they felt closer.

" Do they, Will, have something to gain?" Hannibal prodded.

" Not from me." Will's eyes went to Hannibal's lips, of how he wanted to be swallowed up right this very moment. " What about you, Dr. Have anything to add to the Tattler?" Will got up impulsively as a bead of sweat ran down his neck, legs daring closer to the sitting salvation. " Because if you do, don't you think I should know? "

" How's the case coming along? Did dear Jack find the necessary indicant amongst the debris? " Hannibal's words were like a melody, symbolic and non-rhyming, changing the subject quickly, almost unnoticing. But of course, Will did.

"It's lying in wait, we won't know until Gideon...Until he consults." Will shifted his weight, growing uncomfortable in the expensive chair. " He tried to attack me you know, " Will's measure for a grabber of attention was faulty, he was better at hooking fish in winter than he was getting to a point with Hannibal.

" Did he?" Hannibal's head tilt sent waves of heated scent at Will. It clung to his skin, sticky like honey. " Was he provoked?" His voice wasn't sarcastic in the slightest.

Will scoffed, he should know better now to find Hannibal's bluntness offensive, but still, " I might have stood too close to him, apparently, I was too good to resist. " He bated his big fish, wanting to watch him wiggle, toss on the line. But Hannibal was playing dead, stone still, unamused. He wanted to gut him open and see his insides, see how he worked, he was leaving so much of himself to his imagination.

Will was now walking, feet moving willfully. His frame now standing behind Hannibal's sitting body. He was suddenly convinced Hannibal had an agenda, that had stripped layers of clothing specifically for this very purpose. *Touch.* His fingers gripped the hard muscle of Hannibal's shoulder. It was warm in his hands.

" Will." Hannibal exhaled, looking up at Will's blue eyes, they were dilated on him.

" Yes, Dr." Will said softly, grip growing stronger, legs shaking, heat pooling in his groin, desire for more.

Will's hand went down, caressing over Hannibal's chest. It was firm, hot, his greedy hands spreading over him, his forbidden angel. He needed this, he didn't need to talk about his feelings he needed Hannibal, to feel him, to taste him. His mouth watered at the thought of his tongue tangling in the wet heat of his mouth. He let out a soft groan.

Hannibal sighed, lifting Will's hand off, slowly rising out of the chair. Will made a soft whine when his arm returned back to his side. Hannibal came to face him.

" When all the blood is dried and the bodies buried, Will, what will you dream of?" Will couldn't speak, tongue trapped between teeth, Hannibal's body trapping him, backing him up against the wooden pole. His back pressed harshly, his spine hitting against the coarseness. Hannibal's fingers traced his jaw, his body aching under such light pressure.

Please. His brain screamed.

" I-" Will had been caught off guard with the sudden change is questioning, sudden everything. " I don't know." He breathed into Hannibal, so close, he could taste the sweetness on his breath.

The truth wasn't something he had spoken and slender thought about, but his dreams, they were covered in it. The death he saw, the vibrant red, he could often still smell the copper of his hands from when they were doused in Mrs. Hobb's blood. The only time he let himself feel, truly admit how it felt to kill Hobbs, was in his head, after the lights went out.

It was terror and pleasure, sweat, and arousal. He bit his lip. Hannibal searched his eyes, then stepped back. And Will could breathe again.

" Foolish boy, " Hannibal tsked. " I see you've learned nothing." He walked around to his desk, setting his notes on the session down. Will didn't follow, back still pressed against the support beam.

" Hannibal-" He walked closer, reached for him, his hand shrugged off the man's shoulders.

" You have not earned it yet," Hannibal said softly small grin forming. *Tease.*

" You don't know what you do to me, do you," Will whispered half hoping he wouldn't hear it, " Fuck this." He brushed past Hannibal, shoulder to shoulder impact creating sparks to drizzle in his blood. He grabbed his coat, leaving the season early.

If he couldn't be honest, he could be anything, and according to the man who makes him quiver, he wasn't worth his attentions until he verbalized that fact that...He was drowning. Half the time he didn't know who he was more like, the monsters at the F.B.I's door or the man he's supposed to be or thought he was.

Once he could breathe again, safe in his car, he pulled out his cell, finally answering the text he had ignored all day.

Before Will could even think about going to see Matthew, Jack called. " We found a hair." He said.

" Gideons? "

" No, Will, a long hair, we think it could be the latest victims. And if it is, it means our killer was there at the lock-up after or before he did his last murder. " Jack sounded oddly nervous.

" DNA testing?" Will questioned.

" Jimmy sent it in, nothing back yet. Beverly was working on a collage of pictures to show Gideon...But, Will your not gonna like this."

Jack was right, he didn't in fact, like this.

" So you didn't call me about the stray hair?" Wills's voice held more snark than he would like,

"No, unfortunately not. Meet me down a BSHCI, we need you to do you're...The thing you do." The line clicked.

"Graham needs to see the crime scene in as much privacy as possible," Jack ordered as they stepped into the hospital.

"Bloom assured me that you would cooperate on procedure." Chilton's smirk was clear as he mentioned a colleague of Jacks, Dr. Alana Bloom.

" I will, but I need to be alone," Will answered shifting awkwardly, the feel of the crime he was about to see was somehow seeping into this skin.

Chilton tilted his head, gawking, sitting on his leather chair like a throne. "Ah, yes. That thing you do. You are quite the topic of conversation in psychiatric circles."

" Am I?" Will asked eyes flashing gold, primal.

"A unique cocktail of personality disorders and neuroses that makes you a highly skilled profiler. " Chilton chuckled blue eyes watchful for Will's skin to twitch.

"Graham isn’t here to be analyzed," Jack said, it seemed like an order, and Chilton being a beta cowered some. Will let some breath go.

"Perhaps he should be." Dr. Chilton said under his breath then got up, " This way...Graham." Jack Crawford and Will follow Dr. Chilton into the room. As they grow closer the smell of metal wafts in the air. Chilton stops, looking to Jack and mumbling under his breath as if not to alarm the other in the room, " What you're going to see in there, it was caused by more than one thing."

" You mean Gideon being a psychopath wasn't the only motivator?" Jack half-whispered, Will kept his head directed to the closed-door they stopped in front of.

" No," Chiltons voice hushed even softer, " We believe this was a-a" He cleared his throat awkwardly, " The nurse was an omega.- usually, I would advise not to have one around an alpha such as he, but since arrival Gideon has been a model prisoner. For the two years since he was brought here, Gideon behaved perfectly and gave every appearance of cooperating with attempts at therapy. As dictated by our present administrator, security around him was slightly relaxed." Chilton answered. "I can’t help feeling responsible myself for what happened. " He hardly looks remorseful.

"Gideon was restrained?" Jack asked, a little louder now.

"Yes. Handcuffs. But he had concealed a fork tine under the flesh of his palm and used it to pick the lock." Chilton answered, avoiding the omega's eyes.

" Where is he now?" Will addressed him directly,

" In his cell," Chilton says flatly, then with an arm raised he gave to a green light for Will to go in.

He steps in, closing the door behind him, the sight before him triggers it.

The pendulum is now outside his head swinging swinging swinging.

FWUM. FWUM. FWUM.

Suddenly it's night, and Will feels the roll of gurney below him, his eyes rolling and lulling out of focus. His breath trapped in an oxygen mask fogging up his face, choking him. Eyes still closed Will feels the coldness of scissors cutting open his shirt, placing the EKG tab Electrodes. The nurse turns away, briefly and Will's eyes open.

Will's fingers search for the bit of metal embedded in his palm, short nails digging it out.

The heart monitor flatlines and the game begins. Hands are on the nurse's throat, squeezing, crushing, striking her in the throat with the palm of his hand before she can scream... her voice broken and gurgling. Will feels the aggression the rawness of the alphas power, the need to pulverize and maim.

The nurse feebly attempts to run, stumbling back against a medicine cabinet, eyes wide with fear and pain. But she is no match for the alpha's hunger, his savagery.

Her body connects with the floor, squirming under the pressure of bloodied thumbs pressed into her skull. Will feels the hot wetness of her blood in his mind, tastes what Able tasted as

his alpha fangs tore into the poor omegas throat, ripping out the scent glands, face showered in warm red ooze.

"If I can't have him, I must take you. " Will hears the voice behind his eyes as he comes back to the reality.

He's kneeling beside the body of nurse Shell, the smell of her dried blood encased his throat as he stood. Hands wet in the carnage he might have caused.

It was him. His scent. Made him wild. Made him kill. He triggered the beast in captivity.

But he couldn't think like that, at least he shouldn't. He heard the door open behind him, Jack loomed in the doorway. " Well?" He asked, eyes darting down to the red on Will's palms.

" I- " His voice didn't quite work. He cleared his throat of metal scent and death, " The kill was primal, its like something snapped, something gave and then.." Will's eyes traced the fresh crime scene.

" Will," Jack said, his alpha tone snapping Will's head back on.

It's not your fault. He tried to convince himself.

"Do you still think he will help us? With the case? Or is he too far gone?" Jack asked.

Will gulped thickly. " Um, he's- he's still useful if you can handle him." He brushed past Jack moving into the hall. " I need to get this off." He half mumbled as he watched Chilton's eyes on him. Judging and calculating his crazy, if he should stay with the monsters he had as pets.

Will found his way into the nearest bathroom, scrubbing off the smell of death in the sink. He avoided his reflection, not wanting to see a hint of omega gold in his blue eyes. Red rang out in the water, Will viciously scrubbed his hands together until the friction made his own blood run down the drain with the victims.. Making them one.

Made to be broken

Wills's legs were tangled in gray sheets, a towel under his head on the pillow. Sweat flushed over his skin in waves. His eyelids shut but moving. Flashes, fragments of memory, and what he didn't and couldn't say was real played at the thoughts in his mind.

The twisted smile of someone, he didn't know, they were just lips, just teeth. Fangs so familiar, his body recognized the heat from the phantom mouth approaching.

" You have to earn it." A tongue tasted the collum of his throat. " Just like fruit." The voice whispered. " You have to be ready, ripe, my dear boy." Will felt himself melting into a red background, like candle wax and blood.

" Please alpha." He heard himself say, desperate, dangerously close to the edge of what seemed like a cliff with no bottom, no end. Hands roughly gripped him, making bruising marks on his hips. Than the claiming touch disappeared into nothing, leaving him stumbling, and hungry.

His vision caught the sight of an autopsy table, feet sticking out below the sheet. The room spun in circles like a hurricane was in the very room. His face was splatted with a hot liquid. His fingers reaching up to touch, to taste. Only to have the sweet flavor of metal and iron graze his tongue. There were mirrors facing him now, showing him who he was, showing him his future.

Will's mouth was bloodied, fresh crimson on his cheeks and tongue.

And suddenly he was cold, his body laid down on a metal bed.

He was the corpse. Those were his feet that stuck out beyond the covering.

He was dead. Or maybe, he was afraid afraid of letting himself feel...Alive.

He awoke to his own screams, fists tight in sheets, he frantically got up, splashing water over his face repeatedly. He was hard, his length begging for stimulation. He muffled a cry as he took himself in hand.

It didn't take much, one, two, three, maybe more. The strokes were quick as he panted. Head against the wall in his bathroom as he bit his lips, not allowing a single moan to come off his tongue.

This felt wrong. God, it felt raw. It felt...

" H-Hannibal, oh g-god." He mulled as he came out around his fingers, hot white heat crawling up his spine and down his legs. He rode the shock of his muscles convulsing, finally letting himself make the noises he had kept locked. Primal, animalistic, and needy.

He needed to get this under control...Or he was going to explode into infinity the next time he saw Hannibal. Will cleaned himself up and made his way back to bed. Making a mental note to text Matthew. He didn't like the idea of fucking someone other than Hannibal, but god did he need something to calm this-this whatever was clawing at his insides.

His face hit the pillow, and he fell into an unmoving sleep.

Morning came quickly, the sun moving over fog and clouds. Will got up making himself coffee and fed his dogs.

He didn't know if it was guilt or simply pity that drove him to the idea of visiting the Hobbs girl. Alana Bloom had been taking care of her since the 'incident' with her father. Her recovery was taking longer than expected, she was walking in short spurts, eating on her own, but far from leaving the hospital. The doctors didn't think It was physical though, the lag in progress, Alana suspected it was more emotional, psychosomatic, Will tended to agree with her.

But Jack hadn't let up on questioning the poor girl. He was in there almost every other day since she opened her eyes. But today he made sure he wasn't going to interrupt.

" Yeah, I mean, yeah. " Alana's voice came over Will's cell, calm and sweet. " I think, I think she would do good to see some else but me and you know who. She's been, reclusive as of late." She paused. " But I won't tell her your coming, that way you can surprise her...You're a good man Graham. " He didn't feel like one particularly. Still, he shrugged to no one.

" Thanks, Alana, uh, hm. " He hung up nervously, grabbing his coat and saying goodbye to his horde of fuzzy kids.

The car lulled, struggling to start in Virginia cold, it wasn't yet winter but still, the air was near deadly. " Come on already." Will groaned, turning the key once more just to hear the kick of the engine.

Leaves sturred in the streets as Will passed through lanes, the glasses on his nose dipping every few seconds, distracting him from the road just slightly. He came to the point of where the woman's body had lied mear days before, cold, chest cavity half-emptied of vital organs. The blood not even clotted it was so fresh. Will made the turn into the hospital parking lot, mind still flicking back to the point of no return as he made a shotty parking job in a packed lot.

He got out, feeling the crisp chill at his arm through his jacket, it seemed to cling to him more. He slammed the car door and made his way in. Nurses passed him as he got to the desk to sign in. He scribbled his name in the guest section quickly, dropping the pen on the pad of paper with a thud. His shoes squeaked on the recently cleaned hospital floors all the way to the room marked with Abigail's name. He knocked lightly, stepping in the door frame.

" Abigal-" He barely got the words out before he sensed it, The blood. It smelled the same as he remembered it. He looked at her, reclining halfway in the air, needle in the crux of her arm, she pressed it down so harshly that beads of blood were falling down to her wrist.

He caught her before she toppled over. " Hey, hey," He smoothed her hair away from her forehead. He frantically lifted her to her bed, dead weight. " What- what did you take Abigail?" He asked her, eyes scanning the nearly emptied fluid bag.

" E-enough." She coughed some, eyes dark and dilated." I took enough."

Will nearly shook her. " Jesus, enough of what Abigail? " Her eyes rolled back in her head some, breath panting highly out her lungs. Will felt her body stilling. He looked for the emergency button, finding it at the corner of the bed, his fingers dancing about it when...

" No, please, just let me die." Abigail caught his wrist. " I deserve to die, Will, for what I did." Their eyes met, Will still holding her, a tear fell out the side of his eye, he knew.

" No," He held her closer, in denial of what this meant." No. I don't believe it. " He petted her head, softly stroking the amber locks, he struggled to breathe.

" I- " Her grip around his wrist grew harder, preventing him to seek help. " I picked them, those girls, I led them... I led them to him and he ate them. He wanted it to be me. I couldn't say no." She choked out a broken sob, " It won't be long now until I'm gone."

"No," Will repeated, he couldn't move now, he was glued to the girl, feeling her life slip away, feeling her breath grow shorter. He instinctively kissed her forehead like a mother with her cub, nuzzling her, marking her with his scent. " You can't do this I-I won't let you." His fingers reached the red panic button pressing down hard as Abigail's grip softened, her blue eyes once wide now fell closed.

" Help! Somebody! *Please*." He half-shouted in agony, He cupped her face, " Look at me, " He cried, " Looks at me Abigial, please, god." He pleaded, but by the time the nurses arrived he could feel her chest not moving, her body slumping on him.

" What happened?" A nurse with dark hair, wide-eyed, looked to him for an answer, an answer he didn't have. He peeled himself away from what felt like a murder...*His* murder.

" I-" He choked out, sniffing away tears, " When I got here she had that in her arm, " He pointed to the empty vessel of doom. The nurses looked at each other then shouted some hospital lingo he didn't understand.

" What- what did she take?" No answer.

" Mr. Graham we need to you leave the room. " He stood frozen, looking at the body he knew was growing cold.

"It's a Morphine overdose, Naloxone! Now!" One of them said.

" No, that won't help, she's-" They checked her pulse. Her pale freckled skin almost a light hue of blue. " She's gone."

" Fuck!" A clip pad was thrown across the room in anguish.

Will ran out, only finding his breath in a bathroom stall down the hall. His heart was hammering. It was true...She was the bait, and he had another body pulling him down down down.

" What are-what are those marks?" Matthew asked Will's wrist in hand. Will had nearly forgotten or rather tried to forget the events of yesterday's events. He sighed as the alpha beside him rubbed circles into the bruises, nail shaped half-moons of pain.

" Nothing," Will shifted in Matthews's arms, the feel of his strong grip over his shoulders was settling him.

" Will, this doesn't look like-" Will pulled away some, scooting to the other end of the couch.

" Look, " Will addressed the nock off lover. " I called because- well you know what I called for." He broke eye contact head tilting to the side surveying Matthews place. " I just need to get my mind, my head on straight, and you, you offered to provide the necessary distraction. " Will padded back into the alpha's lap, swinging one leg over his muscular thigh. " Now do you want this or-"

" Oh honey I want it," He gripped Wills's jaw, holding his gaze, his fingers stroking softly down his neck. " But. There are things I must make you aware of before-" Will leaned in tasting Mattews throat, the hunger inside of him begging to be silenced, even with the virus of his omega body spreading, this wouldn't be enough, he wasn't the antidote to the ache. Will's hands wrapped around the alpha as he latched on to the skin, sucking it, fingers lacing in the fabric of Matthews's shirt.

" I don't know what has you so, so, very feral omega." Matthews's voice was hot in his ear, his hands at Will's hips, " But it's not me, you belong to someone else...As do I."

Will reeled upwards, " You- You're mated?"

Matthew shook his head blue eyes almost taking pity at the omega's need. " I was, once. But that was a long time ago."

" And now?" Will nosed him, rubbing against the warmth of his body.

" She's gone and has been for quite a while. " He chuckled, moving a hand up to Will's neck, lips lightly kissing the scent glands nestled there.

" Gone as in?" Will probed, not sure what to think of his desperate attempt for friction and how it still could go wrong.

Matthew breathed onto his neck in huffs, he could feel how his body atop of him was affecting him. " She's dead. Lost in Childbirth along with the pups, she bore. " His hips started to move into Will, and Will was too far gone in lust to move away, grinding his weight down erotically on the growing hardness beneath him. " But you, you have someone-"

" No, no one...Ah." Will moaned knotting his fingers in Matthews's shoulder.

"It's okay, I don't mind. " Matthew caught Will's earlobe, teeth nipping on the sensitive flesh, Will groaned. " If you're using me as much as I'm using you, that's just fine." He continued to grind into Will, both of them fully hard and trapped in the confines of their pants. Their eyes met, Will's golden with lust.

" Please, ah, please just-" Will smashed his lips on Matthews aggressively wrestling with his tongue. " Fuck me." Will begged.

Matthews sick smile made his stomach do flips, he knew this wasn't what his body truly needed, but god it felt so..." On one condition little omega." Matthew growled into his ear. " This is just physical, we both get what we need, we both take." His tongue swirled on Will's neck, tasting what wasn't his. " I will not bite you, I will only fuck you, got it?" He commanded,

Will wiggled closer in agreement, gladdening in the mutual agreement... He would still be Hannibal's after all... " Y-yes. No matting bites. Just this, just- "Wills's voice was swallowed as he was lifted like a ragdoll off the couch, his legs laced around the alpha as he propelled him into the bed.

Will's nerves were making him feel on edge as his clothes were stripped off item by item. This was a whole new world, he was going to sleep with a *man*, a man he barely knew, a man looming over him like he was a hunter and Will was his kill.

Matthew's touches grew rough, hands gripping, mouth tasting. Will's mind was everywhere but with him until the moment things got real. Touching grew more desperate, erratic, pain erupted to pleasure as Matthew began to move inside of him. The ache dulling just slightly, just enough.

" Fuck." He moaned, head back letting the man above him take everything. He weekly grabbed onto the flesh of Matthew's ass, grappling for stability as his orgasm approached for the first time.

They moved together sweaty and breathy, little kisses in between grunts and growls. He tasted like oak and whiskey, it burned down his throat like his body was rejecting it.

He couldn't lie, it felt good, so good, better than he ever- " Oh god, Jesus fuck." He cried as Matthews hand wrapped around his length, already wet with pre-cum as it glided in his hand to the rhythm of the alpha hips.

He was crawling out of his skin, the room was on fire like arson and crime.

But then with eyes closed, he saw it, those red-brown eyes, glaring over a wine glass, full lips and fangs staring at him. Even when he tried to escape, he would always be there..

" H-Hannibal, ah," He moaned his true mate's name as he came around the secondary lover's fingers, body spasming in the most perfectly broken way..

Fuel to the fire

Will had nearly forgotten what day of the week it was as he was still lying in Matthew's bed.

Wednesday.

And it was nearly 6 pm. He was going to be late. He scrambled to put his close back on quietly as he watched the alpha beneath his sleeping frame, half-covered in sheets. He crept on his toes to the kitchen to pick up where his keys and wallet were lying on the island table along with a few empty glasses of scotch used to loosen his nerve and up his level of comfortability. Sure lot of good that did, Will shrugged and grabbed his coat, leaving Matthew to wake alone.

Hannibal didn't seem like the type to forgive the rudeness of his untimely inevitable arrival, but, he would have to stomach it this time. Will, given his unusual location, was over an hour away from Baltimore, maybe more with the dinner traffic rush. Everyone was so eager to go home to their families, it was nearing thanksgiving, Will would end up surly spending that day alone, as he did the rest of major holidays.

He steered in the near pitch dark, his headlights illuminating sleet rain, slush from the skies, it wasn't cold enough for snow, not yet anyway. The predicament of his not so good timing only gave him more time to sit and think about what he had done... It may have felt right, or even good, pleasurable in the moment he was...Being touched, but, now, his skin felt wrong. Taut and unmoving, like he was ejecting what had happened like a busted CD disk in an old stereo, no matter how many times you push it in, it's too broken, too scratched to play...To be... Right. The songs skip, blurts of the song you had stuck in your head play in the wrong order, choppily, messy. Making the tune you wanted, you savored, like nails on a chalkboard. Leaving you hungry, desperate to hear the real thing, like it's the only thing that can curb the itch, it's the only thing that will give you peace of mind.

Will wasn't going to have peace of mind, it just wasn't that simple, not anymore...

His car came to a halt, tires hitting the rim of concrete. Will took a deep breath, combing his hands through his messy curls, separating the knots with a thumb and tip of his pointer finger. He would still look a mess...He wondered if Hannibal would notice his disheveled state of being, his tired eyes from an overstimulating push and pull from pain into pleasure. It was.. Altogether a pleasant experience, he knew that. But, it wasn't that that was making him feel...Off.

He opened his bubbled world into the darkening sky, his breath puffs of cold smoke on the way to the entrance to Hannibal's office. It was nearing 8 o'clock, and part of him was hoping Hannibal wasn't there, that he had gone home for the night. But when Will arrived in his waiting room the lights were still very much on, the glow underneath the door was like warmth and honey seeping into the carpet. Will breathed in deep, the pine and mint of Hannibal's alpha scent mixed with the unmistakable musk, made him shiver. He decided not to wait any longer, fist balled knocking on the thick wooden door, he stepped back hearing

footsteps coming closer. And then there he was, standing in his three-piece suit, gazing down at him with dilated pupils.

" Will, you're here, you're-" Hannibal's chest lifted as he stood close in the arc of the doorway, his eyes fixed on Will's neck.

" Yeah, sorry I'm late I was-" Hannibal's grip was rough, both his hands squinching the fabric of Will's shirt as he swiftly dragged him inside the room before another word fell from Will's mouth.

Hannibal growled, shoving Will's frame carelessly into the wall, his strong arms pinning him on either side. " Hannibal what the-" Will moaned, as Hannibal's closeness began to affect him. The alpha's nose was deep in his neck, scenting it. Hannibal was panting, breathy and ragged as his grip was refocused on Will's shoulder, then his waist. The grip was bruising as Hannibal's teeth elongated fangs made themselves seen. He nipped and licked at Will's neck, Will revoked his control to the alpha's strength, not caring why he was being handled this way, only wanting more of his harsh touch.

" Mine," Hannibal growled as their thighs rutted and ground up against each other.

" Ah, Hannibal you're- you're crushing me." Will's breath was quick as arousal bloomed in his groin. Hannibal turned to face him, his eyes red, with passion, with rage.

" No one can touch you." He panted, fangs fully bared, " No one but me." Hannibal's hands slid down to cup Will's growing erection, tight grip flooding more heat down.

" Your mine." Hannibal mouthed into the skin off his neck, hot air puffing, tickling his scent glands.

"Fuck," Will said turning his neck, baring his unclaimed throat, begging. " Please. Bite me. God- Hannibal, I can't." Hannibal shoved closer again, knee parting Will's legs, Hannibal rubbed his head like a feral jungle cat marking its meat over Will's curls, scenting him, throat grumbling as he reclaimed him for this own. Will moaned, stunned by the ferocity of the attack.

He knew. He smelled it on him, the sex, the touch. Hannibal's tongue licked and bit at Will's ear as the older man growled into it, " Don't you dare ask me for something you're not worthy of." Hannibal slammed him further with crushing weight and need, hands now gripping Will's throat harshly, a wild bloodthirsty look in his eye. Will choked as the fist tightened.

Then he let out a strangled whine when he was roughly released. Will rubbed his bruising neck back on the alpha instinctively marking him with more of his scent as he panted, Hannibal's hand still gripping his fully hard cock tightly. God if Will knew the would be the reaction, he would have fucked Matthew sooner...

" Hannibal, I-" Will moaned about to beg about to plead like a dog when he stopped, hearing the familiar buzz of his work cell. It rang and rang, vibrating in Will's pants. Will growled instinctively, not wanting to separate, not wanting the moment to end.

But it did.

More buzzes came, and Hannibal removed himself from Will's personal space looking dazed and off-balance. He stumbled back cheeks red as Will lifted his phone to his ear...

" What." Will snapped at Jacks's call.

" Well jeez, good to talk to you to snippy," A voice that wasn't Crawford's came through. Will cocked his brow to the unexpected tone difference,

" Jimmy, why do you have Jack's-"

" Save the questions for later buko, we've got a live one. " Jimmy's charismatic droll was peppered with excitement.

" A what?" Will shifted his eyes to Hannibal who was now reclining half on the side of his desk not making eye contact.

" A witness and possible suspect, Ill tell you more when you get to Quantico. " Hannibal cleared his throat loudly, still seemly shocked at his own behavior. " Is that Lecter with you?"

"Ye-" How in the hell did he know-

" Bring him to, we might need a man with his talents." Jimmy quipped.

" Oh-okay, now?" Will rubbed his forehead aimlessly, he knew the headache wasn't going to go away any time soon.

" Now." The line clicked and Will slowly peeled himself from the wall he's been smashed into. He rubbed his arms, they would be sorer- possibly bruised black in the morning. Somehow that made him smile, the sides of his mouth crept up as Hannibal approached him slow.

Hannibal rubbed at his shoulder, "Will i- I'm sorry I don't know what-" He sounded disgusted with himself, mouth still parted, red lips begging for Will's.

"It's fine," Will assured the older man. " Jacks's got something down at Quantico, he-"

" I don't know if it would be best for me to be around you right now, Will...I lost control, I-. " There was still a hint of red flecked in the brown of his eyes... Those endless pools of caramel and lust. He could drown himself in there, happy to die lost in him.

" Jack wants both of us, come on." Will ignored words and his attempt to escape, although he felt the unease coming from the alpha, I didn't scare him. he just wanted more. It was selfish, he didn't care. He wanted the alpha to lose control, rip at his throat, bite until blood coated his neck.

The two entered the car, wordless, and drove, the air mixing their scents in a heated swirl.

Cordell Doemling.

That was the name of the man in Jack's integration room. Will watched as Jack strut back and forth beside the man, back straight, head up, demanding voice, intimidation at its peak.

" That's not good enough!" The echoes of Jack's voice fled through the seeming soundproof room as his fist slammed against the metal table, leaving an indent in its grey body.

Will couldn't see the suspect's face, but he could smell him, he was another alpha...Jack's antics as textbook as may or may not be, weren't beneficial in his case to loosen the tongue of the man.

" There you are, Graham!" Beverly came in from the lab along with Zeller at her heels. " Doctor, Will, follow me, you're gonna want to see this one up close." She led the way as Will made sure not to stand too close to Hannibal... At this point the mingling scents of all the alpha's in the room was setting him off, he felt the heat go from his cheeks, down, down to a place he couldn't justifiably think about at the moment, his arms twitched, so he pulled them in across his chest, his heart rate thudding in his ears every time he looked at Hannibal, looked at him breathe shallowly so close yet so ungodly far away.

" So, the hair we found in Gigeons lock up, it is a perfect match to victim number two," Jimmy tilted the computer screen showing the ID of the dark-haired woman found butchered. " Anna DeLong. Thirty-Six, " He showed the picture of her alive and smiling. Will's stomach twinged.

" Which means," Zeller started.

"Which means she either A, was killed before and or B, directly after The Butcher left with the prints to lead the F.B.I on a wild goose chase." Jimmy finished Zellers sentence as he often did, coming over to lean on the dark-haired man's shoulder, almost like a child.

" But why would he go to all that trouble? Just to buy a few more days? " Zeller asked leaning into Jimmy as Beverly gave them both a *' not at work'* glare.

" He's arrogant, maybe he just likes it," Will said quietly, but then all eyes in the room hovered to him in a matter of seconds. " What?" He asked the bunch while quietly noting that Hannibal was still not saying a word.

" Will, likes what?" Bev prompted eagerly, eyes milking him for information he barely had. " Go on do you're, whatever you do. " She gave a subtle yet not so nudge.

" Yes, Will, indulge us on the mind of this killer. What is his goal, do you think?" Hannibal's thick accented voice crept up behind him as their shoulder brushed almost harshly on Hannibal's way up to the front of the 'herd'.

Will coughed awkwardly, still, mental putting pieces of the broken image in his mind together, " Well, we know that he's a sadist, " Will began spurting half sodded off ideas while fiddling with the lint from his pocket with his thumb and finger. " Or at least, something to

that degree. He takes things from the bodies, trophies, or." He stopped thinking back to how much the first body looked like a cow on a butcher's hook half shucked for the 'good stuff'.

" He's a cannibal." Will declared, pushing up his glasses as they slipped on flop sweat, eyes searching Hannibal's for anything to ground him. " These victims, are there any relations between them? Ways of life, habits?" He asked Zeller.

" One female one male, different eye and hair colors...Lived in different towns, different social groups. So no, nothing similar but within ten years of age," Zeller said opening up the file for the first Butcher victim.

" The kills were exact same though weren't they?" Hannibal eagerly indulged Beverly, head tilted even in what seemed to be interest. But Will knew it had to be something else.

" Yes, yes they were. Knocked out by blunt force trauma leaving black and blue bruising around the eyes and then, well there wasn't any sedative of drugs in their systems." Beverly's eyebrows quirked inward. " Yeah, nothing in the blood work."

" No there wouldn't be," Will interjected, mind spinning reels of fantasized footage of The Butcher going to work. " He liked the possibility of the-" Will gulps thickly, " The victims, that they could wake up during the process. The idea of the black eyes, is a trademark, a calling card, a marking stamp of his style his aesthetic...But it's not always a way to subdue them, it's more than that. " Will blinks, suddenly he feels warm blood splash across his face, just the way it felt when he saw what Gideon did to that poor nurse. Anger bubbled in his chest as he sees- no feels The Butcher's manic measured blows, just enough to knock them out long enough to cut into them, to spill them, to give what he craves...Flesh.

When Will opens his eyes Hannibal has grown closer to him, almost touching, and he feels the pull to feel the alphas skin even though his suit is blocking what he craves... Also flesh.

He and the butcher are not so different in that way he supposes...

The rancid thought makes him feel hotter as he breathes in deep to the scent of pine, like a forest has surrounded him and he is lost, lost forever in the thick.

" That's very good Will, " Hannibal keens, body achingly close, his parted lips showing his fanged teeth, " We very well could have you catch this Butcher." Will stood frozen to where he stood, the others not noticing the heat radiating from his skin. It came off in waves, he imaged they looked thick and red, almost like sunlight exploding from his veins.

"We've got a confession!" Jack's voice booms as he makes the corner to the lab, shaking the ground as he jogs. Will nearly crawls out of his skin, flinching just enough to touch hands with Hannibal. Spikes of electricity zap up his spine as the rest of the gang gaze up to the top dog for the new development.

Trials and Tribulations

The room was still as the grave as Jack's findings rolled off his tongue.

" Cordell Doemling was seen lurking outside of where Anna DeLongs body was found, the witness was from the Estate Apparemnts adjacent to the crime scene, she was an old woman, no possible motive to lie. We've had him in the holding room for some time, He claims he was a pawn in the butcher's clutches, a means to get information." Jack began unfolding the small amount of detail he managed to drive out from his new captive, not that Will doubted his abilities, he didn't, he just-

He was protecting someone. The voice in Will's head called bogus before he could even form another thought.

" Or to toy with us," Beverly said neck turned up to Jack. She was always so elegant but not with her quips.

" Cordell said he didn't know why The Burcher wanted the prints, just that he acted to save his own skin," Jack said eyeing Hannibal, quiet and studious, back of the bunch taking it all in like a museum trip in elementary school. A small smile was twisted on his full lips, either he was enjoying watching us like monkeys in a zoo or, he was generally interested in the progression of the crime and what it entailed.

"Peeking behind the curtain. Curious how the FBI goes about its business when it isn't kicking in doors." Will's mind snapped back to when he had seen that smile, that curiosity, for the first time. Before the blood on Will's hands was elbow deep, before he had shot Garret Jacob Hobbs nearly ten times before he had felt what it meant to be a killer. He shivered and aimlessly griped to the metal corners of the lab table.

" Quite literally," Zeller's chuckle disrupted Will's train of hellish thoughts. Bev's heated glare was on Zeller in a second, one word not said on her lips... *Disapproval.* " What? Guys, that was *supposed* to fuuuny. Ok?"

Jimmy shrugged and patted his mate on the shoulder. "It's okay, I thought it was hilarious babe."

" Ew." Beverly removed her eyes from what was supposed to be a non-workplace display of affection.

" Enough! Jesus, we're dealing with non-comedic matters, Jimmy, reel in your beta." Jack ordered stiffly.

" So has Chilton been informed that his employe is an aider and abetter of what seems to be the start of a mass set of killings?" Beverly asked, interjecting, arms folded over her gray-blue jacket.

" No, not yet but," Jack looked to Will, cracks in his expression, " Will, I need you in the holding room In a moment, you up for that?" Will nodded shyly in reply. Words seemed to stick to the roof of his mouth like a dog with peanut butter.

" Good," Jack said, but Will's head was elsewhere, still in Hannibal's office, still against that wall pined and sweating. He couldn't think about it, not now, But the alpha's smell was stronger the longer Hanibal was in the same room with him.

Will was now realizing why his body had been reacting the way It had. He had been taking the suppressants he got from Dr. Stammets for a few weeks now, and they did honestly help...The sweating, the urges, they held him in just tight enough so he wouldn't crumble into itty bitty pieces around the one person who triggered this whole shitstorm. But in all the chaos in all this fucking mess...It was getting harder for him to remember to take care of himself, to be honest, he was never practically good at taking care of himself. Even eating three meals a day most weeks seemed hard. He was strikingly better at taking care of his pack of beast than he ever had been with himself.

But now it was too late, He felt slick forming, pooling in his boxers, his heart rate hadn't gone down since Hannibal had touched him, his tongue on his neck had felt so electric-like he was going to explode. The forcefulness of Hannibal's touch, the smell of his arousal, it was all too much. And it was catching up with him. But this wasn't the only thing that was making him feel uneasy...

"Earth to Will, Hey, did you hear what Jack just said?" Beverly waved a hand over Will's eyes like he was going blind...He blinked, swallowing thickly then cleared his throat loudly.

" Um, I-" He rubbed his glasses, they were fogging up from the heat. " No."

"Are you okay Graham? You're looking a little spacy." Jimmy asked coming over slowly blue eyes searching for something.

" No, I'm, I'm fine." Will lied, and he would have to continue to lie to get through this day until he got ahold of his meds. The Bureau won't take kindly to a heat striken omega running rampant around a crime scene let alone interrogating a suspect that could get them the much-needed edge they need on The Butcher...

" Well, okay then, let's go," Jack said as he began to lead the way into the interrogation room.

He was shackled to the metal table, head down. His short brown hair was christened with sweat, but he didn't smell like fear, no, he smelt like...It was a smell almost like arousal, thick and heavy. Will kept as much distance as he could from the man as he and Jack walked in.

" Will this is Cordell, Cordell, Will." Will wasn't quite sure why Jack was acting like this was a play date and Will was in some sort of sorority. Cordell's head lifted, tiniest of smiles on his lips, white fang slightly poking out from the tight line of lip.

" Yes, I've," Cordell paused closed his eyes, and breathed in deeply, " Heard of you." He finished, or so Will thought, " You're the omega that made poor Able Gideon go feral and kill that poor nurse. Such a shame I tell you. Such. A. Same." The rhythm to his words was like a staccato song, one Will didn't want to hear.

" And what would you know about it." Will snarled in his direction, heart thumping against his overworn flannel.

Cordell just smiled, " Cordell is, or should I say, Was...An orderly at BSHCI when the incident occurred." Jack said close in Will's ear. Will nodded and began to skulk closer to the chained up menace.

" Now why exactly did you want me in here Jack?" Will questioned the alpha.

Jack folded his arms, huffing, "He wouldn't tell me everything he knew, not unless..."

"Unless what?" Will knew he was getting impatient, and he feared Jack could sense his growing agitation.

" He said he would only tell you, and you alone." Will's eyes went wide," So I'm going to leave you in here with him, and he is going to give you the so-called precious information he has on The B.E.B." Will's breath was coming in quicker...

" Jack last time I was in spitting distance of another alpha like this one he legitimately tried to eat me. You can't be serious!" Will grumbled low in his throat, but he could still hear Cordell's laughter behind him in the small room.

" Will, your the only chance we got on this one. For some reason he wants you and only you, now you know the room is soundproof so you'll have to convey every, and I mean, every detail in full once your top side. Do you think you can handle that Graham? Jack, being the put up or shut up man he was, was pretty convincing not to mention almost as scary as the man chained.

" Fine." Will breathed, cursing this day and hoping it would be over soon. " I'll do it. Just... nevermind." Will turned away and waited for Jack to leave him. Once he heard the door shut he cringed, the air was growing thicker, it felt like a strangling hand around his throat. He undid the top button of his shirt, but still, no relief.

Cordell was eyeing him from across the smallest of ponds, his growling bald spot shined in the overhead lights, for how big he was, he reminded Will of a mouse, a rat. He wondered if he would try to weasel his way out of the cuffs alpha strength and all, would he try to take what wasn't his?

The smell of his sweat was at the back of Will's throat, no matter how much he swallowed he couldn't rid himself of it... " So, you have something to tell me do you Mr. Doemling? " Will kept a small distance still, arms behind his back.

" I hear you're the best profiler there's ever been here in the big ol' F.B.I." Cordell's head tilted, a deeper smile arouse from his otherwise scowling face.

Will scoffed, unamused, " Deep praise from someone in shackles, but I'll take it."

" Yes, yes you will. " His eyes grew dark, then with a smack of his lips he said, " Come a little closer will you darling? I grow tired and I'd like to pass on my message and get on my way."

" Message? From you?.. Or-"

" Mhm the questions, yes." Cordell's glare deepened, almost hungry, almost inhuman. " Come." He giggled the cuffs, " Or you won't get your treat..." Will knew it wasn't a good idea to step any further given his track record however small it may have been since he first presented, it wasn't good. But still, he made it to the length of the metal table.

" Closer now." Cordell's voice was hushed, almost as if it were hidden. Will obliged the man stepping some inches closer, then the earth shifted.

Cordell's hands ripped partially free from the metal chains now loose and dangling from his arms. The grip applied to Will's collar was strong but he still could breathe. Cordell's revolting tone crashed into his ear, the man's lips at his ear.

" My master won't be caught." He spat as he gripped Will's shoulder, marking bruises that wouldn't fade for some time. " Even you pretty one, aren't enough to bring him down."

Will let out a strangled laugh, " So it *is* a him, hmm, seems probability was right again." Fear rolled through Will, it felt sickening to be touched, handled by another alpha in such a way.

" Listen to me when I say omega-" He used his free arm to shake Will like a ragdoll.

"What if I don't listen," Will's remark wasn't a smart one, he was on edge now, bating a semi-restrained angry alpha in hopes of any information being divulged. " You were the one to give the information about Gideon's lock up, you were the one-" Pressure came clutching on Will's larynx.

" Yes, " Hot breath assaulted Will's neck as the life was being squeezed from him. Cordell's nose was to his hair breathing in the scent that wasn't his to smell. Will thrashed against him, but he was too strong. He knew it wasn't long until Jack opened the door but instincts Will had been keeping buried arose in a bountiful tidal wave. He felt like a rabid dog mauling everything in sight.

"I'm not yours to touch" He croaked. Then, using the last of his strength Will struggled closer to the man, just enough to do what he needed to do. What despite everything he *craved* to do.

It took seconds, his teeth sunk into Cordell's flesh, clamping on until blood filled his mouth, his hand wrapped around the alpha like he was his prey. The gazel had now tasted the lion, blood dripped down Will's chin warm and wet. His small fangs wrapping flesh as the man screamed and relinquished the grip on his neck. Will's tongue was dowsed in iron and metal, he pulled the soft flesh off his cheek until the piece came with him as he fell to the ground with a thump slamming his head down on the floor.

Jack and four other guards came rushing in as Will spit the chunk of flesh in the carpet panting, lost for breath. The guards tackled and subdued Cordell, a shock collar was placed around his neck they moved quickly taking him to a cell far away. Will stared at the puddle of blood that came from his mouth out on the carpet, still in shock from what he had done. What had felt *good* to do.

He told himself that there was no other way, that he would have died, suffocated like a caged animal.

And that's what he tells Jack, more or less as he lifts his shaking body from the ground. " I'm fine, I'm fine," Will repeats, stumbling on the way back to the lab.

Jack still looking stunned forces the issue, helping, making Will walk to get checked out for further injuries. Will knows he wasn't the one the needed medical help, still, he goes, head hanging and blood drying on his face.

Beverly and Hannibal are the only ones still there, Beverly's face. moved in stages of shock, fear, then almost mothering. She cleaned the blood with swabs as Jack hurried off to god knows where.

" Ah, gentle." Will hissed as she inspected his neck.

Beverly's eyes dropped as she said, "Uh we're not a pharmacy but I can get you some meds for the pain. I have some Klonopin in my car, let me go get it."

" You don't have to-," He said but she was out of the room before Will could finish... Leaving Hannibal and him alone since earlier that night...

Take a Slice

With Beverly gone, Hannibal was on him like a fly. "Let me see." He said lightly lifting Will's chin.

"Ah, easy Dr." Will breathed, the air between them thinning with the closeness they shared. Hannibal's eyes scanned the forming bruises around Will's throat, tracing the outline of Cordell's hand lightly with his finger.

" Beverly, I take is usually thorough, but," Hannibal dipped down now level with Will's gaping eyes, he held his breath, avoiding the alphas smell, fighting so hard not to pull Hannibal by the hair on top of him.

Hannibal's golden brown eyes fixed on Will's lips, Will shivered. "You still have some-" The warmth at the corner of his mouth was both shocking and arousing, Hannibal's tongue lapped up the remaining blood, tongue, and lips softly caressing the fine line between kissing Will and just devouring the 'leftovers'.

But that took a turn when a heavy moan slipped off of Will's own tongue and ran into the alphas ear above him. A yip of pure ecstasy traveled from Will's mouth to Hannibals as the alphas tongue searched in Will's mouth. Lips hungrily tasted and dominated him as Will feverishly reciprocated the sudden passion. His arms linked around the larger man, pulling him closer as more sweet sounds were claimed from the wetness Hannibal was so eagerly and ferociously taking. The flavor of Cordell's blood that still lingered mixed with the taste of Hannibal's saliva, it was intoxicating. And in that moment, Hannibal's fanged teeth sunk into his lower lip, Will could not long pretend he didn't enjoy ripping the flesh from the criminals face, it was even hard, temping not to swallow the chunk raw, just as he was being swallowed raw now.

" God, you taste so good." Wil gasped in between sucking possessive kisses that left his lips red and raw. Hannibal growled when Will gained the courage to take a fistful of Hannibal's 'just so' hair. Hannibal pushed will against the observation table, the back of his belt clanked against the metal. " Please," Will begged.

Hannibal hummed a low growl in his throat then leaned in to give a light peck on the handprint on his neck and just as his mouth's wetness met the abused collum of skin, Hannibal jerked back.

Beverly walked toward Will with a look in her eye, but she didn't say anything, just simply handed Will a bottle and said, " Go, get some rest Graham, I'm sure this investigation is far from over, and like it or not, we need you." She smiled looked at Hannibal briefly then made her quiet exit. Will exhaled loudly, still high on his alpha's touch.

"Will," Hannibal said, still standing at a distance almost as if they never touched.

" Yes, Hannibal." He said slowly, accenting on the name he never used, it was always Dr. always professional, but what just happened between doctor and patient was anything but

professional.. He stepped forward making his scent known, arching his neck.

Hannibal stood in the lab, ridged, shoulders barely moving, red rouge on his full lips from how aggressive his kiss had been, Will could still feel it, he stepped again now inches away from him.

" Will I wanted to invite you to a dinner party I'm hosting this Friday." He said flatly. Will didn't know how he could go from one end of passion to the other so fast, it must have given him whiplash. " Jack will be attending, along with his wife Bella, but you are most welcome. "

Will didn't look away from the small tint of red in Hannibals eyes as he replied, " Am I required to wear a tie?"

Hannibal smirked, " No, no, you can if you so chose, but I think you- I think you'll look fine in whatever. " Hannibal paused looking down to Will's aged shoes, He chuckled, " But maybe if anything, an upgrade on those." Will smiled and nodded.

Am I going as your date or...?

Will didn't say it, he just breathed in Hannbials scent as much as he could until they parted.

Even though Baltimore was over an hour away from Wills's home in Wolf Trap, Will arrived early, but not too early. His newly shined black shoes catching the porch light in its face. He didn't know what to bring to such an event, so he ended up taking an old bottle of wine he'd had in the back of his pantry for some time, he even had to dust the bottle off.

Doctor Lecters house was massive, beige with many windows, it must have been at least three stories tall. The crown molding was intimidating, ornate. Will could hear the bustle from the outside of the walls, he knocked twice loudly then stepped farther back onto the concrete landing.

An older woman with a short black bob answered swiftly, champagne in hand, a glittering dress on her slender frame. " Come in, come in," she ushered, a smile on her aging face covered in heavy makeup.

Will stepped through the threshold, and suddenly, he was in a different world. People were in various states all around, some eating little things with skewers through them, some belly laughing into their bubbly pink liquid spender. Out the corner of his eyes, he saw Bella, drenched in a sapphire and black gown with a small plate of what looked to be watermelon chunks adorned with thin shavings of tender meat christened on top just so.

The aroma in the air was mouth-watering as Will made his way past the general spectators and socialites.

" Before we begin, know that nothing here is vegetarian." Hannibal's voice sounded from across the house as the people all clapped. Will didn't see him, but he smelt him, in a room

full of ooey-gooey decadence and smells foreign to him, his alpha scent was the strongest. Pine and mint, forest and woodiness, fresh rain, and cut herbs...Will followed it to the source.

When Will walked into the kitchen, he found three sou chefs and two servers work at a steady pace throughout the cooking space as Hannibal mans the helm of the ship. Hannibal's shirt sleeves rolled up, hands holding a Vat of pink liquid, lips beginning to move as he pours, " I have a butcher who carries sow's blood. Centrifugate, separate the matter from the water. Creates a transparent liquid. Serve with tomatoes in suspension. Everybody will love the sweet taste."

Will observers the men and women around him, there like bees and Hannibal is their hive, they swarm around him humming and clanking dishes as they take the remainder of food out to the hungry guests. The smile hasn't left Hannibal's lips since he first walked in, giving way to the older man knowing he was standing there aimlessly, a bottle of wine in hand.

" Will," Hannibal says not looking up, fingers messing with a tomato display in the shape of a rose, Will had never seen such delicateness within food before, the skills of the alpha were highly hard to believe, but up close, he couldn't deny the awe in his mind and the slight slackness of his jaw. " Good to see you." Hannibal finished, snatching the heavy glass bottle nearly slipping out of Will's hands due to sweat collecting on his palm.

" Good to-" Hannibal handed off more plates, Will grew quiet, Hannibal noticed, eyeing the omega wryly.

"Come, " Hannibal said simply, Will twitched at the feeling of the older man's hand in his as he was led out of the kitchen and into the dining room. His palms were sweaty, he hoped the other wouldn't notice. Hannibal's grin was widened as the two of them met up with Jack Crawford and his alpha wife Bella.

" Jack, good to see you." He greeted the man gleefully, simultaneously dropping the omegas hand as soon as they were in spitting distance. " And Bella," Hannibal's head dipped, all the many colors of his graying brown hair In the overhead light shined as he kissed the back of Bella's hand sweetly. " You look marvelous in blue!" She smiled and looked to Jack.

" Well, you sure know how to compliment a girl," She elbowed Jack lightly in the ribs and half-whispered, " This one, on the other hand, he falls flat." She giggled some and took a skewered bit of meat and fruit every so perfectly displayed- Will was beginning to think this man simply could not do sub-par- and popped the morsel in her mouth, letting a noise of satisfaction leave her tongue as she swallowed and took Jacks arm ushering him to the other man dishes lining the room.

"Well Dr, I am impressed-" Will began then his attention was lifted elsewhere.

"Hannibal! There you are!" A familiar voice came from afar, " You didn't spend all the evening hiding in the kitchen did you?" It was Alana Bloom, she was dressed in black and white checkers a simple but sultry dress, smiling as she gained closeness. " You've really outdone yourself you know that." Her blue eyes sparkled in the low light. Hannibal smiled and planted- to will's suprise- a horrifically long peck on her rosy cheek.

Will felt himself shrinking down to nothing. She was touching, being touched by something that wasn't hers. Will suppressed a growl, nipping at the tip of his tongue.

" Will! You didn't tell me you were attending tonight!" She turned to him and smiled.

Will made eye contact briefly and cleared his throat. " Uh well, I didn't know I was going until late so-"

" Will is the guest of honor tonight," Hannibal said, and Will felt the alpha's hand snake up his back, under his shirt, palm connecting with lightly damp skin. Will felt a wave of pleasure at the heat Hannibal exuded, his fingers outstretched some, then he released the grip.

" Oh, my, well I'm glad you're getting out Will, I was worried about you, you know, with the Hobbs girl and all. " There was genuine affection, concern in her eyes. Will shook it off.

" Yeah well, can't dwell over a suicide I *didn't* cause." That came out harsher more sarcastic than he had planned, feelings of guilt still swirling in his belly along with something else, Hannibals breath was at his neck.

There was a brief pause, the buzz of people in the room filled the partial silence until..." I think what Will did was heroic, he saved Abigail, even if in her own truth she didn't want to be saved, that was always up to her." Hannibal's words were almost lost to the feeling of his hand once again touching Will's back, stoking it even.

Will surpassed a moan, covering it with a cough. He awkwardly smiled at the pale beauty, hoping she would get whatever hint she had to get and go away. Will didn't know where this sudden possessiveness was coming from, but he didn't like it. He was back on schedule with his meds and the side effects from days ago had winded down. But there was something, something about Hannibal that just made him so-

" I agree Dr." She addressed Hannibal, then looked to Will, " I'm glad you have someone in your corner Will." She said smile on her face, then turned to the small group of people surrounded on of the food tables.

" Who knew Wagyu beef could be so good!" One of the men in a black on black suit said gobbling down the meat.

" Slow down Maurice, safe some for the outlying lands." Another man giggled. Will caught the sight of the two men sword fighting with their wooden toothpick like pokers, fighting like children. Will sighed letting his shoulders relax some.

I guess this isn't all bad. Will thought looking around for Hannibal who had mysteriously disappeared into the crowd. That was until he felt two hands gripping at the back of his jacket as they began to pull him down a hallway. " Hey! What the-" A hand covered his mouth, he couldn't scream and no one would hear him over the rumble of human chatter.

A door was opened once he was on the second floor of Hannibal's house, it was dark in the room, but he knew the smell, that smell of-

Will's body was forced to the floor, his hands searched for something to hold onto, he felt fabric, a cylinder pillow at the end of what seemed was a large bed.

" Hannibal what-" His lips were shut again, then he heard the clack and clang of a metal belt. " Oh god, Hann- No," Strong hands were at his shoulders holding him in place. He tried to wiggle free, he was smashed back down roughly. He started to pant, confused, and *fuck he was aroused. Why was he hard right now? He shouldn't be-*

" I know you want this omega," Hannibal's voice was gruff and laced with arousal, " I smelt it on you since you walked in here. It was all over your face, and now-" Will's eyes adjusted to the dark to see the shape of Hannibal's massive half-hard cock inches from his nose.

" Ahh," He moaned as the tip graced his plush lips. " Hannibal, please I-" With one go Hannibal fucked into the wet heat of Will's mouth. Wills's eyes watered as he took most of the length, gagging slightly as the tip grazed the back of his throat.

He could help the sounds that escaped him, spitty sloppy kisses he instinctively placed on Hannibal's cock, Hannibal's low groans, it was like music to him, beautiful music... It made him sick. Hannibal took a fist full of Will's curls, yanking him forward. Will let himself be handled harshly, almost getting off on it, the strength of his alphas need..

For him.

" No one else," *Thrust.* " Touches you." *Gag.* " Ever again. "

"No one, but me," Hannibal slapped Wills's cheek hard, Will whined, feeling his jaw unhinge slightly, the tightness in his own pants growing as Hannibal relentlessly fucked into the wet hole of a mouth.

" You're mine, Will. Ahh." Hannibal hissed as Will's tongue snaked the underside of his length.

Will was drunk on it, the taste the smell, everything. Little whine and whimpers left his body as he tasted and sucked, letting himself be used like a rag doll for Hannibal's pleasure.

" Ahh, Mm, " Will gasped, fists in Hannibal's slacks gripping tightly. He bobbed his head up and down, finally used to the intrusion. Spit dripped from his chin as he picked up the pace, overwhelmed with him, wanting to please and obey.

He wished he could see his face now as he felt him come undone in his mouth, hot release splashing against his tongue, He gulped, milking the alpha dry.

Hannibal and Will both gasped and gulped for air, Will still on the floor of what he assumed was Hannibal's bedroom. He heard footsteps, then the lamplight was switched on.

Hannibals's cheeks were red, his lips red from bitting them. He came close again, lifting Will off the floor. Will took the alphas hand.

" Hannibal, what just happened." Will panted on the man's neck as he was pulled close to the alphas heavy rising and falling chest. " You said- You said you didn't want me, that I wasn't

worthy of-"

Hannibal took Wills's chin in his hand, blue eyes looked into golden browns. Pupils dilating. " Shh boy. I know. But you needed to be taught something."

" W-what?" Will's lips stuttered, wet still and glistening.

" That your mine, " He leaned in, lips nearly touching Will's neck. " Little omega. And you know it. You feel it inside." His tongue licked Will's scent glands.

" Fuck." Will groaned leaning into the wetness. " Okay, okay, I'm yours, I'm yours alpha."

"And?" Hannibal hummed, nipping at Will's earlobe.

" Ah, mm. He won't touch me. No one will, no one but you. Alpha." Will submitted to the trawl the lust, the pleasure.

" Good boy." Hannibal withdrew from him, Will looked at him sideways.

" Are we, are you gonna-" Will mulled, erection painfully trapt in his pants.

" I've got a party to run, Will," He looked at the omega blankly then at his need, and said, " Besides you look so beautiful like that..." His golden gaze was seeing. " Full of need, full of.."

He tilted his head, smelling the air between them "Me." He turned out of the bedroom, and Will was left alone once again...

"

Fever Dreams

The dogs are in a pile next to heatwaves carried out by the space heater. The days grow closer to winter, the cold hangs on Will's skin more than ever, his body aching for his alphas warmth. The hum of the heater is like a lovesick lullaby to the sleepers. Will's body wrapped in thick blankets, his fingers twitched as the reel of dreams flooded his unconscious mind...

They weren't peaceful. No, his dreams were anything but comforting. The nights to stay and the nights to come were covered in red. Dripping noises. Irony smells. The feel of his teeth buried in some unlucky human's flesh. Will tossed and turned, soft grunts leaving his slack lips, sweat beads running down his neck.

" N-no." He mutters brokenly, eyes closed. " Don't." But he couldn't stop his mind, his walls were so fragile, so vulnerable in sleep.

Suddenly Abigail is there, her pale scarred neck under Will's knife, a red line of blood trickles out as the blade bites. He holds her almost intimately, almost like a lover. But she is his sacrifice, , his lamb, his salvation. Everything he needs to break free.

" I'm gonna make it all go away." His face is at her ear, his lips graze her neck, tongue sharper than the metal in his hand.

She wiggles and pants in his tight grip. *"N-no, don't."* She gasps still putting up a fight.

" But this is what you wanted, wasn't it? To join your father, equal in guilt, equal in crime. " Will felt just, calm even, he was putting out a fire, fixing the mess of murder, with murder. *"And now I have to cleanse you..."*

" I- I don't want to die-" Her scream is cut off by the blade that presses into her neck as he drags it out, blood spraying, spurting over his face, his clothes... Its warmth coating his flesh.

His head is snapped back to reality, Abigail's body lies in the field of Garret Jacobs Hobbs last kill, but instead, it is now his daughter's body presented on the stag, mounted like a present...But to whom?

A man with eyes as red as blood and features sharp as tacks approaches, *" You've done well, Will."* His foreign tone soothes. But it isn't enough, isn't enough to take it away...

" What-what have I done." He askes, voice hoarse, but it's too late Abigail is gone, and all that is left is the dizzy caffeine high that was being the last say in her life. Her monumentally fucked up life.

* * *

Wills's lungs gasped, curdling screams haunting his nightmares becoming real.

There's rustling, a digging in the sheets. Winston's whine breaks Will out of his daydream made nightmare. He frantically sat up, inspecting his skin for evidence that wasn't there. There was so blood, no nothing, just a phantom sense of warmth.

" What's going on Winston?" He said and patted the dog's head as he caught his breath. It felt like a hole had just been punched in the chest, or a freight train for that matter. The pup nosed him and Will realized he must have woken up his pack with his screaming. He looked around the bedroom the see all of the dog's ears up, their concern for their master was clear.

When Will's heart calmed he untangled from his nest, reluctant to start the day. The cloudless sky was bright, sun streaming in the shutters. He ran a hand through sweat-damp hair and went to make coffee, he'd need it today. The dogs padded in the kitchen next to him, little ghosts on his trail, he sometimes wondered what he did to have such a loving pack of fuzzes.

The coffee machine beeps, he gulps the extra hot liquid down fast, knowing it would burn, wanting it that way. He had to feel something, something real and not laced in his night high.

His tongue ached as he picked up to answer his ringing phone.

The pendulum swings. Back in forth, it goes, light moving real things around, shifting reality. It sounds like an ungreased swing at an old play yard. The air smells of metal, and suddenly Will's hands are bound, his body in a blue BSHCI uniform. The pt officer and nurse avoid eye contact with him as the wheels of the van humm and pull through the slush on the streets.

" All I need is to get one hand free," Will says. Then slamming a fist into the bench he dislocates his thumb with a gruesome pop, sliding his hand free of the cuff. The pt officer's eyes are on Will as he quickly pops his thumb back in place.

The officer lunges, and attempt to keep him in place, it doesn't work. Wills's hands are around his neck, alpha strength filling his veins as he chokes the man out. The nurse now standing up makes her way to Will as the van swivels on ice, Will kicks her back, breaking a rib or two. His legs wrapped around the man as the life slips from his lungs, then the thumping pulse quiets. The man falls dead and Will flips the nurse on her back his alpha fangs bared. They rip into the nurse's neck as she thrashes helplessly, her blood spraying on the van doors and windows and down Will's mouth. . He can taste fear, freedom, and fresh blood.

The vehicle lurches to a stop and suddenly, the back doors open, blinding Will momentarily, then...

He springs. An animal now out of his cage...

The word comes back slowly.

The bloody Prison Transport Van once carrying once Cordell Doemling was on the side of the road along with Jack. " This is either Kabuki or some dissociative identity disorder. He had proved he is more than just an errand boy to The Butcher now. "Jack's eyes were down as the medics treated the outlying bodies, but most of them were half empty. Will and Jacked walked following a trail of blood as snow fell lightly.

Will's felt like his head was on backward, the smell of copper was strong as he eyed the van now splashed with red.

" He took a uniform, police radio, a nine-millimeter handgun, pepper spray, and handcuffs," Beverly said as her and Jimmy walked through the field of fallen bodies, paramedics, and the hum of the ambulance.

The blood on the ground had melted the snow it touched. Will's shoes were wet in more than one bodily fluid as he watched the bodies be put into black bags symbolizing the end of the road for the unfortunate souls. Will couldn't help thinking he was somehow to blame for this...

"It's what he didn't take," Will said as he walked to what seemed to be a shrine to The Black Eyed Butcher. Organs of everyone in the van, the nurse, the driver, and police officers were displayed on the now snow-crusted trees.

" He hung the organs from the branches with veins from the victims," Beverly said, shock on her usually so calm face.

Will stood and observed it, the death, chill hitting his gloveless hands, the back of his neck. His breath blew smoke clouds out around the leftovers. His breath began to hitch as anger burned in his mind.

"Long ones are saphenous veins and those there look like popliteal," Zeller said closely inspecting the carnage without contaminating the crime scene...

"Impressive, he even tied little bows with them," Jimmy said scoffing, then flashing the lens of his camera. " This will go straight to the archive."

" The what?" Will was barely listening, his eyes fixed on the small dents in the snow, a trial.

" Oh, it's just this wacky weird collection of all the worth crimes I've been up close to. This one, in particular, being its star-studded feature." Jimmy smiled, shrugging.

" God, Jimmy I swear you get off on this shit." Beverly accused half-serious.

" Well, you gotta enjoy your job, don't ya." ***Flash.*** Another picture was taken to document the crime.

" This was a homage." Will blurted, Jack's eyebrow quirked in his direction. " An offering. A means of saying 'sorry' for talking to you." The tension in Will's voice broke some. " Spilling trade secrets."

" He wanted to make an impression? He surely did just that." Jack huffed, folding his arms around his jacket.

"This asshole knew he wasn't coming back to open arms." Will kicked the snow surprised when it didn't melt off of him in retreat. " Mercy will be something he's seeking, but not something he will get."

" You seem sure of that, Graham." Jack's eyes were on to him, whatever there was to be on to.

" That's because I am," Will said quietly as he walked away from the several livers, kidneys, and two pairs of lungs tied to trees with veins and left like dog chow to wolves. He made sure not to mention the footsteps he saw to the others when they asked...

" How far do you think he could have gotten? Three, four miles tops?" Zeller speculated as him Beverly and Jimmy stood in a circle like a high school gossip group.

" I don't know.." Beverly says, tucking a hair behind her ear." But we have to get back to the lab. The victims aren't going to assess themselves are they?" She patted Jimmy on the shoulder as they walked to their cars. " You really do need to show me this archive sometime Price."

" You coming Graham?" Zeller hollered over his shoulder, blue eyes shining in the street lamp. Will shrugs.

" No, I- 'm gonna stay a little longer. I got something to discuss with Jack." He didn't know why he was lying, just that he felt this crime scene was his own mistake staring back at him. Something that he needed to fix, whatever the cost.

" Oh, okay. Take it, easy buddy!" Zeller said getting into the car.

Will looked watched, waited, and stalked the crime scene until the cops and medical units had cleared so it was just him, the path, and the hunt.

And his prey...

Putting out a fire with gasoline

Step by step, the cold seemed to get colder. The shoe print path being slowly filled by the snow.

He would have to rely on scent alone soon.

Will's mouth salivated at a hint of his prey's smell picked up with the wind. He licked his lips, the taste of Cordell's blood, his flesh, was back on his tongue, it made him get chills, they weren't triggered by the snow.

The trees were thick, pines that towered, dove into the sky. Will's fingers grazed the tree, gathering the sap. He couldn't let Cordell know he was coming, and soon as he got close enough-he would be sniffed out. He took the sticky tacky substance between his fingers and lifted them to his neck. Slathering the skin above his potent scent gland with sap.

It smelled like him. The sap did. Hannibal. The woods, the earth, all of it. Will gritted his teeth, using the grind and clack to keep him from instinctively biting his lip till it bled. His breath was smoke, white and thick. He looked up to the sky as it parted, the full moon hung low amongst the clouds. Will's pupils dilated at the sight of the white orb of light.

The wind hit the trees again, Will picked up the pace, the guilty alphas musk was closer now. Will's feet drug through the snow, his hands clenched at his sides, stalking.

He didn't have a plan, it wasn't that simple. It was... Something his blood was singing. *Get closer, look deeper, tear him apart.*

He wasn't far now...

Will breathed deeply allowing his scenes to do the work. His eyes adjusted in near dark but he saw him, standing by the road, thumb up to a carriage to take him away. But this was his last stop. From life. From everything.

Will didn't contemplate going back, he was too close now, too fierce was the heart inside his chest, hammering the same blood-pumping song it sang when his hands were covered in his

victim's daughter's blood... It was a quiet sense of justice, the taste of tang and metal that was soon to be sloshing on his tongue. Oh, yes. This is what his body was begging for. And Cordell deserved it.

The ground crunched as he approached, the highway was nearly empty, no luck for his target to get out of doge. He felt the gun in its holster, the smooth coldness of it, the way it fits the curve of his palm. The alpha didn't look behind him as Will clicked off the safety, good, the scent disgusting worked.

The ice in his lungs made it hard to swallow, but still he spoke, "Arms! Where I can see them!" He shouted hoarsely to the back of Cordell's head. The gun was inches from his scull, he could blow him away now, but something tells him it wouldn't be enough for his... Appities. " Turn around! Slow on your knees!" He hit the barrel against his brown balding hair.

The man laughed and slowly raised his hands as he turned. Then in a sudden shift as he knelt before him.." *You."* He spat.

" Stay!" He ordered him like he would one of his dogs waving the piece around like a flag. In the pale light of the moon, he saw his eyes turn marron. " I said fucking stay put!" Will threatened as the man inched closer, hands still up.

" You not going to shoot me are ya puppy? " Cordell's voice attempted to curb what was boiling inside of him...It only made it spill out faster.

He put the gun to his forehead. " Yes." His finger grazed the trigger, but he didn't pull it. His lungs full of strong musk.

Cordell laughed, shoulders moving up and down, " What's the matter pup? Cat got your tongue?" He smiled up at him, gruesome and grimy.

Will growled and whacked the butt of the gun against Codells bitten cheek. Blood bloomed from his mouth. " Shut the fuck up."

Cordell's red gaze grew fiercer as he spit the blood on the snow, its thick red syrupy substance melting the ice. " You shouldn't have done that omega.." He moved fast, knocking Will from out of his legs and into the snow, his gun falling a good 5 feet from his body.

In a second the alpha was on top of him, his first connecting with Will's cheekbone. Pain hissed and burned, but it didn't matter, this might have been a better option. Will smiles bloody teeth shining in the moonlight. " That's all you've got?" He teased. He wanted to feel this. This pain, this savage pleasure.

The alpha hand wrapped around his throat and squeezed fingers digging in harshly, " Don't think for a second little omega, that I'm not going to enjoy this." His other hands brandished a knife from his side, it's metal glinting. " Because I am." He whispered in will's ear, licking it, his weight and foul smell on top of him, the snow chilling his back. The knife slid down his cheek, a thin line of blood blooming from the cut as Cordell's grip tightening like a drum.

Wil tried to speak, a smile still danced on his lips. Eyes dilating.

" What's that? " Cordell's ear went up to Will's mouth as his breath came out in spurts.

" D-" Will gasped. The knife now moving to his neck as Cordell scented him.

That was the last straw.

" Don't think-" Will struggled to speak. " For a second-" Will jabbed his knees into the alphas groin, sharp hits to the center hand the alpha reeling back and howling in pain. Will seized the opportunity, quickly gaining breath and grabbing the blade that was dropped in the tussle. He mounted to alpha as he rolled in the snow.

" That I'm not going to-" His breath hot on Cordell's neck as his knee jabbed, again and again, immobilizing the 'stronger' man. " Enjoy this." He was fully on top of his prey, gazelle pinning the lion, taking his pleasure, his life.

And oh god did it feel good, as the knife pierced the alpha chest cavity. As blood splashed on his hands, his shirt. He panted roughly, in a trance as the man below him screamed. It was so unreal, so-

"N- No" His blood filed mouth gurgled.

Will grabbed his throat pulling him close, " Yes." He huffed as he landed another blow, gutting the alpha. Each time his hand dug inside Cordell's belly, each time he impaled him on the blade, he felt closer to the edge. Closer to something he had kept down for so long. Closer to... Himself. He moaned, licking the blood off his lips and trusting the blade in again.

" It wasn't the act of killing Hobbs that got you down, was it? Did you really feel so bad because killing him felt so good?" Hannibal's voice filled out the depths of his mind.

So good... Is this what that was?

" Oh god." He felt himself slipping, dizzied, and soon the snow was soon all red, the warmth of blood on his hands. The smell of iron and metal. The feeling... Oh, the *feeling*...

Will woke up cold snow-covered ground. He shivered looking up to the still-dark sky.

" Where- where am I?" He said softly, rolling to his side. He hit something, a big something. He turned fast and what he saw immediately made him dry heave over the body. He was shaking, vibrating. His hands crusted with Blood, his mouth irony, his face ached. He scurred upwards, landing barely on his feet. He backed away from the corpse. Blinking rapidly.

"I-" He grabbed his hair, yanking it. This wasn't a dream. The dark bathed him, but he could still see his blood-soaked hands, they were shaking. He slowly moved to the body, eyes scanning what he had done. The prison suit was soaked, dark still wet blood bloomed from multiple deep stab wounds. The knife was still inside Cordell's chest cavity...

Panicking Will grabbed it, ripping it from its sheath, so quick and vigorous that blood traveled from the tip, splashing Will in the face, right above his curls. The wetness was still warm.

His breath pulled in and out of his lungs in heavy spurts, body going into shock, hyperventilating. He had to get out of there. Now. His whitened fist gripped the knife as he ran. Past the trees, into the road. He kept moving, then stopped.

" Shit!" He couldn't leave his car, he had to go back, nothing could lead him to the scene of the crime. Silently cursing himself he made his way through the snow... He moved as quickly as he could, body still racked with fear and smelling of blood. His boots tripped up on fallen branches covered in white, the appearance almost undetectable to the naked eye at night. He fell face-first into a large plume a few feet from his beat-up Volkswagon, the knife's tip piercing through his shirt, tip less than an inch inside beside his sternum. A small trickle of blood accompanied by stinging filled the area. He got on to his knees then pulled.

" Ah, fuck." More blood came out of the less the one-inch wound on his upper chest as the metal was removed. He got to his feet slowly, then unlocked his car, getting into it with a thump. He grabbed the gloves on his passenger seat before touching anything else, not waiting to get any of his victim's blood on the steering wheel.

Once his breath calmed he knew he couldn't go home. He inspected the small stab wound in the small amount of light he had, it needed stitches. There was no way he was going to go to a doctor this late, with any other man's blood on him. No way. And with the knife still in his coat pocket, zipper holding it shut... This was his only option.

He started the car, not knowing where he was going or where he could possibly go. The headlights came on, the engine made that noise it always did when it was cold. He drove. Using the map in his head only, not wanting to touch his phone, get it...Contaminated.

God, what had he done?

The drive was a blur. A blur of street lights, red and green, it didn't take long to get close.

Will forced himself to breathe as he got into the right neighborhood. The houses were unrealistically huge, some lit up with early Christmas lights. He parked his car a few houses down from his destination and got out. Heart pounding as he took a gloved hand to knock on the massive wooden door. Will wasn't sure if anyone would answer, hell, he wasn't sure if he was alive right now and Cordell didn't kill him.

Maybe that would have been easier...

But there was a shuffling on the inside of the door, a light went on. And the smell of his alpha hit him strong, like a wave, it was intoxicating and nauseating all in one.

Hannibal.

His knees went week as he opened the door... And then everything went black as the older man caught him...His body like a bag of bricks.

The Truth's Taste

All he felt for a while were hands. The soft firm grip of his alpha holding him. His body swaying over his hardwood floors as he whispered something Will couldn't understand, some other language almost like praise or a lullaby. He felt the rise and fall of Hannibals lungs against him, his scent swirling in the air then finally...

" Will, can you hear me?' Hannibal's voice called to him, hands gripped his bloody shirt. His eyes flickered open, he was being held upright on a dining chair, noise from a fire crackling behind him. " Will." Hannibal's hand caressed his cheek, Will suppressed a moan.

" Yeah, I- I can hear you." His voice was groggy and painted with pain throbbing beneath his shirt. " Ah." Will winched when Hannibal's fingers grazed the small but aching wound in his chest.

" What happened?" Hannibal asked, eyes intensely scanning him for evidence that was clearly there, Will was covered in it.

" I-" Will shifted at the man's touch which was now at the shallow cut to his bruised cheek.

" This one won't need stitches, but the one on your chest..is another story. " Hannibal's voice wasn't accusing it was soft, pliant as he drug Will's coat over his arms, leaving his bloodied shirt open for him to see. His hands gripped the seem and began to pull the shirt carefully over Will's head which was faced to the side, not wanting to look at the alpha, because if he did, he would spill.

" Will, what have you done?" Will said nothing, body vibrating with touch as Hannibal disinfected the stab wound delicately. The silence continued as the burn of the needle went in his tender skin, his jaw tightened.

" Will look at me," The alpha commanded, and Will obliged, blue eyes sneaking a peek at Hannibal's expression,...He swore there was a small smile upon his red lips.

Will let out a shaky sigh, swallowing the facts of reality, " I-" He started then swallowed again, Adam's apple bobbing nervously. That's when Hannibal's hand began to stroke his bare shoulder, gentle and smooth, his honeyed brown eyes focused so intensely on Will. " He's dead. I- I killed him."

" Who?' Hannibal continued to clean the excess blood off Will's skin with a damp hand towel, dabbing and bandaging his left cheek where Cordell had slashed him. " Look up." He directed.

" Cordell, he- I followed him, he attacked me and-"

" You stabbed him?" Hannibal interjected completely calm, head tilted with interest, veins in his neck showing making Will's mouth water.

" Gutted him more like it,...How did you-"

" The knife is still in you're coat, Will," Hannibal said looking to the small silver poking out of the tan bloody coat on his floor.

" You- not, you're not afraid of me?" Will asked him. *Should he be? Was Will just as menacing as the men he hunted now? Now that he's killed in cold blood.*

" No, Will, I'm certainly not... I can help you if you ask me to," Hannibal said getting up and walking around the room, Will, now noticed Hannibal's silk nightclothes had a spot of his blood on them as he threw all the other blood-soaked rags and clothing away in the waste bin...

" At great risk to my career and my life." He continued walking back to Will as he sat statuesquely and unmoving.

Will felt dizzy, he wasn't sure if it was the allure of the closeness or the guilt...*If he had any.*

" You have a choice." He stated flatly. "You can tell them you were defending yourself when you gutted this man... or I can give you an alibi, I can say you were here all night, with me." He looked down at Will, and he couldn't deny the smirk on the alphas lips.

" We can burn the evidence, it would almost be if you were never there." He finished.

Will wasn't sure what to say, all he knew was he so desperately wanted to follow to where Hannibal was standing and touch him, he was starting to feel the pang of arousal nipping at him.

" Y-yes. That would be.." He got up, legs like jelly, and padded over to the older man, breathing him in, the scent of pine mixed with his blood was making him quiver. " Please." He touched the veins on Hannibal's hand, tracing them with his fingertips. He felt safe, warm, like home. Their breath mingled, Hannibal wasn't scared of him even though he had just gutted a man to death and somehow that was...

“ What did you learn?” Hannibal asked him nose nearly touching his, almost giddy, almost *pleased*.

“Learn?” WIll asks still dazed, scoffing almost at the idea the Hannibal was treating this like a high school lesson, “ That life is beautiful..” He said, not sure if it was meant to be sarcasm or not..

Will paused looking up at the alpha, eyes flashing gold…” Even when you're tearing it apart.” He finished softly. All of him was itching to grab his alphas shoulders pull him close.

“ How does honesty taste on your tongue, Will.” Hannibal's eyes gazed deep into his, pulling out the truth. Something only he could do.

“ Metallic. Like blood, but not, and somehow stronger.” Will finally admitted with a sigh, looking down at his feet until Hannibal's fingers caught his jaw.

" With all my knowledge and intrusion, I could never entirely predict you." Hannibals thumb stroked his stubbed chin softly. " I can feed the caterpillar, whisper through the chrysalis," His lips were only a solid inch from Will's, minty breath dancing on his lips. " But what hatches.... is beyond me."

Will's tongue darted out of his mouth swiping the alpha's upper lip, moan slipping out at the taste. Hannibal quickly moved his hand to grip the back of Will's neck pulling his nose down to scent Will's neck. A rumbling growl came out of Hannibal as he smelt the leftover smell of Will's kill on him. Hannibal gripped Will's hips mouth now sucking at his neck, marking it with impact bruises.

" Fuck," Will squirmed in his alpha's hold, little sounds of need escaping him. His pants were now dripping in slick, this couldn't be like last time, Will couldn't take another rejection.

" I can smell him on you," Hannibal said gruffly, hand moving down to grip Will's ass fingers rubbing near the wetness.

" I- Right before he was-" Hannibal's teeth softly marked what was his. " Ah- I think he would have done more to me if I hadn't gotten the upper hand in time." He squeaked out between breathy gasps as he felt Hannibal's hands all over him, Will's erection dug into his jeans. Hannibal's touch over his pale naked back was making his knees buckle.

Hannibal suddenly gripped Will's thighs and lifted him over his hips, Will's arms snaked around his neck as he alpha moved to his bedroom, the omega laced on him, holding on tight.

Will didn't know what was going to happen, as he was slammed down on Hannibal's plush bed, he gasped at the harshness as he gazed at the red in Hannibal's eyes. Hannibal lept on top of the omega sniffing and scenting his neck, nuzzling and nipping at it. The feeling of his wet tongue and sharp teeth made him grip the sheets.

" Ah- Hannibal, what are you-" Will whine was silenced by the alpha tongue lapping inside his mouth, he moaned, letting his hands roam over the silk fabric of Hannibal's nightclothes.

" G-god." Will groaned, lips messily battling with Hannibal's, their tongues fought like waves, passion like lightning through their teeth. Hands searched as their mouth pressed and opened, tasting each other. Will bit Hannibal's lower lip, sucking a small amount of blood out of it. He pressed his chest to the alpha as tight as he could needing more, need all of him, now.

Will's impatience was showing as he rubbed up against him. " Please." He whispered.

Hannibal's mouth moved lower, lips swallowing bits of heated skin, teeth biting his collar bones, tongue swiping across his fresh stitches.

He wants to consume me. Will's mind told him. Still, his back arched off the bed as Hannibal began to work his belt off. He could smell Hannibal's arousal thick, coating the room.

His body shook and shivered when he was removed of all his clothes, fully hard cock leaking against his stomach. He panted, still doubting if this was real...

" You're beautiful, Will," Hannibal spoke against his stomach as he licked and bit at it going down, down down. Will's heart hammered, his hands engaged in Hannibal's bedhead, he tugged on it as the alpha's mouth encased his length.

" H-Hannibal, fuck." He moaned as Hannibal's tongue lapped up his pre-cum. " I don't know what brought this out but- Ah!" Will threw his head back as the alpha bit into his soft inner thigh.

" I've been holding back for quite a while dear Will. " Hannibal's voice was gruffer than normal as he pressed his mouth to his groin, heat from his breath tickling his hair.

" Please," He breathed feeling unhinged, welcoming the wrongness of the possibility of them colliding, of Hannibal's teeth marking him." D-don't hold back," Will's fingers gripped the bed harshly... He was holding back too, too scared to take the plunge into even deeper waters with the man who had changed him. His eyelids fluttered, unknowingly bearing his neck. The outlines of the night were growing blurry, what was, what wasn't, was mixing.

Hannibal's head hovered up just enough to hold eye contact, " You shouldn't ask me that." He growled taking Will's hips and flipping them so his bare ass was up in the air. "I've wanted to taste you-" His tongue licked into Will's sensitive slick hole. " Swallow you." His lips pressed as the heat of his tongue ran up Will's spine as it arched.

" Yes, yes," Will whined, he couldn't seem to catch his breath, it was all too much. The killing, the touches, everything was overwhelmingly beautiful and horrifying all at once, and he wanted it. He wanted *him*... " All of me," He felt himself letting go. "it's yours ...*I'm yours*." As he whispered the last words off his moist tongue, that's when it happened.

" Are you? Are you really?" Hannibal's canines were centimeters from his tender bruised throat. His hot breath came across Will's skin, goosebumps forming on their own.

" Do you really have to ask? After everything?" Will met Hannibal's gaze, the glint of blood in his eyes beckoning him. " I said i'd do anything for you, remember. That when you called, i'd come to you. No questions asked."

"No questions hm?" Hannibal's fanged smirk lit up the dark of his room. The older man nuzzled the omega, rubbing his neck and jaw all over him, throat grumbling with need. " How do you know you didn't already come? That your ending up here wasn't by mistake? " His husky voice was predatory, but Will knew he wouldn't hurt him. He couldn't, their bond was too strong now.

" I don't," Will answered hands gripping the alpha pulling him down fully on top of him. The back of Will's mind was stirring, Did Hannibal *want* him to kill Cordell?

" No, no you don't."

" Do you like when I'm in the dark, Dr.? Does it..Please you to so blindly foul me into this, into you." Will's cock pulsed, trapped between the heat of the two bodies as they held one another in a deadly embrace.

Hannibal chuckled nipping at Will's ear, " Oh little lamb, you aren't blind. You see this, you see *me.* You see yourself now too, more clearly than ever now. "

So he *did* want it. This is what Will's body had been telling him since the beginning, there was something more to the man than therapy and suits. He was...Darker. Still, Will's heart screamed for him, even if he should be running he saw him clearer than before, the traits he had the possibility of danger. But He couldn't untangle himself. He was bound to him. No matter what depth of trouble he was getting into, he couldn't walk away now, he was in too deep.

Will shifted, lips directly at the doctor's ear, " Do you so desperately want to change me? Mark me with violence, make me *feel* things.."

" You had it in you.' Hannibal's hand stroked Will's back. " Don't blame me for setting it free."

Will grabbed Hannibal's hips using his strength to lift the alpha off of him, wrapping his bare legs around him and forcing him under his body. "I don't," Will said now looking at Hannibal with new eyes. His hand came up to pet the alpha tossed hair, " But I won't be able to put it back now, this-this-"

" And I don't want you to. You're perfect the way you are Will." The sick smile on Hannibal's lips made Will's heart flutter. Even though it should repulse him. But here in Hannibal's bed, Will was his equal.

" Perfectly yours..." Their lips connected hot gasps into each other's mouths as their blood sang, Wil rutted against the alphas growing bulge in his boxers. " I need you." He moaned desperately for more.

With his alpha strength, Hannibal fliped the submitting omega on his back, eyes hungry and darting for his neck. He breathed in his fevered sweetness.

The pain was bright as Hannibal's fanged teeth and jaw clamped down on his soft skin, marking him just below the ear for all to see.

He was finally his...Whatever the cost.

Conjoined

Will whined as Hannibal's teeth sunk deep. Sparks of pleasure mixed with pain, pain that he felt deep behind his eyes as his moans were muffled from the weight on top of him. His cock leaked onto his stomach as he cried.

Finally, the warmth of Hannibal's tongue hit his skin, swirling and soothing, lapped at the blood that had bloomed from the fresh mating bite.

Hannibal let his saliva work as a salve over the puncture wound, it was deep, Will's blood covered his mouth. He panted over his omega, arousal singeing his insides like hot tar. He let himself lose his control as he pulled Will into a bruising kiss. Their lips clashed, hot warmth from blood and breath. Will's hands wandered up and under Hannibal's silk shirt, fingertips caressing his mate as he panted into his mouth.

" Were conjoined now," Hannibal huffed into Wills's neck, lips peppering light kisses down to his chest. " We're one."

Will pulled the alpha back to his lips, the sweet taste of him now sweeter with the bond of blood. He needed this like he needed air, his touch was like fire, smoldering and violent, everything and nothing. He couldn't lose this. He couldn't survive without it, the seductive poison of his lover's touch, making him needy, pliant under his touch.

This couldn't be like last time when he was left on the ground, lips red, mouth and tongue full of his alphas taste. His essence. Will bit at Hannibal's lip, hands tugging at the alphas little clothing, desperate to feel more, he needed more...

" Don't leave me," He declared, doubt on the back of his tongue... *This had to be real.* " Please," He said between searching rough kisses that left him feeling blind to the world, blind to all else, but him.

" I'm not leaving you, Will. " Hannibal's voice soothed his ache. Hannibal's lips pressed against his smooth skin, heat curled into his belly as Hannibal bit and sucked, leaving marks all over his inner thighs.

" I'm not sure-Ah," Will moaned as Hannibal nipped at his stomach, " If either of us could survive separation." Will moaned, gasping as Hannibal's mouth took him in. His hands searched for him, grasping his hair and pulling. " If you did- " His words thick in between sighs and moans, " I'd kill you."

Hannibal smiled, he could feel his lips curling around his length, the alpha tongue lapping up his pre-cum.

" Hannibal please," He whined, " I need you." He arched his back lifting his hips, he cried as his cock hit the back of his mate's throat. Hannibal hummed around him. Then in a moment, he was back on top of him, slamming his weight down on Will's chest as he took Will's wrists above his head, pinning him.

Breathless Will kissed him, hungry mouth speaking for him, forceful and near aggressive. He wiggled underneath him.

" Ah, ah-ah, little one. You asked for it." Hannibal said rubbing his neck on his lamb, scenting him. " Your mine." He bit at the matting bite again, making it bleed into his mouth.

Will felt as if he was going to burst into a thousand suns just with Hannibal's tongue and teeth on his neck, he was close, so close without even touching himself. " Fuck, god, mmmf" He trusted up, rubbing his length on Hannibal's thigh. The pain made it sweeter, all of it.

Hannibal's hands moved around his waist, shifting the omega underneath him. He worshiped every inch of him like this, so wet and wanting below him. Hearing his mates cries of pain soaked pleasure only made him more violent. His nails raked the boy's back, red raised lines replaced pale skin. His hand swatted at Will's backside, soft mound just for him, his alone. Wills noises were like a wild animals, muffled by the bed and amplified by every harsh touch he gave. His plum cheek grew red, blushing under his hand.

He grabbed a fist full of curls and said gruff, " You like it don't you, the way it feels to be mine. " Will grunted and moved his ass further up, presenting. " Such a good slut. All mine." He cooed letting go of Will's hair. His mouth soothed the burn of the scratches with his moist tongue. High pitched squeals dripping from Will's hole of a mouth as his mouth bit into his red cheek.

" Oh god, yes, please," Will begged as Hannibal's tongue met his wet entrance. Hannibal pushed in the tight heat, moaning at the taste of him. " Hannibal, I can't" His words were choked on his own moans. " I'm so close. Please I need you inside of me."

Hannibal's fanged grin arouse on his face. " Needy boy." He mouthed on the omega slick hole, it was begging to be filled with his knot, Hannibal could feel himself swell and pulse.

" Mmm yes, please I'll be good, so good." Will gasped, Hannibal's tongue still inside him, then it was removed, Hannibal stepped back removing his damp silk boxers and tossing them across the room.

" Will you pet," He growled, head of his cock brushing the omega wet hole.

" Nhhhg. mm'yes." Will rutted his ass into his alpha desperate for him.

Hannibal gripped Wills's hips and lined up, cockhead breaching the tight rim of his lover.

Sparks flew on Will's skin as he felt the hard pressure entering him. He gripped the sheets as Hannibal slowly sated himself inside the omega.

" Move, please." He begged.

Hannibals hips snapped, sending a ricochet of pleasure waves all over him. " Fuck." He didn't know either to grind into Hannibal's massive cock filling him up or down to gain some friction on his own.

Hannibal sensed this, his hands gripped Will's wet length as he rocked forward. Will moaned loudly, harsh hands gripped him as Hannibal began to fuck into him at a brutal pace, grunting and growling in his ear as his nimble surgeon fingers pupped him root to tip.

Sweat dripped from his back, Hannibal's hot breath was on his sensitive neck, as he whispered " I'm going to taste every part of you, mark you from the inside out, all of you. You belong to me. . " His tongue licked in his ear as Will cried.

" Y-yours alpha, Ahh fuck!" They found their rhythm, hot bodies moving together in the near dark. Will felt his orgasm building as his prostate was brutally pounded. " G-god you're an animal." He wasn't complaining, he was basking in his mate's glory, his power.

" Yes," Hannibal hissed to the back of Will's throat, pounding his plump ass into the mattress over and over.

" How- m-many times?" Will asked, stuttering and smug.

" What?"

" How many times did you imagine this, when you were alone. " The question hung thick in the air, almost as thick of the smell of sex and sweat.

Hannibal moved Will like a rag doll so he was looking into his deep blue eyes, he situated between his smooth bruised thighs, cocking his head to the side. " If you must know," Their lips clashed, teeth clanking, nipping, tongues battling roughly until one came up for air. " Often," Hannibal admitted, those long nights were he had pleasured himself to the thought of him, his sweet Will. But this was different, so, so different.

Will sat up on his elbows, devilish look in his eyes, his hands griped, his legs swung. He mounted his alpha, slipping him his cock back inside his wet heat. Hannibal moaned as his nearly fully formed knot hit against the tightness of his hole. Will's hips rolled as he ground down on him, the slick making the slid so much better, it was tight and wet, he could feel Hannibal's cock twitch at the new position as he bounced. Breath ragged as he pulled more sounds from his lover.

Hannibal spread Will's cheeks, desperate to be fully inside of his mate. He knew the suppressants Will was taking were the preventive kind, he had nothing to worry about. Still, he hesitated.

" K-knot me. Hannibal- please." Will was coming undone, his thighs shook, his body ached for release.

When Hannibal gave in it was like a thunder crack on a mountain. The tight heat of his mate engulfed him as he locked inside him. Desperate their lips met in a messy frenzy, animalistic sounds coming out their lips, spit that tasted like life itself.

Will's cock bounced against Hannibal's stomach as he rode him, fingers laced in his hair, tongue licking into his mouth. Hannibal's hand gripped his length as they both shook,

pumping at a fast pace, thump tracing over the leaking tip. " Come for me, Will." Hannibal breathed into his mouth.

" Yes, oh-god ah." Will bit into Hannibal's succulent lower lip as the tremendous acceleration of both climaxes hit at full force. His nails dug into Hannibal's back as white ropes of come splashed around his mate's fingers. " Fuck." He panted, his hole fluttering over the locked embrace.

Hannibal spilled deep inside of Will, hot come filling his boy up to the brim as the lips locked.

Will let himself go limp in his lover's arms, back sagging. Hannibal held onto him for dear life, peppering his temple and forehead with small kisses, his hands ran up his sides.

The two collapsed beside each other, blissed out. Will rested his head on Hannibal's hairy chest as Hannibal smoothed his sweat-drenched curls with his thumb. Will wrapped his legs instinctively around his alpha.

Mine. His mind screamed. He listened to the thud of Hannibal's heart, its song the only noise he needed to hear. Hannibal sighed, lips opening to speak, but before he could, " That was..." Will said voice soft as his hands gripped Hannibal's side, his scent flooding his nose as he nuzzled close.

" Such a cunning boy you are, my Will," Hannibal said unexpectedly, as he pet Will's head. Will felt himself slipping into sleep, Hannibal's lips grazed his cut bandaged cheek as his eyelids fluttered closed.

" I knew you had it in you *mylimas*." Hannibal's voice was a ghostly whisper that lifted through the vents of his mind as his body fell into a deep slumber.

Will woke up sore, sprawled out in Hanniba'sbed, covered in a navy blue blanket. Hannibal was nowhere in sight, but the air still smelt of him. The events of the night came back slowly like flashbacks from a drunken haze.

Cordell. The knife in his hands. Hannibal's fangs in his neck.

He reached his fingertips to his throat, wincing at the still bright pain of the mating bite. He had gotten what he wanted after all... But was it what he truly wanted? Was the price of Hannibal's love death?

He was still stuck with the horrifying feeling that he was no better than the murderers the F.B.I sent him to investigate...*To kill.*

Will grumbled and rolled off the large bed, bare feet touching a fur rug. He walked to the bathroom, splashing the coldest water he could get over his face and ripping off the bandage of his cheek. He looked up to the mirror, his reflection was shocking, he looked tired, beat up

even... The wound on his chest looked far better than he thought it would despite the amount of pain radiating from it.

Maybe Hannibal shouldn't have been so rough with me last night. He thought, small smile tracing his lips..

Will's eyes flashed gold as he touched the newly cleaned and bandaged mating bite, he carefully lifted the gauze to reveal deep puncture wounds mapped out by Hannibal's alpha canine teeth. He shivered, then looking down he realized...He was still naked. His eyes caught the glint of the frosted glass of Hannibal's shower. He stepped in the stream of water before it had a chance to heat up, a strong stream of water splashed down his back causing him to hiss as he began to wash the remnants of the night away.

Hannibal's soap smell of orange zest and herbs, he was careful not to disturb his stitches with it. After he was dry and smelling like a fruit market he made the decision to rummage through his alpha massive closet...

There has to be something other than a suit I can wear. Will thought as he searched knowing by now his clothes were a pile of ash by now. He came across a dark blue turtleneck at the back of all the plaid suits and leather belts. He lifted the hanger, brain noticing the usefulness it could have in hiding his neck. He cascaded the soft fabric carefully over his shoulders, pulling the collar up over the bandage. It was big, but it would do.

Will made it out to the kitchen fully dressed in search of Hannibal but he wasn't there, and things were eerily quiet. He found his phone on the counter along with a pre-made breakfast of eggs and sausage, just like the one he had eaten with Hannibal months ago, at the start of the Hobb's case...Before...Before he murdered someone for the first time. Will shivered but shook it off when he saw the note left to him...

" Eat up, mylimas, " Is all it said.

"What does that even mean?" Will looked at his phone opening google as he took multiple bites of the delicious food laid before him.

**** Mylimas*** Translation = Beloved. Language origin = Lithianian.*

Will smiled, feeling warm all over as he shoved the last bit of sausage in his mouth before his phone buzzed...

" Hello?" Will's voice was rougher than he thought.

"Graham where have you been? I've been calling you all morning." It was Jack..And he was angry.

" I-" Will panicked realizing he couldn't tell the truth, then he remembered...

" You have a choice. You can tell them you were defending yourself when you gutted this man... or I can give you an alibi, I can say you were here all night, with me."

" I had a long night, I'm sorry." He let out a breath.

" Well sorry isn't going to cut it Graham, Cordell's dead, The Butcher is at large and we need you here."

Will's pulse quickened at the mention of his victim's name. " He's dead?"

" Yes, but nevermind that, we got more pressing matters at hand."

" More pressing than-"

" We have another witness Graham, he claims to have inside information on The Butcher. He says he will only speak with you..." Jack paused sighing, " He's someone you know Will, "

"What? How?" Will mind was running a million miles an hour.

" Better If we explain in person."

"We?"

The line clicks, leaving Will alone with his thoughts...That is until he sees a familiar face in the interrogation room...

The Devil's Tongue

Chapter Summary

Inspo for Chapter title / : (Song) The Devils Tongue by Envy On The Coast(Band) ❤️🔥

He isn't chained. He sits free, the messenger, harbinger of doom. His blue eyes look coldly, nervously into Will. A sudden shiver goes through him at the sight.

"Matthew." Will breathes. " What-" He comes to where the BSHCI orderly is sitting cross-legged in a metal chair. " What are you doing here?" His former flame was a fixture in the room like a chandelier in a dining hall.

" Didn't they tell you?" He looked smug." I'm the gold shiny ticket to The Butcher's chocolate factory." A small smile crept over his cherry lips. Will got flashes of hot and heavy mingling, those lips at his neck. Although he had tried, he hadn't seen him since...Since they comingled. His eyes went down to the floor.

" No, " He said quietly. "They didn't *tell* me anything. Only that you would spill to anyone else but me...Now, why's that?" He pulled up the collar of Hannibal's turtleneck, the fabric slipping down over the bandage.

" Now I like to think you and I have a thing, don't you? "Matthews's voice was smooth-talking, it was offputting now, the idea of him, the idea that he ever let him into his bed. *Or vice versa. "* a kinship of sorts." He smiled, fangs slipping through gums.

Will was growing tired of the bullshit jabber, he slammed his fist down on the metal table, loudness rang out and shock took Matthews's eyes. " *No*, I just- just tell me what you know okay? I don't have time for this." He tried to calm his breathing, still fighting with the urge not to think that Matthew could have something to do with these murders, but it kept coming back up hos throat like bile.

Matthews's head tilted, a wave of alpha musk came right at him, he choked it down, " Well look at you...Need to get back to you're mate, do you?" His tone suggested that it wasn't a question of fact.

" What?" Will's head snapped up to find the man leaning back in his chair like a high schooler, he had the urge to set him off balance, send him tumbling to the ground, and pounce on him like a feral cat to take a bite-

He shook off the animalistic response, forcing himself to stay put, feet anchored. He *needed* this information. His mouth salivated.

What was wrong with him?

" Don't play coy, I know what's under your extremely expensive sweater... That's not yours... is it? " Will opened his mouth to speak, but Matthew bulldozed through the moment... " But never mind that, you came here for information and I shall give it to you." His voice was arrogant and Will grew impatient. " Now that I can without dying that is.."

" Dying why would you-" *Did he sense Will's behavior to be a threat?*

" Cordell, he threatened me, he knew that I knew more than he would have liked. Ha," He kicked his heels up on the chair legs in his muscular arms now like a child as he grinned.

"Chilton doesn't know this but, I suspected him before you all did, Cordell... and I listened in, but I'm mean who does he think wired the mics in that place? " He chuckled, nails raking his neck. " But I digress, I just thought you would like to know the revelation that I acquired. " He sniffed.

" Revelation?" Will's blood pumped faster at the word.

" That what your dealing with here isn't a serial killer," Matthew said standing up abruptly walking straight towards him.

"It's not?" Will backed up as the alpha began tailing him.

" No, " That smile was back.

" Than what-" Matthew's hands were on him, one hand's index finger lifting his chin, the other at his shoulder, rubbing circles slowly.

" You look different, Will, " Matthew smelt the small space of air between them.

Will itched in his skin, and tried to shrug him off with fake laughter moving his head to the side, " I guess I do," He avoiding eye contact, " You wont make me sing for my supper Matthew, if you have information you're obligated to give it. I don't have to work for you inside." He said, now holding the alpha gaze, it made his stomach turn.

Matthew chuckled and lowered his hovering hand, stepping back some. " It must be some bond, you have, a glow about you." His eyes dug into him, almost intimate, longing... " Anyways, the point of this is..." He said and slowly moved back to his seat, Will could breathe again.

Matthew crossed his legs as he began to divulge the information he so keenly wanted Will to work for. " He's a contract killer Will, a highered man. Working for an expensive powerful family."

"What family?" Will asked ears turned up to the burning facts, eyes wide.

" Something...Berger? No, that's not it, Serg- Ah, Verger. That's the one." He slapped his knee, laughing, " There in the meat business those ones, hell they can get their hands dirty too, but not like that so, they hire a skilled killer like him-"

" Name. " Will said grabbing the pen and paper on the metal table, clicking his pen. " What's his name, Matthew."

" Well your head will spin with this one, the man doesn't like the name deal ol' Freddie Lounds gave him, Butcher.." He laughs, " He's quite insulted by it. He isn't that at all. "

" And what is he... Matthew?" Will heart thumped in his chest the closer they got, the more he pulled the leash on Matthews throat and led him to the truth. Will's eyes narrowed as he waited.

" He prefers to be called...The Chesapeake Ripper."

No. Will's mind recoiled at the obvious lie.

It couldn't be. Will felt cheated, it wasn't the truth, it couldn't be. They were so different, The Butcher and him, the kills the way the bodies... this wasn't his design." How- " His voice stopped, thought to loud. He cleared his throat and leaned against the wall, " How is that possible."

Matthew shrugged, running a hand through his short brown hair, " I don't know man, some things are strange but-"

" This is more than that," Will said dryly. " Do you have a name? Anything that can help us catch him? Did he give Cordell anything else?"

" Cordell called him by name, alias or not I don't know but..." Matthew grabbed at a piece of paper, scribbling into its surface. Then he got up, handing it like a secret note in passing.

Will clutched, yellow paper tickling his palm as Matthew whispered, " I hope you don't think less of me... Will. " His breath was on his cheek, familiar, hot.

Wills eyes flicked up to meet his, " Why would i-"

The impact to his skull came in a bow to the head so bright in pain. The world shifted and knees buckled, body colliding with the floor before everything went dark...

" Will, can you hear me?" The voice of his mate came to him, he groaned head thumping hard.

" What, What happened? " He wasn't in Quantico any longer, he was tucked in his own bed, Hannibal looming over him with all his dogs. He sat up slow on his elbows. Hannibal lifted a mug to his lips.

" Here, drink this," He said as the cup passed his lips. "It's an herbal remedy, it will help with the swelling."

" Swelling-" He touched his forehead, " Ah," A fantom ache sizzled.

"Drink," Hannibal ordered. Will obliged taking the freshly brewed tea in his mouth, it was hot, but not too hot, the taste was pleasant and silky on his tongue. He gulped some more down before he spoke again.

" How long was I out?" The haze was nearly gone now, and his nose was full of his alphas musk as he sat protectively over him, A Shepard and his flock, the lion and his lamb.

" No more than an hour, I convinced dear Jack to let you have to rest of the day off to rest." Their fingers interlaced, Will's stomach swindled, heat going down from his bones to his groin.

" Matthew- What-what happened to him?" He managed to get out before another sip of hot liquid coated his throat as Hannibal wiped the substance off his chin, small smile on his face as he pet Will's head.

" He's good as gone, " Hannibal set the mug down on Will's nightstand." Jack and the others failed to catch him, he'll earn a spot on the list of wanted souls." His mate spoke quietly in his soothing accented tone.

"It's crazy but- He said-He said that..The Butcher is The Chesapeake Ripper. I didn't believe him but what if-" Will's head spun some, spacing out and stopping mid-sentence to cope with the thought that was planted in his head, and if I was true. He shifted under the blankets closer to his alpha but as he did his hand stopped him from sitting up all the way. Somehow his eyes had changed.

" Hannibal I'm fine," He nearly whined in protest. Will rubbed his thumb on the exposed part of Hannibal's wrist, shivers rolled through his body at the light connection. " I'm just thinking too much."

Hannibal's golden brown eyes looked down at him from an angle that made him look urethral, an angel...A devil. " You need to rest Will, you had quite the ordeal." Hannibal stroked his cheek then his lower lip with his thumb. Much to will's dismay, he dropped his hand began to stand up walking away from the bed. Will followed and caught his wrist. Swelling need taking over him.

" No." He breathed, no sharp pain at his head to speak of as he balanced on his own two feet. His hands ran down Hannibal's suit, fingers rubbing against the swell of his mate's round ass. " Hannibal, stay." He begged like his lover was no other than one of the pups rolling on the floor below his feet.

Hannibal sighed, wide shoulders moving from their pent up position as Will's hands continued to search and massage his masculine god-like frame. " Will-" His voice felt strainedm distant.

" Just for a little while?" Will cooed, " Please, Just-" He thought about asking for *it*, it crossed his mind, but he was overall too shy to say it, so he just settled with..." Hold me."

Hannibal wordlessly guided Will, they climbed into his bed, swinging his leg over one by one, scooping the omega up in his strong hands, rubbing his neck on what was his with a low

grumble in his throat. Wil's back was pressed to his chest he felt the alpha breath in his scent, his ass perfectly lined up with Hannibal's clothed cock. He nuzzled into his neck, gripping his large hands, moving them slowly over his body as he moaned.

" Mmm," Will felt more heat inside him pool as he was coddled.

" It looks good on you," Hannibal whispered into his nape as he rubbed the fabric of his turtleneck between two fingers. Will shifted to look Hannibal in the eyes.

" Does it?" Will ground his hips down in a circular motion, friction lighting sparks on his skin through Hannibal's clothes he still had on. Their head tilted at an angle, their lips now only an inch or two apart, small sighs were pulled out of his alpha much to his pleasure. Hannibal's eyes were fixed to Will's lips, so he licked them, gold flashing in his eyes.

" Please." He grew closer, nosing him, the thick fan of his eyelashes fluttering. " I bet it would look better off of me." Will breathed, hesitated then gave in to the magnetic pull between him and Hannibal.

Small moans escaped him as his bottom lip became trapt between his alphas teeth, Will guided Hannibal's hand to his growing bulge. " Can't you feel what you do to me?" He whispered to his lover's lips as he kissed him again. He felt Hannibal's ever so poise posture fell apart in his arms as he pulled Will's hair, allowing better access to his lips as he claimed them hungrily and without holding back.

"Yes," Hannibal growled, fastly moving on top of the omega, rubbing his equally hard covered length into Will's. Will gasped at the friction as Hannibal's hands snaked under his sweater, warm fingers pulling the fabric needily over his shoulders.

Will was naked first, panting, neck unbandaged and exposed for his lover to lap up. The devil's tongue melted into his heated feverish skin. Hannibal had the taste of Will's blood on his lips, he wanted more, teeth nipping at the skin on his mate's neck, the scent of him making his veins boil and his skin tighten.

" Ah, fuck, more, please." Will wiggled under Hannibal's hold. Will arched his neck wanting Hannibal's teeth deeper inside him.

" Any more and I'll-" Hannibal sucked at the broken skin, " Hurt you, Will." Hot breath making Will feel unhinged.

" Hurt me, please," Will begged, " Bite me, fuck me, just please.. harder." Will's nails brutalized the fabric of Hannibal's suit jacket. " The bad.." He panted, " The bad feels good to me."

Hannibal smiled, sat up, and undid his tie, " Hold out your wrists." He said, the sound of sex on his tongue. And Will did. Once the tie was knotted he began to move Will's hips to move him ass up on the bed, but Will stopped him...

" No, Hannibal, I want-" His blush was deep, breath quick and heart fast and fluttering. " I want to see your face when you come in me." The words slipped out, Hannibal's expression

was shocked but he barely showed it, small smile as he moved him back. He tied the fabric above Will's head, sinching hard, it bit into him.

Good.

Will watched as Hannibal stripped layer by layer, he folded each piece, laying them in a small pile on the side table. Will's mouth water at the sight of his naked shoulder, his toned stomach, the trail of hair that led to his last piece of clothing. Will could see how much Hannibal's need was it layed thick and throbbing on his stomach, veins beautifully on the surface.

Will never thought that he, a "straight" man... Or so he *thought*, would ever think another man's genitalia to be anything, let alone *beautiful.* But here he was panting and salivating like a dog getting its dinner at the sight of the slight curve of Hannibal's cock and wondering how many times the man would make him come from that alone.

Hannibal was between Will's legs, mouth kissing up his thigh, nipping lightly at the softness. His tongue worked, tracing lines of heat leading to his leaking cock. Will gasped as the wetness of the alpha's mouth lapped into his slick hole. Will threw his head back as the tip of Hannibal's tongue breached his entrance, Hannibal moaned at the sweet taste of his mate, eating him like a ripe fruit in summer. Wills thighs shook, and just as he thought he might come on Hannibal's mouth alone...He pulled back, red in his eyes visible, licking the taste of him off his lips.

Hannibal lunged at his chest, Will cried as he licked and bit the soft bud of his nipple. He squirmed, he ached for more. He shifted his hips, grinding his cock on Hannibal's thigh as he made purple bruises on his chest. It hurt, it felt like lightning, the impact of teeth on his sensitive flesh made his cock pulse and twitch. His breathing grew ragged..

" Please." He whined as sweat caressed his temples.

Hannibal's tongue licked at the wetness on his forehead, and whispered," Please what, mylimas." He bit forcibly into the mating bite.

Pain surged in him, sizzling through his skin, on the edge of release he panted. " Un-tie me I want to touch you," He rubbed on the alpha, feral and needy as he whined. A soft purr came out of the man above him, and hands undid the binding.

Will kissed him, tongue tasting what he had tasted, searching in his mouth, the tip of his tongue tracing his lover's fangs. He rocked and rubbed against him, their cocks brushing ever so slightly.

Hannibal moaned as Will laced his newly free fingers in his ashy blonde hair, He spread his thighs more as Hannibal's fingertip brushed his hole.

" Ahh, mmh." Hannibal curled the digit, brushing against his prostate. One finger turned into two, then three as he stretched his lover open. Will rocked on Hannibal's fingers and he whispered sweet nothings in his ear, a language he hadn't heard. He closed his eyes briefly.

When they were open once more he caught the smallest glint of Hannibal loosening all of his wall, his person suit he wore so tailored to him, he rarely let anyone in, but now in Wills's arms, as his cock entered him.. He saw it. And it was beautiful.

Their lips met as Hannibal began to thrust deeper, his omega slick easing the way for the massive intrusion. Fire spread all over him as he gripped Hannibal's back, the two wordlessly fucking into each other, groaning as they tasted each other.

The pace became more desperate, brutal, Hannibal's soft cries and breathy growls filled Will's head. Their skin glided, sheened with sweat and slick. Will felt Hannibal's knot hit against his hole, felt him frantically fucking into him like he couldn't breathe like Will was his oxygen.

" I need it." Will moaned in his lover's ear. Hannibal's hands, once grabbing at him like a feral jungle cat where now positioning his ankles up around his massive shoulders. The new angle allowed him to slide deeper.

" Yes, fuck, yes knot me, Hannibal- I'm I'm so c-close," Will screamed grabbing a fistful of Hannibal's hair to steady himself. The sound of their skin slapping was all around, his body felt new, vibrant and.." H-holy shit ahh." Will gasped, Hannibal was fully inside of him, hips not letting up as he pounded in.

Pleasure came up like a wave as Hannibal growled in his ear, latching onto his abused neck as he took his lover's cock in his hand, pumping it fiercely.

" G-god, Hannibal I'm-" The moans synced, gasping into each other's mouth, struggling to breathe as they claimed one another. The smell of blood filled his nose as he came out around his lover's fist, shaking and crying.

" You said you wanted to look at me, so, here- agh-" Will cupped Hannibal's cheek as he met each other's eyes, Hannibal bit his lip to ill bled, moaning as he filled up Will with his realse.

"You're-you're so beautiful," Will said catching his breath, placing kisses over the small gash in Hannibal's lip.

They laid there for some time, locked in each eyes, each other's embrace. Will stoked Hannibal's hair and buried his nose in his neck.

Mine. " You're all mine."

The Fox & The Rabbit

Hannibal's nose was buried into his mate's sweat-damp curls. Will smell wasn't all his...

He still had the lingering musk of the same alpha Hannibal had smelt on him the day they searched Gideon's lock-up...The day Hannibal nearly lost control of himself at the thought of another man...another alpha touching Will. *His* Will.

And he was his. Now and forever. He was marked with his teeth, with his seed, with his love...

Will looked peaceful. Tucked under the thinness of a grey sheet, hands balled up as if to grasp something, but Hannibal wasn't there anymore... He loomed few feet back, silently sifting through clothing pockets, and jeans until he found what he was looking for.

The name written on the crumbled piece of yellow-lined paper was shaky like the writer's heart pumped fast, making the hands that held the pen jump and skirt across the page. Still, it was readable. Inky and black the identity of his next victim was clear.

Fergus Alexander Crowley.

His lips turned upward, he keened at the idea forming thick in his mind. He fished out Will's cell phone and scrolled till his eyes found the number.

// Matthew, meet me here just after 6, no cops I promise...we need to talk, //

His text gave the address, he would have enough time for them both. Making sure the text sent he then deleted it from Will's phone. His mate only needed to know what he wanted him to...

Hannibal shoved the note and the phone back into Will's pants, placing a lingering look on the body of his sleeping mate before he slipped out the door.

The cold bit into Hannibal's clothed frame, numbing his fingers. The cold digits wrapped around the leather steering wheel of his parked Bentley, the engine began to blast heated puffs of air towards his stonelike face.

He drove back to Baltimore, murder methods dancing in his head. Dismemberment? Torcher? The Bucher's profile would call for a creative brand of cruelty. And his brand of business was even worse than his actual crimes, truly, Hannibal didn't mind another man relishing in his profession, but, this one, in particular, this one... Had outlived his life expectancy the minute he took on *his* name.

The Chesapeake Ripper. He had earned his title, his...Place amongst the lambs of the world. But this Butcher...He had to steal it. Steal *his.* Not many things could put a sour taste in his mouth before he had bitten into them, but he had significantly disrupted the hierarchy of hell.

The song of the crinkling suit cover was at his ears again. Soon it would be covered in both the men's blood.

The dangling bits of the bate was set, he waited by the trap breathing in the metallic scent of the abandoned warehouse. It was odd for him to wait for prey to show up, often he was the pursuer, the seeker. His body hummed with anticipation as he watched the only main entrance to the massive old film factory, and in its gates formed a shadow.

The man's footsteps sung through his blood, the animal inside still hadn't picked a suitable life sentence for him. He smelt the air, notes of cherry and bark filled his nose...An alpha. This could turn into a worthwhile slow skewer...

He caught the green eyes of his next kill and began to work.

" Matthew, your not Matthew." Mr. Crowley gasped out as Hannibal caught him a deadly hold, arms squeezing around his ribs who surprisingly haven't broken yet...He applied more pressure. A sort of wheezing sound hissed from his tightened lungs as he struggled, his nails clawed at Hannibal's clear suit.

" And your not The Chesapeake Ripper, but then again, who of us are honest?" Hannibal breathed into the tall man's ear, his muscles bulged and convulsed, unable to break free the man snarled, a titch of red was seen out of Hannibal's left eye as he watched his terrible realization of *who* and what he was, and what he was going to do...

Hannibal could feel the fight lessening from his caged animal, his weight becoming suffocated slack in his hands...

He was maneuvered. Clothes removed, his body now accessible to his tools. The leather straps were thick, they went across his thighs, chest, and groin. Hannibal sinched the belts, earning another hiss from his captive.

" Why-why are you doing this?" Fergus questioned blood down his mouth from his own fang penetrating his lower lip. His bright auburn hair glew in fading daylight that came streaming through the glass windows.

Hannibal chuckled, fingers dancing through his inventory of blades and surgical tools. He had to pick one, one that would make the man scream but also talk. Hannibal's humanity came out in some ways, some say less than others but who was he to deny himself of the motive of the famed " Black-Eyed-Butcher"...

" Now this is going to sting a bit.." He said lifting the scalpel to the man's bare chest. It slid through the pale man like hot butter, he screamed as it slipped past his left nipple, nearly severing the bud of sensitive flesh.

" I want you to tell me who hired you," Hannibal hummed, blood collecting in the hollow of Fergus's chest like a flood. " Do you think you can do that for me?" His brown eyes flecked red as they stared down at the bag of skinned meat on the makeshift table.

" If this is about your name then-Ah!" The man cried as the leather strap around his chest tightened, cracking a rib. The man huffed and Hannibal's steady hands held idly waiting for the right pressure point to slice into.

" You're only going to make this harder for yourself Fergus." Hannibal looked down at the man, he was young, thirties maybe.

" How do you know my name? Did that little shit Matthew tell-Ahhhh!" The sloshing sounds of the open cavity Hannibal was carving into were wet and messy. Blood bloomed from the man's stomach, an incision just above the broken rib. The rib that Hannibal now had both of his fingers around shoving the sharp tip deeper, daring to let the air out of the man's lungs while he gurgled on his own blood. He could feel the warmth that the body held even though his murder suit.

The man's screams rang in his ears. " Now, tell me, who do you work for? I know you don't get the hit list on your own. Not that your not bright enough but, hm. "Hannibal's fingers twisted the broken piece of bone some.

" Please, please don't kill me." The meat begged for its life...Pitiful.

Hannibal smiled taking a bloodied hand to the man's clean shaved face caressing his thumb over his cheek softly. " Don't ask for things unless you give me what I want little lemming. " He smacked the cheek, blood sprayed onto his face and Fergus's. He tasted the irony blood with a snaking motion of his tongue.

" Okay..." The man gasped. " Alight ill tell you. Then will you let me go?" His green eyes were wide with fear, Hannibal nodded setting down the scalpel on his metal medical tray.

"It's.." He hesitated some, moving his neck so he could speak better, his body blinded by pain. " Mason Verger." He let out a large sigh, panting now. " He has a list of people he wanted dead, no reason was given, just instructions and money." He gulped, Hannibal listened. " I wasn't in it for the money, I just wanted-"

"It's the meat isn't it Fegeus." Hannibal cooed looking down at the fragile baby cannibal...Too big for his britches.

" Y-yes. I couldn't stop, this-this job it just gave me an outlet for my desires. My Needs." His pupils dilated as he told his truth.

" And what makes you think I won't stop Fergus? " Hannibal stoked his flush cheek once more, lacing it with his own fluids as he admired the skin tone of the pale man mixed with the bright red blood.

" I- " He blinked up at him, blonde eyelashes in a flutter. " Because you gave me your wor-" The scalpel was picked up mid-sentence, it now was slipping through the alphas neck with ease as a wide shower of blood poured over the leather straps. His body pulsed and vibrated as the last of the red life source was spilled from his jugular.

Hannibal sighed and shook his head, continuing his work. Cutting out the fresh organs for later consumption and placing them in a blue cooler. His plan was only half done.

"Will?" Matthew's voice called out as the last of Crowley's meat was successfully removed and stored away. He closed the lid of the cooler with a snap.

The next victim's feet crunched the glass bits on the floor. Hannibal's nostrils flared as the smell of him accompanied by immediate revulsion.

How could this creature possibly be alluring to Will? Hannibal thought as he gazed into the beaty blue eyes gaining closeness.

" Wheres Will?" The meal said with a snarl. A challenge? Maybe. A fighter? He would see before the end of it.

" I'm afraid the adventure is just yours and mine tonight dear Matthew." A shiver of anticipation swelled in his bones, crawling up his neck, ready to bare its teeth. He took a step forward, Matthew took a step back.

" I said wheres, Will? What have you done with him?" The man's eyes went wide as he noticed the arterial spray of blood splattered on his plastic suit. Hannibal crept further, he would enjoy this chase...Possibly too much.

" I've done nothing with him, he's sleeping, in *our* bed." The emphasis was added to stir the man now on his heels, his prey's eyes searched for exits, but he knew there were none.

" You-" Matthews jaw unhinged, a snarl crossing his thin lips. "You're his mate?" Matthews's disbelief if Will's choice of a mate was insulting. He could see the rage evolving in the man's chest but he didn't push him, he would have to stay calm if he wanted the hunt to last. He was going to enjoy tearing this lesser man apart.

" Will is mine, yes." He stepped again, the two alphas now in a traverse dance, a tango of sorts. Both their musks tangled in the air.

Matthews's hand slipped into his jacket pocket, fingers clicking at a screen as his lips formed sentences that didn't matter, he was still going to die no matter how much he pleaded.

" So this is what this is all about? Huh? Your mad that I had him first? That he chose me first? That I tasted him before you could even-" Hannibals gloved hand was wrapped around the alpha's throat, half made words choked out of the fleshy contraption. His feet dangled above the floor as Hannibal's rage lifted him up.

" What were you doing to do with that?" Hannibal said swiftly using his non-preoccupied hand to grasp Matthews's cell...He had sent a text. " Who did you tell? Hmm?" Hannibal shook him. A smile formed on Matthews's lips as he gasped, his body falling to the floor in a clatter.

" He would have found out soon enough..*Doctor.*" Matthew spat blood on the floor, struggling to his feet. But Hannibal could fool around no longer, he had to take action. Now

his own hand was slipping into his inner pocket, retrieving the item he needed to subdue the alpha. The item he preferred not to use unless absolutely necessary. But now that he had sent out the tip, he had to move faster than he would have liked.

" Sip." He whispered in the alpha ear as he injected the needle tip to his jugular, " And have a taste of my disease." Hannibal growled as the paralyzing analytic serum took hold. He would be able to feel everything, but he wouldn't be able to do a thing about it.

Matthews eyes were the only alert thing about him as he managed to spit out..." He'll find me, you'll see, he'll see *you*. He'll see who you are." Hannibal strapped his arms down to a chair similar to the metal bed The Butcher died on. He wanted him to feel every sensation, including the leather biting into his skin.

" Oh, dear Matthew.." Hannibal whispered intimately to the back of his prey's neck as the last of the belts fastened, " When the fox hears the rabbit scream...He comes a-runnin'...But not to help."

Hannibal couldn't deny the wordless feeling that crept at his skin or the fact that his love was about to see him In the light, but it was too late, the stage was set and the mongoose was on his trail.

The Show Must Go On

Will followed the anonymous tip he got from the text, it was an address on the other side of town.

The destination was an empty warehouse off the highway, close to the woods. He didn't know what he was hoping to find, The Butchers remains? His hideout? Will's head spun. The message he received was half-written and vague. One thing was clear...The closer he got to this place, the more the hair on his arms stood up, like a warning that he was clearly ignoring.

His car slowed to a stop, the massive structure loomed above him, making him feel small, minute. He shivered at the cold air whipping past his cheeks.

There was a padlock on the large metal door...It was broken, the metal was browning with rust, Will could smell it. He stepped in the threshold, gun raised not knowing the danger in front of him, his head pointed sharply ahead.

Step by step he cleared the space with his mind, making a catalog of scenes and noticing the fraying details that crinkled around his eyes. It smelled like metal. There was debris all around, empty containers, and fine metallic dust that covered everything. The more he walked, boots crunching bits of glass on the ground, he realized that the warehouse was once an old film company, empty film containers are reals lay abandoned all around.

That's what he smelt, silver. They used it in old production places before they got shut down. But something about the smell was blocking his senses, ever since he presented omega his sense of smell was always keen, sharp, but now, here in this empty but not for lack of better words-metal box... It was like there was no signal, noting allowing him to pick up signs of people being there.

Until...

His alphas smell wafted in from a distance. Cool mint, pine, and musk mixed. *Hannibal*. What was he doing here? Wills's nerves started to kick in, fear for his mate striking him hard. He moved quickly to the source of the scent, heart erratically beating, slamming in his chest.

If this was some sick game The Butcher was playing, leading him to this place to witness hell on earth, he wasn't down for the count. If he had Hannibal, If he *touched* him, Will would kill him with his bare hands. He would rip him apart. There wasn't anything in the world he wouldn't do to save Hannibal...He hadn't said it yet, not even a whisper from his lips, but he knew..He knew he was in love. It was a sneaking consumption of his mind and heart that left him aching for more, yet it had been draining his energy, making his brain swell with the fear of rejection still after everything...After he had claimed him, laid him down, and made the bond tighten and bevel with emotion he had never felt. He wouldn't be able to breathe without him.

He didn't call Hannibal's name aloud, he knew better, if this was truly a trap for him, he would have to be careful, sneaky. His scent would be blocked from the serial killer, but Will could still tale his mate, he would find him in the mess of a place. He hoped, intact. He moved from corner to corner, the gun shaking in his hands as he cleared the area. Breath came out in a cloud of dust, his eyes stung from the slight metallic perfume in the air. His shoes made echoed noises as he tried to stay silent as possible.

That's when Wills's ears pricked to the sound of screams dripping in from close corners. His teeth and jaw clamped at the sound. They were desperate, gut-clenching cries... But they weren't Hannibals.

Relife fell through his skin like a winter wind. The cold was so strong he could see his breath even indoors, it cast a ghostly haze on the air.

Then the screams started again, louder now. Will was getting closer. The air smelt of blood and just as he was going to pick up his phone, call for backup, he saw him.

Hannibal.

The knife in his hand, it dripped with bright red blood. A plastic suit of sorts covered his clothes, its clear face splattered, drenched in...

" Oh god." Will shook at the sight. The *familiar* sight. His throat felt horse, his hands gripped the gun harder as he approached.

He was tied to a chair. His shirt ripped open, blood slicked skin, and deep chest wounds to his face and abdomen. No..

Matthew.

Will's hands vibrated as he stepped into Hannibal's line of sight, gun raised at his mate. " Stop!" He shouted, voice broken, mind screaming louder and louder as he shook.

Hannibal looked up at him, smile slipping, swooning over blood reddened lips. " Will." He said softly. " Lower the gun." His whiskey brown eyes now red with bloodlust.

"No! " Will screamed, surprising himself, tears pricking at his eyes. " Step away from him or I'll-" He choked on air. What was he going to do? Kill him? His mate.. His...

"Or you'll what lamb? You're not going to shoot me-" Hannibal's head tilted, the scent came in waves to Will's nose, causing him to vibrate and slick to form between his thighs.

No, no, no. It cant be. The thought echoed in his skull as he watched the poised man in front of him that he thought he knew... He was...Glowing with pleasure. Will gulped.

" How do you know that?!" Will stepped closer gun still at his mate's chest from feet away, Matthew's head lifted eyes going wide on his pale face...*He was alive.*

" W-will, p-please help me," Matthew called to him through strings of blood and spit as his body limp against the leather straps. But Will's eyes weren't on him.

" Why are you doing this?! " He screamed at his mate, voice trembling, blue eyes wide. It felt like his whole world was imploding, a bomb set off in the center of his chest, hollowing him out, killing him.

" Poor dear Matthew was meant to be the last supper of The Black Eyed Butcher, and when I followed him to his spot, I offered him a chance to explain himself, and he offered me an opportunity." Hannibal's breath was even, no nerves shocked his skin, no fear. Nothing. " So I took it."

That's when Will noticed the another body in the corner of the room. Blood painted the man's lifeless skin, his eyes were removed, chest opened, ribs opened, organs gone...There was a blue cooler beside the body...

" Two birds with one stone?? This is insane.." Will spoke to the air, he didn't know who he was trying to convince, himself, or his lover. His lover who he felt as if he was seeing truly for the first time...

"It's quite the opposite if you want the truth, he was starting to get on my nerves, he was...Rude. Taking credit when credit wasn't due. " Hannibal's eyes narrowed, the scent off of his skin was intoxicating Will to the point of near submission, his body aching for his alpha even now, even when he stood covered in his first fuck's blood " But he won't be the bureau's, or your problem any longer, dear Will... " His eyes were back to their normal shade...But none of this was normal. Then something clicked...

" What-" Will's eyes went to Hannibal, he breathed in, the bond between him and his alpha so strong he could feel him. He felt joy, he was enjoying this, he was-" It's you isn't it. " Will asked moving closer, gun at Hannibal's head while he grinned. A sick love smirk.

" I knew you would see me," Hannibal said softly fingers stroking his hot cheek, it burned like fire.

" No, no, no, it can't- you can't be-" Will sobbed, he knew the truth now, all of it, pieces coming together to make the gruesome picture. He couldn't breathe. He pressed the gun harder against his mate, pain bright in his chest.

It wasn't betrayal, it was... Relife?

" I hate you." He whispered. " I hate who you are, what you do. Fuck this can't-" He blocked out the increasing pull to him, he wanted to crawl into him, feast on his flesh, live inside him, he *was* him...And he couldn't separate the two. His mate was.." The Chesapeake Ripper doesn't make house calls, so why me, why him -"

"Shh, " Hannibal cooed. " You had to know sooner than later.." His brown eyes softened, " You were ready Mylimas."

" Don't fucking call me that! I'm not your love. I'm not. I can't." Will cried. They were the only ones in the room then, Matthwers moans of pain whisked away, nothing underneath the tension between lovers.

" You can't what, Will," Hannibal's hand slowly grabbed the gun from Will's pliant shaking hands, putting the safety back on and skirting the metal on the ground away from the two.

Will let him take his only means of escape as the words escaped his lips, " Love you. Not anymore I-" Then swiftly and feverishly Hannibal's lips claimed his mouth, he moaned he instinctively pressed his body forcefully against the alpha, Matthews blood on his clothes. He panted in Hannibal's mouth, a deadly drip of his fingers found his waist, pulling him in deeper as their tongues danced. He couldn't stop, it was too late. It was all too late.

" G-god I hate you so much I can't-" Will's words were gasps and moans as Hannibal licked his healing mating mark. " Fuck this is wrong. Hannibal, your wrong i-" Another moan escaped him. Hungry noises laced with death and life. His need to be his even now struck him.

" I know Mylimas I know." Hannibal grasped his face, the smell of blood entered his nose, it made him salivate. Then Hannibal placed something cold, colder than the air in his palm. He looked at him, eyes shining just for his mate. " You said you'd do anything little lamb, you said you'd come to me. And you have."

"N-no, please no, don't make me-" Will choked out as leftover blood slicked his fingers off the scalpel. He couldn't do this..He wouldn't.

" This is your becoming, my love," Hannibal whispered, mouth close to his ear as his tongue licked inside it. He couldn't escape, not any longer.

Will shivered. " And if I don't." His hand shook as it lifted, hovering above Matthews torn flesh.

" You know what you want Will, you know what you crave. What you have always craved. We are just alike you and I. " His lovers tongue traced across his neck once more, he jerked, sharp metal sinking into Matthews chest some. Blood flowed into the tips of his fingers. His mind grew hot with hunger.

Matthew wiggled against his restraints, breath coming in short struggling spirits. " Will no...Ah!" His scream howled as Will sunk the blade into his shoulder while Hannibal hovered and watched the sight.

" I'm sorry...I can't stop. I just can't stop." Will choked and cried as more blood gushed over his fingers, warm and wet. Tears burned from his eyes down to his cheeks as he dug the knife deeper.

It didn't take much more pressure from his shaking hands to do the trick, Matthews wounds were already grave, he only needed to seal the kiss of death with a short flick of the wrist. His mind went blank...It was only the blood. The sounds of choking and gasping as he sliced into Matthews throat, blade cutting into his windpipe, its wheezing sound made his body feel weak.

The spray of blood sloshed over his lips, he tasted his kill, tongue swiping over the hot mess. He dropped the knife with a clatter moving away form the still warm corpse.

Right as he felt himself falling, Hannibals firm hands caught him, his lips at his neck. " Its okay.. Its all going to be okay now." Hannibal pet Will's bloodied curls as his mate slipped under, body going limp as he fainted from shock. " I'm going to take care of you...My love."

High Tide

Drip... Drip... Drip...

The silver showerhead was out of sight.

The sound that ticked in Will's ears was Matthew's blood as it left his skin down the metal drain, the water carrying the substance down his awakening arms and limbs. The clear water mixing with the red blood, and with Will's tears. His body felt fuzzy, but alert. His head was filling with flashes and after images of what Hannibal had done, what he had chosen to do...For him.. For himself.

He listened to the sound of rain, it surrounded him like if he were in a forest...Far far away from here. From *him.*

Strong hands held him up, he was naked, hot water soothing his aching skin. His eyes lulled open more and the strong scent of Hannibal's musk behind him held him steady. He vibrated as his alpha- who was equal without clothes-washed him clean of the irony smell of death. Will arched his spine into the firmness of his alphas touch as he cried.

Will winched, pulling back at the teeth as he nipped his exposed throat. Hannibal's eyes came back to meet his whiskey brown color in the shimmer of water. His palm cupping Will's cheek, stroking it with his thumb as he turned around to face him, noticing the hesitance.

" I won't hurt you." His words thick with his accent as water dripped off his lips tracing a line of wetness down his neck. Will gaped and shook.

" I would never.." Hannibal looked to Wills's damp curls and dilated blue eyes then back to his lush reddened lips. " I *could* never... hurt you... Mylimas." He closed the distance between their wet bodies, lips barely connecting The soft gentle caress of his lower lip brushing Will's, the scent of his breath on the back of his tongue. The walk-in shower sounded like a rainstorm in October, and Will was the tree swaying in the wind. Falling in and out of reality, only to crash back into *him.*

His voice came out like a tiny whistle through the steam, smoke, and mirrors.," He's dead.." He said it like he didn't know like he couldn't know, how good it felt to take his life. To feel the heat of his blood ooze down his fingers.

As if reading his mind Hannibal nuzzled him, a soft sigh and growl of ownership laced his lips as he gripped Wil's sides. " Don't worry, took care of it."

Sparks light up his body at the sound of his alphas groans, Will's petrified body went soft, fear melting, rolling off of his body like heated candle wax. Finally answering the desire and kissing back Hannibal hungrily and without restraint. Then like he was shocked by electricity he pulled back, guilt forming in his mind, turning away once more and letting the water fall down his back.

But the sound of the water splashing was nearly engulfed the noise of his shallow moans when Hannibal touched him *there.* Will gasped. Nimble surgeon fingers wrapped around him, He was painfully hard, his body betraying his mind, Hannibal's hand stroked him slow.

" Hannibal don't I- P-please." He begged for something, anything to put him under again, under the tidal wave, bury him in the sand, and leave him there. Because this couldn't be this, it couldn't. It couldn't be that he *wanted* it, he *needed* it.

" Ahh," Wills's head threw back, nesting on Hannibal's shoulder. His blue eyes skated up to the red in his lover's eyes. Those eyes. Red marron holes, windows into hell. They captured his soul like Dorian Gray's painting. His sick silhouette soothed the fire in him. He flinched at any slight movement on his length, body tensing and pulsing.

He should have said something, he knew he was in the beings of his heat. A heat to end all heats, the fire in his body was begging him to touch and to be touched.

He hadn't been taking his suppressants since Hannibal and he mated, for some reason, it felt wrong too, like a small lie or betrayal of his true nature that he had to no embrace.

But it was the murder that had triggered something horrifyingly deep inside him. Broken, Beautiful, and horrifying. His body was reacting in the only way it knew how. A surge of heat and slick, passion and feelings he wanted to keep deep and buried within him. But his body couldn't lie like his mouth could. And his body wanted only one thing. Something his mind was too afraid of truly admitting.. Of tasting.

He ground his naked flesh against Hannibal's already hardening cock, groaning at the slight friction. His eyes grazed Hannibals features. In all the horror of it, Will couldn't deny that he was truly beautiful. He was like a god sculpted by hades himself. The water bounced across his face, his high cheekbones, his full succulent lips Will wanted to taste again so badly. Even after he knew what this man put on them. In them.

Human flesh.

Blood.

Countless dead at his hand.

Those teeth that scraped bone. They bit into him. Marking him. Claiming his body for his own. The fingers that touched him tore others apart, minced them into bloody bits. But Hannibal would hurt him. He was under the impression that Will was like him, a murder. Will ached for more touch, despite what his brain was screaming he couldn't deny the passion fiery he had in his belly for this man, this creature. And this beautiful mess he had gotten himself in...His lover, his Hannibal.

He sighed and gave in. His head below the river now...So deep he could never breathe normal again.

" Please." He said once more. Same word...Different meaning. It wasn't the heat of the shower nor the smell of oragne clementine soap that made him feel clean. He felt filthy,

rotten, vile. But god...Did it feel so good so right when Hannibal slipped inside of him. The killer grunted and gasped as the head of his cock was engulfed in Wills's wet hot heat. He nuzzled Will's neck softly before he grabbed Will's arms, pinning them against the show wall. His teeth were in his neck... Moaning at the taste of...

His accomplice. His lover. His mate.

Will rocked back into Hannibal's fast powerful thrust. Hannibal's mouth just below his ear, voice wet and wanting. " You did so well." Another gruff exhale, hands shifting, a harsh grab to Will's waist pulling him face to face with the monster that was ready to devour him. " I knew you-" his voice broke into a moan, eyes glowing red. " I knew."

Will put a hand to his lips, " No talking. Just-" He searched Hannibal's eyes, the man he saw kill so effortlessly was panting like a dog, winning for him, to fuck him, to taste him. Will was his weakness. " Just- please, fuck me till I can't think." And Hannibal was Will's... " I need you, Hannibal." He whispered water entering his mouth as the hot spray of the shower attempted to wash away his sins...But they were just getting greater.

Hannibals lips roughly crashed into his, his back pressed against the cold tile. Hannibal's tongue feverishly licked into his mouth as his tender grip lifted Will's thighs, moving them around his hips. Then with a half whine half grunt, the cannibalistic killer slammed back into his lamb. Causing shock waves of pleasure to radiate through him.

" G-god fuck, yes, m-more" Will grabbed Hannibal's silvering wet hair, fiercely and desperately rocking and bouncing on Hannibal's cock with every fiber in his being. The head ramming in his prostate so hard he was seeing stars. Hannibal's hands gripped Will's plump ass, spreading him as he rode the alpha. Will stared into the bloody iris of the man he dared to love. He could barely speak beyond moaning his name over and over. This was wrong; This was right. This was-

" Tell me your mine." Hannibal huffed his toes curling as his knot began to swell, catching inside his sweet omegas hole. He was desperate. a side Will rarely saw of him.

" I'm-" He almost said those words before stopping himself. Once it was said, he couldn't take it back, he couldn't undo then once it was out of his teeth and in the air.

More pleasure bombarded him, Will's nails cut into Hannibal's back. Before he could answer the two lost the balance, limbs quivering as they collapsed in the massive walk-in shower, Will was cast underneath the feral beast. He searched his face. He knew this was real, even if it might kill him, kill them both. Another staving kiss was stolen from Will's lips, teeth nipping the alpha enough to make blood bloom from his lower lip. Will lapped up the taste.

Hannibal slowed his pace, saving the look on his omegas face as he lied on top of him. His Will.

Hannibal moved so their noises brushed, he breathed in deep Will's scent and placed feathery soft kisses on his temples. Pulling back to look at the blues, whispering between moans and agonizingly slow thrusts, " I- l-love you, W-will."

The change in his face caught him off guard, the omegas hips went faster, rutting harder, his hole fluttering with every movement. Small noises slipped from his soft lips but he didn't say anything.

" I said no talking." Will wrapped his leg over Hanibals thigh, and in a spark of animalistic power, flipped them over again. The wet floor making their skin slide. The pace quickened once more with Will's need for his release. There were both so close now. The two wet animals growling and gripping each other, slamming and fucking into each other like they needed it more than air. More than life itself.

Will's teeth nipped Hannibal's jaw, making a line of marks to his ear before replying. " I feel like if I-" Will could feel the knot, it was completely inside him, " Don't say this now, I'll explode." He kissed his mate softly tongue tracing his fangs. " But I can't lie anymore. " More kisses, hungry, angry, Will was angry that he felt for the monster below him. That he felt he could live without him, his touch, his eyes watching his every move. "God...I Fucking hate you, but I love you, so much, and I can't stop myself anymore. " Their foreheads touched, both panting close to the edge of no return.

" Will I-" Will felt Hannibal tense his shoulders start as he started to spill deep inside him, Hannibal latched on to his omega's throat as their bodies wet and hot pulsed and writhed.

Will rode him until his legs shook and his bones ached. " God-You feel so good inside me, alpha, so- so full. I'm-Ahh!" Will bit at Hannibal's shoulder as his cock spurt between their stomachs.

" My beautiful omega.." Hannibal stroked his back, " My Will."

" Yours." He gasped through the aftershocks.

The water finally ran clear, and his heart didn't stop slamming.

Lies, lies, lies

The next two days Will rarely strayed from his or Hannibal's bed. Their bodies were almost glued to one another in a sick sense of inseparableness. Mouths that shared breath and life constantly engaged, lips red with blood and bites. The sheets on Hannibal's cobalt blue bed were always half torn off, Wills's thighs were constantly marked with bruises, (although his mating bite had healed nicely in just over a week).

Hannibals efforts to calm him came often, or whenever he quipped, " Are you sure? Like one hundred percent absolutely, sure Hannibal." Will tailed his mate to his kitchen where he was cooking them breakfast. The air smelt amazing, herbs and meat, cheese and coffee.

" Not to worry Mylimas, I know what I'm doing little lamb." He held Will's chin above the masterful plating that would give culinary chefs shame. His eyes crinkled as he gave a reassuring glint of ownership, fingers traced the outline of Will's scruff then up to his lips.

Will took the two digits into his mouth, moaning at the heaviness of his tongue. His stomach swirled. " I guess you do, don't you...Ripper." He teased and Hannibal dropped his teasing fingers, using them to point to the hot meal ready to devour.

" Eat." Hannibal commanded, " You will need your strength," His eyes didn't leave him.

" Yeah, yeah, lying and dodging coworkers is sure going to wear me out." Will's smile grew raising the sides on his mouth to reveal his omegan fangs. He looked down at the dish prepared, it was the same one his mate had served the day they went looking for Garret Jacob Hobbs.

Sentimental sap.

An egg scramble, with bell papers and sausage. He took in the smell, eyes closing to peer into his self conscious.

Images fell past the scales that were once on his eyes. The smell of iron and silver dust that coated the warehouse. The bloody mounds of meat taken from The Butcher's non- deserving body. The blue and white cooler smeared in blood.. Matthews mutilated corpse hanging dead from leather binds...

He opened his eyes, a silver fork glinting off the overhead lights of the dining table. This would be the first conscious decision to eat Dr. Lecters food, knowing what the main ingredient was...

People.

He swallowed.

And a new day began.

" So no?" Jimmy's head tilted, "You're not going to tell us where that massive scar came from Graham?" His eyes were careful, but playful as well, But Will was still not in the mood, he had been in and out of the Quantico bathroom hurling his guts out for the past few hours.

Will rubbed his silver mating mark with the back of his palm, it sent shock waves to his stomach, and just when he was about to excuse himself for another round of dry heaving...Jack walked in, hat tip sideways with a scowl.

" Graham!" His alpha voice boomed although he didn't need to yell, Will was near him enough to smell him coming.

" Yeah, I'm here." He leaned against one of the many desks in the office and swallowed thickly. This couldn't be from breakfast. He had never thrown up Hannibal's cooking before....This was different. This *felt* different. His nauseousness wasn't the only thing making him feel like he was dying.

"Where have you been? We had two dead bodies show up and no you. Does that sound the least bit normal?" Jack's harshness wasn't a surprise.

" No," He coughed nervously running a hand through his messy curls. " I haven't felt my best so I-"

" So you think you can dog out on his because your tummy hurts?" Beverly, Zeller, and Jimmy nearly bust out laughing at the alphas words. " Jesus Graham, we need you onboard here."

" Yeah, I'm on, " Will' replied then his voice lowered, " *I'm on the ship it's just sinking.*"

Jack gained closeness, " I don't know what's funny-"

" Nothing, Nothing. " Will's hands went up Hannibal's loose shirt leaving coming up over his wrists. Jack's eyes went to the red bite marks near the crook of his inner elbow. They stayed heavy on the fading mark, then lowered as he walked away shaking his head with a grumble.

Will cleared his throat once more and prepared for the rest of the day, moving to the three others in the room. " Any more information on the killings? " It felt odd asking about his own crime, but he had to know..." What is the official word on them? Did-"

" The first vic had ID on him." Beverly moved to the police computer and pointed at the file coming up on the screen as Zeller and Price quietly talked beside them. " Fergus Alexander Crowley." She pointed to the faded picture of a ginger-haired man, thirties, eyes green, cold and dead.

So that's what he looked like before Hannibal got to him. Before his guts were in a bucket... Before Will *ate* him.

" He doesn't look too dangerous..." Will said a small smile on his lips. What was he becoming, someone who laughs at dead bodies? Or just the fact The Black-Eyed Butcher was so fucking easy for his mate to kill.

" Well, your lookin' at the man who mutilated and murdered all those people..." Beverly's voice was laced in disgust. He wondered what she would think of him... " The Black Eyed Butcher."

" Nothing more than a meat bag now!" Jimmy quipped loudly with a laugh.

Will's eyes studied the screen waiting for Matthew to come up on it, he didn't know if it was fear or pleasure that took hold. " What about the other? " He licked his lips, mouth dry.

With a few clicks, Beverly pulled up the orderlies ID in the system. " Matthew Jay Brown. " She exhaled, tucking hair behind her ear. His face came up, his blue eyes, Will remembered how his voice sounded, how his hands felt moving over his body. He grimaced, he was Hannibals and his only. " The cops tracked his phone to this abandoned warehouse, where they found the bodies...Well...Most of them."

" Most of them.." Will half-whispered.

" Yeah, but get this, the cell was smashed to bits when they got there, " Zeller said.

Luckily Hanniball thought of everything. Why did that make his heart swell?

" Mhmm." Jimmy came strolling over, hands interlaced with Zeller. " And Mister Murder Pants had multiple organs removed. Like he was basically hollow."

" And the eyes were no more than gaping holes, Just like-" Beverly started.

" Just like his victims," Will added, nodding at his coworkers now in a semi-circle around the screen. " What's the official cause of death?" Will calmed his breathing, he didn't know what tale Hannibal made the bodies tell to cover up their trail.

" Well, Both victims were alive and kicking when they were.." Zeller cleared his throat and thumbed through a paper file dictating the autopsy. " Surgically opened. Fergus was done for when his chest cavity was opened, and still alive when his kidney and liver were removed.And other...Bits. So blood loss and..abdominal mutilations combined, make for a super dead butcher."

"That means someone with anatomical or surgical know-how. There is a distinctive brutality in the manner in which he was killed. Almost It was made to look like he was his own last victim.*But that's impossible.*" Beverly said, whispering the last bit in wonder, running through pictures from the crime scene so colorfully placed on the digital face of the computer. " But Matthew, he was different, by the look of his body he was tortured nearly to death. It just doesn't make sense what would the butcher want with an orderly?"

" Maybe he didn't like that he had a loose mouth," Will nearly hissed as he rubbed his inner arm where Hannibal had latched on to him last night as he rode out his post-orgasm high... It still tingled.."Matthew told me information the last time I spoke with him," Will was careful with his choice of words, not wanting to wreak the art so perfectly placed before him.

His art. " He told me that The Butcher wasn't a serial killer."

" What?" Price and Zeller spoke at the same time their heads moving in sync with shock and tilting back at Will.

" I know, I know," Will ran a hand through tousled curls, he could still smell Hannibal on him. " But I don't think he was lying, he said he was hired."

"Like a hitman? " Beverly looked up from her screen finally.

" Or A contract killer?" Zeller asked Will avoided his eyes.

" Yeah, that, he used the job to access the meat and get paid for the lives he took. A partnership of sorts. He got his back scratched, and so did his hirer. " Will walked to the corner of the room desperately in need of coffee. He eyed the pot and poured the hot liquid in a paper cup, breathing in the scent of dark roast beans and a slight office musk.

" How could something like this exist without us knowing about it?" Beverly said, Will sipped the burnt liquid and shrugged.

" He said that he worked for a very rich and powerful family. *Verger* or something.." Will wasn't faking the difficulty remembering, his head was full of other things..The soft curve of full lips, the scent of pine and mint, how his bruised body ached from the roughness of his last lovemaking.

" Will," Beverly was all a sudden in front of him, her fingers snapping near his face, " I said did you tell Jack?" Will blinked hard, rubbed his eyes, and nodded.

" After Matthew knocked me out to set himself free from custody I told Jack all about it, he didn't bite. He was too stuck on finding The Butcher. And now he's-"

" Was I?" Jacks' large figure appeared in the doorway, Will couldn't tell if he was pissed, of simply faking to startle them as he often did. His brown eyes softened some as he came into the room. " We just got back the full report of the second body... Turns out the cause of death was a severed jugular." He made his way to the coffee station, pouring himself a cup and adding sugar.

" The arterial spray was found on Fergus's body as well as Matthews's flesh underneath his fingernails." Jack continued, handing the newly briefed file to Zeller.

Will let out a louder than normal sigh at the 'evidence' found, so loud that it had the whole room's eyes looking at him. He started to panic, but then he felt a strong hand snaking around his waist. His alphas smell entered the back of his throat. His head craned around to see Hannibal beside him, Hannibal's fingers dug into his navy blue button-down, claiming him for all to see. He leaned into his touch.

" Oh-oh." Jimmy half coughed, then giggled turning to his boyfriend, whispering something in Zellers's ear. Zeller's face got red at his mate's words.

Fucking hell. Is it that hard to believe?

" Doctor you made it." Jack reached out to shake his mate's hand, the two alphas exchanged smiles, fondness, and a playful snarl.

" Always happy to help a friend, Jack, now what is it you needed? " Hannibals accented voice made goosebumps fill and cover his skin. Even with his heat over, his sensitivity to the man was ever-growing and ever strong. Like a disease growing under his skin. A parasite he couldn't live without. A love so profound he feared he'd die without it.

" Perspective Dr. Prospective. " Jack's grin was wide as he pulled Will's mate into a side hug, patting the cannibal's shoulder, and walked from the group like they were so close...Like they were old buddies who knew everything about one another...

He wanted Hannibal's opinion on his own kill...Genious.

Somehow it was comical, and Will found himself laughing until the pain in his abdomen came back with a vengeance. He gripped his shirt hard, his legs felt like jelly as he leaned against a wooden desk.

" You okay Graham?" He looked up through his now sweat-drenched curls to see Beverly looking softly to him.

" No way! I can't believe it! That's the one who..!" Jimmy came buzzing toward them as Hannibal and Jack left the room, he covered his mouth hiding a huge smile. " Oh shit Graham what's *that* like?" His eyes bulged in disbelief as he softly punched his shoulder, Will winched. " You whipped?" Jimmy's eyes crinkled, clearly not noticing the growing discomfort.

Will managed a smile, *He had no idea...*

Cutting Teeth

Will looked up to the ceiling from where he lied in bed, his ears picking up soft sounds of his pack settling in the beds next to the heater. He closed his eyes and let the black swirl and collect inside him, bits of gold fleck and silver. The taste of iron and salt from the open wound he had been imprinting on his arm with his teeth. The pain had been a buffer for reality. Or at least, it did...

Will had been avoiding Hanibal for two days now. Busing himself with work just to get to a space he didn't occupy. Where he didn't loom, hands touching every inch of his body. It's not like he didn't want that, he did, truly and with all of his soul..but.. things were changing, and Will couldn't afford to look into those honey-brown eyes if he didn't have to. Even if the distance of mere days physically hurt..More than the new sense of dizziness and pain that came from the unknown.

The Murders had been overlooked. Hannibal's plan of blame game working to perfection. He could see his small smirk now, feel the clamp of his teeth. Will shuttered.

" *So the case is officially closed now?*" Will remembered the thump in his chest racing before Jack answered. A titch of guilt laced on his lips as they quivered.

" *More or less, Fergus murdered his accomplice for ralphing. And then this employer of his got even for the leaked information. Seems they don't want the F.B.I on their tail..Smart move killing a compromised operative.*" Jack was naive, Will couldn't tell if that was good or not.

Still, he felt like he was coming down off of a massive high that had lasted the better time of a week. But that wasn't his problem, and he couldn't blame work for keeping him from his mate much longer, he would know something was up. *He always knew.*

Will rolled to his side and contemplated his situation...Or, what he thought was his situation. He could be wrong, but he couldn't deny this sinking feeling of warmth growing inside of him, in the pit of his stomach. Like he had more than one life to live, to protect.

He pulled the covers over his head and forced himself to breathe as the night swallowed him.

The vibrations of the woman's vocal cords hummed across the opera inviting a warming sting to Hannibal's eyes. The smell of polished wood and musty fancy clothes filled his nose as he stood up to clap at the ending of the performance.

Hannibal is suddenly surrounded by members of Baltimore’s cultural elite, holding multiple eyes and attention as the audience mingles and some exit. A gorgeous woman in her 50s Mrs. Komeda and her husband approach him.

The woman in the red dress smiles, "It’s been too long since you’ve properly cooked for us, Hannibal."

"Come over and I will cook for you." Hannibal offers,

She smiles, affectionately, "I said properly. Means dinner and the show. Have you seen him cook? It’s an entire performance. He used to throw such exquisite dinner parties. You heard me. Used to." The small crowd gathered looks adoringly as she teases the cannibal.

Hannibal teases back, tongue talks tales of false grandiosity and lips of a warm smile: his mood is lifting, noticeably since Will and his kill.

" I will again. Once inspiration strikes. I cannot force a feast. A feast must present itself." He grins nodding to Mrs. Komeda and her husband, then taking his exit.

* * *

"The victim was found in his hotel room bathtub. He had requested two keys at check-in. No one saw a second guest come or go. Abdominal mutilations and organ removal." Jack rattled off the details to what could be a fresh string of killings. Will gulped.

"Sounds more like an urban legend than the Chesapeake Ripper," Will said, fighting off the anxiety that was rearing its ugly head. If it were true, this would be the first time he would see Hannibal's work up close, knowing who put what were.

" The room is sealed off until you get there. You’ll have it fresh." Jack said casually like it was normal as Sunday church.

" Fresh? Fresh as a daisy?" Will's neck craned in the car to look at him as it rolled to a stop.

" Fresh enough to tell me if it’s the Ripper."

Will stepped out of the elevator following immediately on Jack’s heels, averting his eyes from the scattered local police lining the hallway adjacent to the room. 227, it says.

Will's eyes survey the room. A scattered blood trail, Jimmy dusting for fingerprints, Beverly combing for bits of hair and fibers, and Zeller tweezers in hand lifting something out of the still warm puddle of blood.

Some parts of the kill were laid out on display like bread crumbs, bits of flesh and blood splatters cover the surface of the bathroom leading to where the body laid in the bathtub, covered in red. Will shuddered, a draft of ice-cold taking over him.

" Please tell me nobody had touched the body." Wills's head snapped up at the sound of Jacks' alpha tone, the mans dark brown eyes were calm and assertive.

" It is fairly evident the man's dead just by looking at him," Jimmy said not looking up from his teetering craft.

"I touched the body. A lot going on with that body. Surgery was performed. And then un-performed." Beverly said, then smiled, waving, " Hi, Will." He avoided her eyes, at this point he still couldn't tell if he was looking at the handiwork of his lover or some hopeless wannabe.

" Surgery was un-performed with bare hands. Sutures were clawed open. " Zeller said ignoring Will's presents. " I also...did a little touching." He chuckled looking at Jack, gloved hands went up as if to say ' you got me red-handed'.

Literally. Will told himself almost chuckling.

Will and Jack stared at the man's body in the bathtub, it was opened from neck to pelvis, the victims sleeping clothes messily ripped from the struggle. At least two or three inches of blood was pooled around the body.

" Surgery wasn't performed here. Would have been a lot more blood. " Will said, he knew that from experience now. " The killer could be moving his victims. " Will scratched at his head trying to seem stumped, but in truth, he didn't want to give up to much information, not just yet. He took a shaky breath, the queue for Jack...

" Alright, alright, everyone out. " Jack ordered and waved the remaining people out of Will's way.

Will studied the open chest cavity as Jack followed Zeller, Price, and Katz outside. He quietly shut the door behind him leaving Will alone. He took a deep breath, and as he exhaled...

The light from his mind swept the scene, eyes giving way to the past and the clearing of the room as he began to see the struggle in his mind like a movie.

He continues to back-walk to the door as the massive blood stain next to the bed shrinks then disappears. The stob-like beam sweeps, again and again, moving over the crime scene, setting back in time.

Will and the body, now up and walking tangle in a thrashing dance. Stumbling, crashing into the wall of the bathroom as Will sees through the eyes of the killer, as his body becomes the attacker.

Will tumbles into the bathtub with the victim on top of him. He sees the life fading from the man's eyes as he goes still, back ally surgery gone so very wrong.

He only wanted a kidney, not your death.

Acting quickly, Will pulls a scalpel from his personas bag of medical tools. Fingers shaking as he makes an incision along the victim's chest, he cracks the sternum, spreading the ribs,

taking his heart in hand.

" His heart seizes. I crack the sternum... spread the ribs, take his heart in my hand..." His mind suddenly morphs the reason for such death, an accident. " Internal cardiac massage..." He whispers realizing the lengths this man did to stop this death from happening.

The man dies with Will wrist-deep in his chest.

He opens his eyes and he’s standing alone in the room over the dead man in the bathtub, covered in his coppery blood...

"It’s the Chesapeake Ripper." Will hears Zellers voice through the fog of someone else's kill.

"It’s not the Ripper." He met his colleagues eyes... Hannibal doesn't kill like this, if he wants you dead, your dead, it's simple as that. He would never revive a man...Or maybe just to watch him die again. Still...

" Are you kidding? There are too many similarities." Zeller protests.

"There aren’t enough. " Will nearly growls, suddenly protective of his lovers' name...His brand.

"Knife wounds are cuts, not stabs. Anatomical knowledge, dissecting skills. Mutilation, organ removal. The victim’s in clothes, on display. Can I say etcetera or should I go on? "

" No, you shall not." Will races upon Zeller nearly ramming into the man and before he knows it he's leaving. His body feels weak like he'd been running, his chest and stomach hurt.

" Graham!" Jack shouted as his shoes made it to the elevator.

The next days there were bodes in the lab that were pilling up in high numbers unseen by him or Jack. The corpses were lined up on metal tables as Beverly, Jimmy, and Zeller inspected the bodies for similarity to the man in the bathtub. And Will's so-called sickness hadn't gone away...

"The Ripper painted this picture, for sure. In big, broad strokes." Beverly said looking up from a dark-haired male victim his intestines pulled away from his top half, his bottom half, severed.

"Could both victims’ organs have been harvested for transplant?" He was nearly biting his tongue in half... *How could Hannibal be this messy?* He bit the rage down. *"* He could put the organs on a ventilator long enough to coordinate the donation." He was starting to sweat. He had to lead them to believe it was the same as the man in the bathtub with hopes that they couldn't follow the painfully obvious. Well painfully obvious... *To him.*

But Will couldn't unsee what lied in front of him, numerous corpses, all fresh all missing...*Parts. How convenient.* Will thought. A cover, a chance to fill his murderous needs...

"In the hotel, both the victim's abdominal aorta and inferior vena cava -- the kidneys in-and-out for blood, were entirely removed," Zeller said looking through a chart of some sort.

"They're like USB cables. You keep them intact for an easy reconnect."

"Was Mr. Caldwell's heart and kidney disconnected for easy reconnects?" Will asked.

" Yup."

"They're all missing different organs. " Zeller mumbled to himself as he surveyed the dead lined in a row. Pale faces looked up to the ceiling, but it felt like they were looking directly at Will...

"We've got kidneys, hearts, livers, stomachs, pancreases, lungs...One of them is missing a spleen. Who the hell gets a spleen transplant??" Jimmy said half laughing half not.

"Intestines were the only thing missing from this body." Beverly pointed to a middle-aged balding man's body, nose scrunching.

" So either there's someone out there with Crohn's disease and short bowels or Ripper's making sausage." Zeller quipped. Will thumbed at the hem of his pocket, trying to not crack under pressure... The funny thing was...They were all right, but they would never guess how right they were.

And just when Will felt like he was going to lose his mind, his phone rang, buzzing in his pant pocket rhythmically.

Hannibal.

" I've gotta take this." He muttered to the group and slipped out of the room into the empty yet echoey hallway. He took a breath in towards his nose and out before he spoke.

" Hello?" His voice came out gruff around the edges, unrefined by lack of sleep and job-inducing anxiety. Anxiety that his lover damn well caused.

" Hello Will, I was wondering if I could see you this evening, in my office." Hannibal's tone was like hot butter melting on the back of Will's throat, he hadn't heard the sweet sound of his mate's voice in over a day...And that seemed way too long according to his body, which was now sprouting goosebumps like he was a mutant. He cleared his throat attempting to move the lump forming.

" Y-yeah um, sure what time?" He struggled to get out, eyes flickering about the hall for listeners.

" Our usual..7:30.. But Will.."

" Yes.." His breath caught in his throat. Heart pounding like the next words out of his mouth could change him for good.

" Could you be a dear and tell dear Jack he and his wife are formally invited to this weekend's dinner party?" Will's stomach dropped, sweat kissed his nape.

" Y-yes, I can-" He coughed away from the phone. " I can do that."

" Splendid. " Hannibal said, and just before Will thought the older man had hung up he spoke again in a gut warming tone..." I look forward to our session... Mr. Graham. " *Click.*

Will's legs felt like jelly as he walked into Hannibal's office right on time. He could feel the change in his body the closer he came to being flush against his mate.

The minute the door opened his shirt was grabbed, rough hands pulled him inside from the waiting room, a mouth claiming his. Tongue licking, running against his teeth, eating up the small moans and sighs that came pouring out of him.

Suddenly he was pinned against the wall, hands pinned on either side of him, Hannibal's mouth on his neck, his thigh pressed between Will's legs. Hannibal rubbed his growing erection on the omega as he tasted him.

"It's been too long." Hannibal growled.

" Hannibal.." Will huffed, fingers gripping the psychiatrist's waistcoat with vigor.

" Yes my love," Hannibal breathed hot air against his ear, lips swallowing his earlobe, teeth scraping. Sparks ignited all over Will's skin.

Will moaned, fighting his head against his instincts, driving him wild. His alphas smell was all around, he was drunk on it. " Ah, just- can we-Mmm." He couldn't quite break the embrace.

He squirmed helplessly against his love's touch, his claws dug into Will's hips making his cock ache and twitch in his pants. He felt his face heating up with every touch, every devouring kiss, like he was eating him alive...But he had to stop before he could no longer speak... "Hannibal- please, we need to talk."

" About," Hannibal's teeth latched onto his lower lip, Will whined, back arching into the harness of the wall. It was all too much, the fingertips on his skin, the wetness of the tongue lapping him up like he was the most delicious thing Hannibal had ever-

" No." Will shoved the other away harshly and instantly regretting it when Hannibal stumbled back, eyes dark but clouding with confusion. " Ah, um sorry."

"Will, dearest, what's the matter?" Hannibals head cocked like he had zero clue to what Will was feeling. *Oh, But he did.*

" What's the matter??" Will raised his voice, flashes of the dark-haired man on the silver table rolling through his mind. He breathed heavily creating more distance between him and his

mate. "The matter, Hannibal is... " He paused rubbing his scruff with the back of his hand. The hands that just a few seconds ago were wrapped up in Hannibal's silvering hair, they smelled of him... " Did you have to? " He met the honey gold eyes briefly before setting on his tie.

" Have to-" Hannibal took one step forward...

" Kill them, Hannibal, all of them...I mean really? There's-" His breath caught in his throat, alpha musk coming into his nose as Hannibal walked closer sensing the omegas distress. " There so many- I-" Hannibal's hand stroked Will's hot cheek.

" There their lamb, " He pet him, sending shivers of pleasure down Will's spine, arousal coiling in his belly. " Whenever feasible, one should always try to eat the rude." Will's eyes shifted to Hannibal's mouth, his heart held half disgust half longing. The cannibal swiped his finger over Wills bottom lip, Will licked the pad, the taste of him sending all his inhibitions aside for the moment.

He was completely, entirely in love with this man. This horrible horrifyingly beautiful man, Will moaned as two fingers moved inside his wet and wanting mouth, sucking the digits greedily as Hannibal stared into his soul...Which he knew was just as dark as his.

Will sank to his knees, head nuzzling his alpha half-hard cock in his slacks. He breathed him in, the same smell that triggered his first heat, that marked him. The piece he always felt was missing was now in front of him, with trembling hands he undid the alphas fly. Hannibal grumbled low in his throat as his fingers grasped Will's curls.

Will's tongue swiped across the alphas length, mouth-watering, slick forming in his entrance. Hannibal guided the omegas mouth, the tip of his cock now kissing Will's plush rosy lips. Will hummed and took him in in one go, a growl, primal and violent came out Hannibal's lips his hip snapping when he felt the tip of his length hit the back of his omegas throat. Hannibal's legs quivered as he pressed against his desk for stability.

Will's tongue lapped up the precum, The hand in his hair moving him back and forth roughly on his alphas cock. He let himself get used, taken. Wills little sighs of delight and pleasure were coming faster now, head bobbing, tongue running the underside of the intrusion, licking at the veins, savoring Hannibal's sweet taste.

" Such a g-good boy for me omega." Hannibal stumbled on his words as he reached a whole new level of bliss, he tugged his mate's curls and earned more needy keening noises along with the sloppy sound of savory sex. " My s-sweet Will.."

Will felt his own orgasm approaching, his cock aching, throbbing in his pants. The heavy sounds of sloshing wetness and desperate growls nearly made Will's knees buckle. He put pressure on the head, cheeks hollowing, going deeper and deeper in the heat of his mouth until...His pleasure and his mates were one.

Hot come splashed on his teeth as he spilled in his pants, hips spasming around nothing. He kept going, milking every drop of seed from the alphas swollen length. Hannibal cried with overstimulation and his grip on his hair was like hot fire on his scalp.

Finally saded, come in his stomach and a post-orgasm high, he released Hannibal from his mouth. The two panted in unison, chests rising and falling like the sea... and just as treacherous.

Cruel Fate

He didn't know why he chose her to confide in. He just..did. Maybe it was the way she was with Abigail. so soft and mothering. Like she had the ability for great compassion...Even for one's society deemed evil or damned.

Maybe that's what he felt like. Maybe it was the distance from Hannibal after he ran away from him in his office two nights ago. Maybe...He was having second thoughts about everything.

" You want me to come in with you?" Alana asked sweetly, hand on Will's shoulder, he felt its gripping warmth and squirmed away with a laugh.

" Uh, no...Maybe? I-"

" I'm here for you Will, I know this is hard, scary even. Actually, I'm glad you came to me. You say the father.." Her blue eyes got that look. The ' *you poor unfortunate soul*' look. Will gulped. " He's better off not knowing? "

" Mmm yeah, for now, until I figure out why-... what's going on." The last time Will was at a hospital he was being told he was a marvel of medicine, late baring fruit, an omega only presenting for a *true* alpha. *God if he had just not gone to Jacks's office that day, the difference it could have made... Or just maybe, maybe this is was what was meant to happen.*

Alana gave him another long doting look and finally, his name was called.

The examination room was cold. He was once again given orders to disrobe, although this time, he actually did it. His skin was freezing as it hit the air, jeans around his ankles and shirt pulled over his shoulders, he slipped the hospital smock in.

He cringed at the sight of his mostly naked body, the mirror showed all the abuse it had gone through, the hospital lighting revealing all of the nearly faded marks he had collected from Hannibal's mouth... And his own...

The door swung open, Will flinched. *He wasn't always this jumpy.* A familiar face greeted his own.

" Will, what brings you back to see little ol' me?" Dr. Stamments smiled holding his clipboard tight to his chest. Will relaxed some, shoulders loosening as he pulled back his lips to mimic a smile.

" Well doc, I-" The back of the doctor's palm was on his forehead, Will closed his lips.

" Hm. Warmer than normal" Will shrugged, he hadn't noticed. Stamments dropped his hand and turning around. The sound of rubber gloves made Will's teeth grind. " Up on the table." He pointed. Will complied, crinkling sounds of protective wax paper overstimulating his ears.

" Now this will be cold." The doctor took an amount of petroleum jelly placing it on Will's exposed stomach.

" Ah," It *was* cold. Freezing actually, he began to shiver as the doctor's gloved hand moved it over his belly.

Will's heartrate skyrocketed on the machine at the sight of an odd-looking dome shape device. He gulped sweat kissing his neck as he laid petrified for the next few seconds. He squeezed his eyes shut as the medical tool pressed against his quivering belly. He suddenly wished Alana were here to hold his clammy hands.

" Alright, here we go." Will winced, feeling a major panic attack rising in his blood. He heard the heart monitor beep faster and faster until...

There was more than one heartbeat gracing his ears. A little flutter. Life in his belly. His and Hannibal's...

" Congratulations! You are with child Mr. Graham. One very healthy pup. This indeed is rare, I must say, a late presenting omega at your age doesn't have much chance of conceiving. Your mate must have strong seed. " The doctor chuckled. Will's eyes flung open, he started to hyperventilate.

" Mr.Graham are you alright?" He said nothing, frozen. " Is there anyone with you, anyone-"

" Y-yes." He stammered out. " Alana, please," He clenched his fists while he descended into full-blown panic.

He heard Stamments in the threshold of the door, talking to someone...*" He seems to have gone into a state of shock, you understand-"*

More mumbles and half-heard sentences past his ears, Out of the corner of his eye the monitor flickered. His eyes widened at the screen that held the vague outline of the babe germinating in this belly. He grabbed his stomach with trembling hands, fingers getting greased with a vaseline-like substance.

" Out of all this.." He felt the heat the other life gave off, let it warm his ice-cold hands, " You." Will took a shaky breath as he listened to the flutter of life's song...

Alana came in, although he didn't hear her, her fingers placed a tentative grip on Will's shoulder, he looked up to see a small smile. " Will?" She rubbed her palm over his skin. He shuttered.

" Y-yes, yeah I'm..I'm okay." He gulped, eyes still locked in place on his stomach.

Doctor Stamments slowly took off his glasses, and sighed, " I understand Will that you're not in the best situation, and I-" Will's head snapped at Alana, glaring.

" No." He said simply. " I won't do that. I can't. "

Stamments put his hands up, " Okay alright, I just wanted to give you options-"

" Murder is not an option." Will didn't realize the weight of the words on his tongue until he spit them out...And the horrid irony. " I'm keeping him." He growled possessively sitting upright quickly... Stamments took his leave as if the aggressiveness meant 'space...now'. Leaving him alone...Almost.

" Will-" Alana beckoned. Will held a hand up, warning.

" Alana," He looked at her soft and warm, "Thank you, truly, but I know what I have to do." *Did he? Did he really? Did he know what this means...What this would mean for him for his life...For...Hannibal.* He sighed running a hand through his curls. " No matter what has happened between me and him, no matter what will happen...I have a responsibility. To myself and to him-" He rubbed his stomach.

Alana smiled, visible tears forming, " You think it's a boy? " She giggled.

Will looked down, noticing still how nearly naked he was...And cold. " I know." He allowed himself a smile, small and fleeting, " Somehow I just...Know."

" Well, we better get you home...Mamma bear." She nudged him softly smile warming up her cheeks.

Will changed back into his tired old flannel and khakis and walked out hand and hand with Alana until they got to his car.

" Will." Alana's tone changed some from when she last spoke, deeper, rougher almost. He turned to face her, keys in hand. " Are you ever going to tell me...Who he is, your alpha." She tucked a lock of dark hair behind her ear, Will's senses picked up a hint of hibiscus and floral perfume. His nose more sensitive due to the hormones running through him.

He unlocked his door and got in the passenger seat, slamming the door on her. he rolled the window down, still avoiding eye contact. " Trust me, he isn't anyone interesting." He lied, and started the car, leaving the psychiatrist in the parking lot...Only to drive home avoiding the other.

His dogs surrounded him, snuffing incessantly. Noses moving up and down his legs with vigor. The smell of fresh vegetables, spices, and savory meat flooded his nose as he closed the door with a clack.

He crept forward, following the scent further in the room.

"Hello, Will," Hannibal stood amongst many various ingredients, hands occupied stirring a soup-like substance in a deep blue pot that wasn't Will's. His alpha scent mixed with the food as Hannibal poured the thick chunky stew into a ceramic bowl, its steam lofted up to the ceiling as Winston nuzzled his mate's legs.

" What are you-" Will's eyes winded as slight panic made its way into his gut.

" I thought id make you dinner," Hannibal said not looking up from plating, a green garnish placed in the corner of the hot steaming bowl...It smelt delicious. Then his golden-brown eyes meet Will's, a soft fond gaze," You've been working so hard I've barely seen you these last few days." He smiled setting down a ladle on a spoon rest the *also* wasn't his and walking over to where Will stood stiff and ridged.

Hannibal took him in his arms, the alphas warm breath hit his skin causing waves of sensory educed pleasure to graze his skin. He felt the need to pull back from the embrace, " How did you get in?" He asked genuinely curious on how his mate made it in his house without visual damage of breaking in.

Hannibal's mouth met his sweat-damp temple, lips brushing softly, the sound of the alphas deep breath in settling the omega, he didn't move an inch although his resolve was melting.

" You leave a spare key in the front under the matt like most people," Hannibal whispered as he continued to kiss and mark his neck lightly. Warmth and wetness bloomed on his forehead briefly before the other man stepped away, eyes adoring as he said, " Come, eat, " He grabbed Will's hand guiding his body effortlessly to his dining table.

Hannibal pulled out his chair and he rested his weight in it taking in the sight of the meal. It was a thick brown broth, carrots, onions, potato, and shredded thin pieces of meat. A loaf of fresh bread (by the smell) at the side of the bowl that was more like a trough. Hannibal sat beside him, eyes thick on his lips as he took the first bite.

" S-good," Will mumbled as he chewed what was most likely a piece of lung or liver. He didn't lie, it *did* taste amazing, the meat melted in his mouth, the bread soaked up the flavor of the veggies and herbs, the potato bits were just the right size not-too-big or small-just right and tender. He moaned involuntarily was another mouthful was shoveled in his mouth. Broth juice dripped down his chin, Hannibal caught the steam with a thumb, then lapped up the juices with a small tug of his lips.

They did the dishes together in unison, working shoulder to shoulder like a well-oiled machine. Near touches and heavy glances were exchanged as the last of utensils and leftover ingredients were put away...

Will felt Hannibal's hands on his back as he changed into his sweatpants, his lover's fingers swirled and swayed over his hips, softer, gentler than normal. Hannibals lips connected to the base of Will's neck, " You smell different." Hannibal said sitting beside him on the bed. Will toyed with the hem of his worn-out t-shirt, nerves dancing in his gut.

Hannibal slowly crawled over his mate, hands on either side of Will's hip as his nose buried deep in his flesh. He breathed deep, letting himself meld to his mate's body like two hot pieces of metal. " Like honey and flowers." Hannibal kissed down Will's neck.

Will sighed, half from panic, half from the electric touch radiating through his body. He felt the weight of Hannibal's larger body atop him...*He couldn't lie.* Hannibal would know if he did, if he was going to play this game he had to play carefully and only tell him enough to let the subject go... "Alana-" He blurted then let out a small moan breath hitching as Hannibal

nibbled on his clavicle. " She-we went to the hospital today, I was with her for moral support." Hannibal hummed, mouth working, tongue tasting his heated flesh.

The two laid tangled in touch, Will's hands rubbed circles into Hannibal's hips as he let out another sky groan. Oh god, he was in too deep, he had to stop, now or he would fall back into his mate's desire and hold. Hannibal pressed a caste kiss on his lips. " You shouldn't do that." He blurted. *Oh shit.*

Hannibal nuzzled him, scenting him, " Oh but I want to mylimas, I missed you." The alpha let out a low grumbly groan as he bit into Will's bottom lip.

Will moaned hips jerking upward. " Mmmhf." He nearly squealed at the press of the alpha half-hard length rutting against his thigh.

No.

" You shouldn't Hannibal, " He repeated trying to come up with something, to keep him away, to keep *himself* away. " I've been meaning to tell you that-" Another breathy moan, " That I won't be making it to your dinner party. You see I think I must have caught something, I've felt...Different lately. " *Don't lie, just say calm..* it was the truth, he *had* been feeling different, off even, but he knew that was a 100% different reason. " That was the reason why Alana and I were at the hospital, I was worried I was infected so I called her to go with me."

Hannibal lifted his head, licking the taste of Will off his lips. " Dear one, if you went feeling well I could have cared for you." Hannibal stoked Wills curls tentatively, eyes adoring and intense.

" I-i know I just didn't want you exposed so close to your party...I know those take a lot of work, that you put effort into them-"

" You, boy, are more important than a shindig." The words struck him, the fact that he was the priority, it made his stomach turn... Maybe...

Will sat up on his elbows staring into those golded brown pools he had grown so fond of, " No, it's okay really ill stay here, rest up and you go have the best time with all your fancy food and wine. " He moved to meet Hannibal's cheek, placing a soft long kiss on it, savoring his smell. And subconsciously he knew that because of what he had brewing inside of him it would be one of the last moments he could hold him close...Truly feel somewhat whole.

" Really I'm fine. I wouldn't want you passing this to your guests..." He sold the lie with a dopey smile, caressing Hannibal's greying hair," Wouldnt want the trying to find the ingredients of what gave them-" He made air quotes, " Food poisoning."

" So it's a stomach bug?" Hannibal's eyes questioned more than his mouth.

" Yes." And it wasn't a lie, it wasn't a lie.

"Hmm." Hannibal moved away making the bed creak.

Will caught his wrist, One last indulgence...One more before the plunge. " Will you stay with me for a while. Hold me? please... " Hannibal smiled and wordlessly climbed back into Will's arms. They didn't kiss, they simply laid in a tangle of arms and libs, wrapping around one another like two king cobras.

Will felt his breathing settle as he listened to the soft grumble of Hannibal's chest. The man was...*Purring.* Wills's eyes fluttered closed and for a brief moment, he felt okay.

Will awoke on the day of the party with a plan, Hannibal now gone to do preparations he was alone. He picked up his phone.

It rang three times before he picked up.." Will? What's going on?"

" Hey, Jack, I'm not feeling too well so I'm not making it to the party, but could you do me a favor? "

" Sure, as long as you make it into work tomorrow." Jack chuckled, " What can I do for ya?"

Will paused a moment, debated what he was about to do..." Could you put some of the more heartier dishes in a sample doggy bag for me? I hate to miss out on the good cooking." Will knew, he just knew Hannibal would be serving human meat to his guest...

And Will was going to prove it.

No matter what happens...He had to keep his little one safe...Even if it meant betraying the love of his life...And breaking his heart..

" Yeah, sure, I heard there's wagyu beef on the menu." He made an 'mmm' sound. " I'll give it to you tomorrow at Quantico, And Will..." Jack paused, " Feel better."

Will hung up.

He wouldn't feel better....Ever again.

Righteous Revelation

This was the longest night of Will's life...

Thoughts melted in and out of his head, he yearned for his alpha, the life in him did to like a tiny energy pulling him to his car, begging to get in and drive. Only to lead him to the dinner party where the latest victims were being consumed and digested and washed back with fruity wine by all of Hannibal's uppity fancy folk.

He held himself to the bed, sniffing and nuzzling at the pillow beside his to keep calm, His fingers laced, latched into Hannibal's scent that still echoed in his sheets like a whisper, a man that would soon become a ghost to him...That had to become just that so Will could raise their child away from him and the dangers of his lifestyle...

If it were just him, he'd follow the man anywhere. Will knew the darkness inside of him was brewing, growing faster each moment, the longer he stayed away he could take control, make it sleep in him like a curse only revived by his one true love..

And he did, love him. That wasn't the question that needed answering. He loved Hannibal with every ounce of his soul, and this would break him, but he had to,

There is no other way.

This was it.

Will repeated those phrases again and again. Was he convincing himself? Or simply giving himself an alibi for the horrific crime of separating an alpha and his child by incarceration.

That was the goal, wasn't it? Get Hannibal changed and processed. Away from him, away from the babe in his belly.

He would never leave willingly.

He could feel the longing Hannibal would suffer, it slithered up his back, coiling over his legs and feet, threatening to drag him under.

No, he wasn't the type, even if Will begged and pleaded with the alpha, he would never stop looking for them, and Will would never stop running from him. That life wouldn't be a life at all...

Will wouldn't tell him, he wouldn't know. He rather his mate think this was a simple betrayal, he was better off not knowing it was an escape for him and his son.

Hannibal would get off on an insanity plea, locked away forever. The real Chesapeake Ripper finally subdued by a dinner party. The gossip would ensue chaos, Will would leave his life in wolf trap, change his name, and move on...

If he could.

If only he could.

Will's heart pounded as he entered the lab, Jack hadn't arrived yet but there were still three faces starring at him.

" Remind me why I'm here and not at the new pizza place next door? "As Beverly's eyes met his waves of nausea flooded through him...He had been fighting morning sickness all day thus far and just the mere mention of food was off-putting.

Will cleared his throat, scratching his scuff with blunt fingernails. " Because, Jack will be here any minute, and your all gonna wanna be here when he does," Will said, voice shaking, addressing the people who would make the life-changing discovery that may or may not kill him to provide.

He wasn't having any doubts was he? He pressed a hand to his stomach and took a sip of decaf coffee he had no real idea why he was drinking. The overhead lights in the lab were nearly blinding to his sensitive eyes...Everything in his body felt switched up, alight with nerve endings and sensitivities he didn't know he had...Or didn't have until... He gulped more car burnt coffee, letting the hot liquid singe past his esophagus.

He frantically checked his phone, it had been nearly an hour since Jack said he'd be leaving.

Another violent wave of abdominal pain and nausea crashed into him, his legs like jelly as his body tuned...

" Holy shit Graham, you okay?" Will looked up from hazy eyes through his overgrown curls to see Jimmy hovering over him, concern In his eyes.

" Yeah, Uhm, I'm fine, just I think I must have caught something-"

"Well don't give it to me!" Zellers loud voice brutalized his ears, he stumbled back from the large metal trash can he had just puked his lunch into, whipping his face.

Jack came barging in through the double door, Will's eyes caught sight of a white styrofoam casing holding his future...his salvation...his destruction.

" What are you all doing here?" Jack said, dark eyes scanning the lab, brow furrowed in curiosity as he passed the package seamlessly into Will's grasp.

" You mean you don't know? Will said-"

" I haven't told him yet," Will corrected.

"Haven't told me what, Graham." Jack squared up to him, shoulder set and steady as he looked down at Will, brown eyes lifting into the blues of Will's.

Will shuttered as he pulled in a breath tight in his lungs, " Here." He tried handing the styrofoam to Beverly, her head turned like it was on a wheel.

" What's this?" She asked, feeling the weight of the 'food' within, shifting it back and forth.

"Graham." Jack moved closer, "What is this about-"

" I called you all here for a reason..." Will's breath hitched, was he really about to do this? Beverly opened the lid revealing the tantalizing meaty appetizers from last night.

" Looks good-" Beverley lifted a morsel of what he knew wasn't 'wagyu beef' off the tray, it dangled above her lips.

" Don't-" Will stepped forward in a frantic jar of his hips, fingers snatching the meat from her grasp, placing it back where it once was. Will was panting, sweat kissed his nape, he looked around the room. " Can we just-"

"Will what the hell is-"

" Stop!" He shouted, then covering his mouth he stepped back from Beverly, " All you just- listen to me." He lowered his voice, eyes around him visibly taken back by the omegas rage. Jack and Beverly leaned in as they could taste his distress. He leaned into the metal table in the middle of the lab, its edge cutting into his side, a dull ache crawled up his spine.

He had to do this.

" I want you to examine it, the meat." Will finally got the words out in a sideways slur, mouth laced with nerves and spit. He began to shutter. " Just please, *Oh god I can't do this*-" a near whisper left his lips as his body gave like it was rejecting the words he couldn't swallow, he couldn't pretend anymore, this was it.

"Will-" Jimmy looked at him with genuine concern, Zeller avoided eyes, and Jack's mouth was left open, not knowing how to react to his teammate's odd behavior... Will closed his eyes, letting tears escape and roll onto his flush cheeks, it was Beverly he saw when he opened them, Her hand ran up his spine, settling him with her alpha scent, although it wasn't *his.*

" Shh, It's okay." She cooed voice calming Will enough to make eye contact. " Whatever's going on, I got you. okay?' She smiled sweetly. Will nodded sniffling and standing up straight again to face his friends.

" I-I'm sorry I yelled at you." He said rubbing his hands together, eyes starring at Hannibal's dish, his stomach turned.

"It's okay Will, just-just tell us what's going on, what's so important about analyzing this food." Beverly's hand was still at his back, firm pressure steadying him. Before Will could open his mouth Jack stepped forward.

" Will, why did you want me to get this for you?" He stood close, intimidating and comforting all at once. He took in a long shaky breath, alpha in his nose...But that's all it

took, Will broke down.

" Because-" He sobbed, " I couldn't let him know it was *me*. "

"Who Will?" Jack and Beverly's smell was strong together as the other two men stood back, allowing the alphas to handle the situation.

" H-Hannibal." Will hiccuped, body growing weak and dizzy.

" Wait.." Jimmy peered over Jack's shoulder, " Your mate?" Jack's face changed, almost angry, wrinkles around deep brown eyes crinkled as he took a breath.

" Your what?" His voice stung and bit so close to Will's ears.

" Y-yes, he is but that's now why-"

" And you didn't tell me? That your-that your-fucking your psychiatrist! This is beyond wrong-" Jacks temper bloomed, Bev stood between them, an anchor,

" Jack, please he's clearly in distress, you can't yell at him right now."

" The hell I can! Will, you can't just drop this on me-" Beverly glared at him, hand up, he reluctantly closed his mouth, still fuming.

" This isn't what I meant to drop," Will said emotionless and mentally vacant. " Bev, please just analyze it, tell me what you see, please."

" This is ridiculous, sorry Graham but I have places to be-" Jimmy caught his mate's hand, pulling Zeller back to him.

" We're here for you Will, " Jimmy nodded at him, a small smile of encouragement in a sea of doubt... *They wouldn't be doubting anything once Beverly has a crack at it.* Will's eyes burned with tears.

" You say this is Hannibal's food art?" Will chuckled at Bev's quip, *that's one way to put it.*

" He had me acquire it from Hannibal's party last night....Said he was *sick*... " Jack stepped closer to Beverly who was sliding a slice of meat under a medical-grade microscope. Her hands were gloved just as they would be during any investigation, Wills heart pulsed as her eye went to the glass...

" This-" Beverly said turning the dial to zoom closer, Will saw the way her shoulders raised as her keen eye grazed the truth. " No, this isn't-" She looked with her other eye, the air was absolutely still all around them in the lab, the sound of Will's thumping chest echoed off the walls.

" Jack i-" She looked up to his eyes watering. "It's not good."

" What is it? Expired?" Jack scoffed jokingly, clearly not reading the ghostly still room. Jack looked at Will, then back to Bev.

" Not exactly.." Her voice grew small as Jimmy and Zeller each came up to gaze at her findings eyes wide...

" Holly." Zeller started.

"Shit." Jimmy finished.

Tears trickled down Will's warm cheek as he watched the realization of horror and disgust on the faces of his friends.

" What? What god damn is it?" Jack pressed them with his alpha tone and gaze.

"Human, its human, Jack," Bev said,

"It's The Ripper, Jack," Will said tasting the salt on his tongue as he watched Jack's expression elevate to shock...And the last of the dominos fell crashing into oblivion.

" You told me it was bad, however, you didn't tell me, Will, "Alana's blue eyes shined in the low light of his little home, " That it was this bad." She wiped tears from the back of her hand as he told her everything, well almost everything he knew... Will didn't see use in lying to her about much, didn't see a use in fooling her into helping him either, it just was kosher.

" I'm sorry I just thought you should know." Wills's quivering fingers reached for a glass of whiskey, Alana, nails red, pulls his hand away from the nearly touched glass.

" I know that this is hard for you, but, you really shouldn't be drinking Will." She scrounged up her nose and Winston, Zoe, and Buster nuzzled at her heals that were tucked up on Will's couch.

Will tried to smile, but he couldn't, he just needed this ache to go away, so he said nothing... " So what's the plan did Jack get the confirmation yet?" Alana filled the space in his head with her voice, that and the sound of the space heater going kept him from falling apart.

" No, but when he does get the saw so...He'll tell me," Will said quietly as he grew closer to the woman he had felt so close to these past few days...Or, as close as a broken soul would get to a source of pity.

" They need more evidence don't they," Alana questioned, not looking directly at him, it was odd not being the one scared to make eye contact. " Will if you know something else-"

Will shifted angling his features, sorting his gaze upon her, " I know more than Id like to," *At least that was honest,* " I-" His shoulders tensed. Then a hand, warm, tentative, was placed on his neck.

"It's okay, Will, None of this is your fault." *Oh, but it was, all of it...*Her voice didn't soothe him, but it was better, anything was better than being alone. " You have to keep your stress level down, the baby-"

" I know." Wills's voice broke more, heart rippling like thunder over a vacant hill, absent of love, of a future. He sighed and nestled back into her, somehow the scent of an unmated omega made his stomach calm like she was a much-needed trauma blanket he couldn't afford. Hibiscus and floral, wheatgrass, and wildberry's moved in through his nose.

She grasped his hand, it was warm from the heater, " Whatever you need Will, I'm here. You can't raise I child all on your own." A genuine smile began to tug his lips at the thought of someone being there for him, he never had anyone, anyone but Hannibal, a killer, his doomed other half.

" Thank you, Alana, truly..." He paused and patted his pups each lovingly on the head, sighed, and leaned back into her chest.

Beverly was running around the lab, papers flying every which way as her footsteps paced back and forth on the tile. " Where in the hell is it." She was mumbling to herself as Jack, Jimmy, and...Will walked in.

" Beverly what was so important you had to call me out of a meeting-" Jacks' lips closed as Beverly held up a finger to signal quiet. Will watched and waited for what he knew was a breakthrough in the evidence he had been withholding... *Maybe he was still holding on to hope that this was all a dream...* A nightmare.

" There!" She smacked her pointer finger over a line in a file held in her grasp, " Jack this is it, this is what we need to link him. You said we needed to tell you if any of these murders had something fishy up with them, well. " She moved into Jack's bubble thrusting the white and beige file into his and Will's face... It smelled of must and plastic.

" The time of death on Fergus Crowley, it was never documented properly, " She buzzed, gears growing from her head, " It says here that he was dead over an hour before Matthew had taken his last breath. " Beverly cocked her head, impressed with herself. Will was to. He tried to look amused as she rattled off the facts and Jimmy and Jack were forced to listen.

" There is no way Fergus had killed Matthew, it's impossible! Unless you know of a way to come back and kill after your organs are cut out and-" Beverly and Jimmy looked at one another while Will sat back and watched.

" The Chesapeake Ripper must not have liked having a copycat." Jimmy's voice was slight and questioning, his eyes flicked to Bev and back.

" He killed him, and his associate! Out of spite! Oh my god, how did we not see this-"

" We didn't see a lot of things..." Jack said eyes downcast disappointment dwelling in them as he looked directly to Will.

" Some of us were distracted." Will nearly whispered, head down. *It's the end game now.* Will thought. The place matt is set and the diner is ready to be severed. A sudden rush claimed his body, the ache gnawing at him for days now coming to a head. His matting mark burned and

twitched, he'd been away from his mate for too long. He couldn't imagine what A lifetime of distance would feel like. He was suddenly compelled to leave.

He had to see him. Even at the risk of Hannibal reading him like a book and finding out what he had done.

Just... One. Last. Time.

Slow Dancing In A Burning Room

He was footsteps from the parking lot, feet on the edge of a doorway when a hand caught his wrist. An alphas smell hit the back of his throat and time stilled as he froze, that damned heart rate up again. Blue eyes met brown and Will let out a breath as calm instilled.

" I wanted to apologize." Jack's grip was still hard on his radius.

" About?" Will breathed, he needed to make this quick but the alpha still held on.

" Will," Jack sighed,

" Let me go." Will tugged to avail, unable to break free,

" Hannibal thinks you're *his* man... I think you're mine." Jack's eyes narrow, then, with another lofty sight, he lets go. Will rubs at his sleeve, desperate for the alphas hold to not make a mark. " Will, you need to be prepared if things go wrong." His tone changed, *was that actual concern Will was hearing?*

" Do I?" Will bore his teeth some, an instinct to maim left curling on his tongue as he pulled it back. *Calm down Graham, get it together.*

The man before him softened, head tilting, pitty blooming in those ebony eyes... " We'll be ready to take action, I got the say-so from the higher-ups, and Hannibal has let me know he wants me over for dinner in two days' time."

Two days...He had... Two. Days. " What-" He couldn't finish the word.

"It won't be pretty, but, " Jack's voice came back in through his skull, his feet felt wobbly like a strong breeze could blow him over. " I'll be wearing a wire, I'll have riflemen on rooftops of neighboring houses. Sightlines to all windows." Will's eyes widened.

"You're not arresting him by yourself... Jack? He'll suspect you in an instant, that's suicide, He'll try to kill you in the kitchen, for convenience. " *Make it easier to prepare the heart tartare.*

" I'll be fine, SWAT team will be on the ground for immediate access to the kitchen, dining room, and front door."

" He'll smell you." Will didn't know why he was fighting...*This is what he wanted...Wasnt it?*

" We have it under control, Will. " He patted Will's head like he was one of his strays and turned on his heels and began to walk the other way, " And Will," He said neck-craning, turning on a dime, " I would keep your distance if you can. "

Will's heart slammed as he waited for the alpha to get out of his line of sight. As soon as he was gone he climbed in his beat-up car, started the engine, and spend the hour and a half

drive all the way to Baltimore.

They didn't need to know that he was here, they wouldn't understand, they wouldn't know what eats at his insides. This guilt, it would tear him apart. He owed himself a goodbye...even if the other hadn't a clue.

Will's shaking hands knocked twice at Hannibal's mahogany door, he knew he was home, he could feel it. A small clatter in the coming distance rang in his ears before the strong hands of his mate opened the threshold, a surprised smile on his face.

" Will," He uttered the word like velvet on the tongue, dark eyes met his, a flash of reddened lust shining, swimming in near dilated pupils for just a moment.

Will bulldozed, sliding past the alpha's body like he was slicked with cooking oil. *Just a step further and he would be the meal.*

" I see you're feeling better," Hannibal held out a hand to take Will's coat, instead, he shrugged it off his shoulder himself.

" Not exactly," The words melted from his lips and transferred to his mates so fast Hannibal could taste them on Will's tongue as it lapped into his mouth, the omega pinning the alpha against his island in the kitchen.

Will kissed Hannibal with an open-mouthed ferocity and blind rage. A rage that this would be the last time he would taste him, a rage fueled by his lies, a rage at the thought of this being the last time he would delight in a pleasure so profound and wrong it made his skin ache.

Hannibal gave in to his boy's passion, even though he could tell something was very wrong with Will's demeanor like he was fighting something internally, something deep... He slipped his iron grip along Will's hips and ground against him, heat building, clothes becoming bothersome...Obsolete.

" Mm-" Hannibal barely started to speak before Will started clawing off his button-down, fingers laced with fire and dark intent. Will was in over his head, deep end with no way out. His fingers gripped at the warm naked flash of his mate's chest.

" Right here, right now, " Will huffed stripping off his own shirt, lungs, and chest heaving. " I want you," Will's blue eyes stared into the monster he grew to love... To *belong* to. Hannibal caressed the side of Will's face, thumb brushing over his ear. His mate's expression was nothing less of worship as his lips pressed to the corner of his mouth on each side.

" If I were less of a man I would hold you tight and never let you go, mylimas.." He whispered in Will's ear, red lips mouthing over his earlobe.

Will shifted his touch to cup Hannibals jaw, lightly stroking over the face he would most likely never see again...." Then don't." Will once again used all of his feral weight to crush Hannibal against the marble countertop, their lengths brushing, both harden from the pure

need of one another. Hannibal hesitated, signals sending something unfamiliar to his brain, something he couldn't quite detect.

Will nosed him, Hannibal's hot breath blew across his cheeks. " What are you waiting for alpha? Take me." Will moved his hips to rub circles on Hannibal's bulge. " I need you." He whispered as he placed a soft kiss upon his lover's lips. Hannibal's mouth opened deepening the kiss. Teeth clamped over Wills bottom lip, warm tongue lapping up beads of blood. He moaned.

Their tongues tangled in the wet heat as Will's nails savagely cut into Hannibal's waist. Hannibal gasped into the omegas mouth at the aggressive passion being showed.

" I missed you so much Will," Hannibal broke away, brain picking up more of the foreign scent Will exuded. "You're never leaving me-" He grabbed Will's thighs moving them around his hips, " Or my bed, again." He growled into another bruising kiss as Wills's hands looped around his neck fingers tangling in his hair.

Will counted the steps to Hannibal's bedroom, holding on to him, kissing at his neck, breathing in that sweet pine scent that drives him crazy.

Will moaned at the impact of the crash. He wasn't let down gently, he was tossed, almost thrown on the cobalt blue bed face down and ass up. He felt claws dig into his ankle as he was pulled to the edge of the bed. When he looked up, cheeks red and forehead laced with sweat, he saw him.

The beautiful smooth skin of his chest was covered in a well-manicured tuff of silver hair, his stomach toned and strong. Hannibals warm thighs were soon pining him to his very spot as the rest of his clothes were flung off in a hurry.

Will felt the warmth of slick trickle down the backs of his thighs as he looked into Hannibals eyes. His hands ran over Hannibal's hot skin until they too were pinned above his head.

" Please." He begged sweetly, " L-let me touch you." Hannibal tsked, tongue swiping over his scent gland. Will moaned, hips jerking upward...Desperate.

" On one condition. " Hannibal's hair fell from his head and into his eyes. " You stay," His lips kissed over Will's cheekbone, "here, with me tonight. " and the other.

Will didn't know what to say, there was no doubt he wanted to stay, but...Could he? The longer he remained here in his alphas arms the more risk he posed to going off course with the plan... A plan he so desperately needed to stick to. But he wanted their last night together to be perfect, perfect as it could be given. And he could achieve that unless he could touch, feel him, he sighed, defeated.

" Okay." He breathed nuzzling Hannibal's neck with his own. " I'll stay." Tears welled up in his eyes as his wrists were released and he was what seems like finally able to run his hands over what was his.

There was no talking in the tangle of limbs they became. Grunts and moans were like their own personal music to their symphony of pleasure as sparks bit and blew over his heated skin. His neck thrown back in anticipation of their first joint climax. Hannibal's hands were all over him, his cock so perfectly slamming inside of his tight hole making his toes wiggle and curl as he bit into Hannibal's forearm.

The press of lips and tongues was needy, desperate as they rocked together in unison, fire brewing in both their bellies as they cried out. " G-god, Yes, Ah, Fuck. " Will nearly screamed with Hannibal's rough hands made for cooking and killing grasped his straining cock and stroked it in time with his brutal thrusts made to break him in two.

A serenade of sounds and gasps filled the room. Hannibal changed his pace, softer now, his lips making small marks up Will's shoulder as he panted. Will grabbed his hair pulling him down into his lips once more. He swallowed him, he was made for him, and he never wanted to leave this moment.

" I knew-" Hannibal huffed against his parted lips, " From the first moment I saw you, that you were mine," He growled, Will whined body shaking, near the edge and ready to fall off. " I knew that you were- And now-" His breath hitched as he increased the tug of Will's leaking cock.

" And now-" Will asked as he rubbed his face against his mates, breathing spiking, nails digging to Hannibal's strong back.

" Your everything, Ah, Will, Mm, I-" His hips shook, teeth dug into Wills's neck,warm blood blooming over the grooves, *Don't say it, if you say it ill never live with myself...* " I love you."

" Fuck!" As soon as he heard those words Will's orgasm obliterated him, his whole body shaking as he poured more slick and white ropes emptied between their stomachs. And in a pure haze, he said..." I love you too."

Will felt the alpha let go, truly lose himself in Will. Spilling his seed deep inside Wills hole as it fluttered milking him dry.

Hannibal's weight was crushing him, but he could barely feel it, his limbs tingled sweet aftershocks of bliss...Then Hannibal shifted, rolled off him with a thunk, and just when Will felt as if he was going to pass out into oblivion...He felt the soft flutter of his mate's eyelashes as he peppered kisses all over his sweaty face.

He slipped under.

Hannibal snapped his thumb and forefinger over Will's sleeping frame. Nothing. Good.

He picked up Wills's pants and shirt off the floor, inhaling deeply. The foreign scent assaulted his nose once more.

Hibiscus, floral with notes of honey...A female omega.

He now knew that exact brand of feromones, he had smelt it the night of his dinner party. He dropped the close and went to go make coffee.

This *doesn't mean anything.* Hannibal said to himself trying to bate his mind into not thinking too much. About not thinking about *his* Will with another, an omega. Her scent was heavy over his garments, too close, touching, feeling him. Rage flared as he sipped his cup.

He would give Will a chance to explain, but it had to be another day...This day called for something else.

* * *

The glow grew with the more papers that were added to the fire. The smell of burnt ash and charcoal wafted in the air.

Will's eyes watered. "Won't your patients need these?" He tries to play coy, mind wandering, fear creeping in for not so far away places...

Hannibal approached Will by the fireplace, a handful of leather-bound patient journals in his arms. " The FBI will pore over my notes if I left them intact. I would spare my patients that scrutiny. "

Wills's heart jumps, eyes flickering to the pile of near ash and back... *Oh God, He knows.*

“ Your eyes...They are *so* blue, they are like sapphires... How did I never see that? “ Hannibal tilted up Will's chin up to aline and look up at him. Thumb smoothing over stubble.

Will started to shake. " I-"

" I suppose you're wondering why I asked you to stay...Last night." Hannibal released him and began to pace around his office, calm, cool, and utterly prepaid for Jack to strike. Hannibal's golden brown eyes hit Will's fastly rising and falling shoulder, he strode over, smoothing the fabric of Will's shirt...That was his.

" Don't worry little lamb, " He speaks softly into Will's ear making him visibly shutter. " They don't know what you did."

" Than what do they know Hannibal? How bad is it?" Will's concern was real, so real in fact that it wouldn't have seemed overplayed. Will watched as Hannibal put the last of the journals on the fire, including the one labeled... " *Will Graham.*"

" They're pesky little things, your colleagues." Hannibal smiled, alpha fangs peering out of his lush lips. Suddenly Will felt every bite mark Hannibal had ever given him sting, including the ones from the night prior. " They seemed to figure out the great riddle."

" And what's that?" Will stepped closer, the alpha smell already making him weak.

" That I'm the monster underneath all their beds." Hannibal's face was moved to stone then, Will, against his better self, lifted his hand fingers lightly touching his mate's face...His cheekbones, lips...

" Your not a monster. " Will breathed, face close to closing in on his mate once again... Drunk on him. That guilt again, rearing its head.

Could he do this?

A smile crept on Hannibal's face, he leaned into the touch, " You will come with me then?"

Will's heart stopped. He couldn't, he shouldn't he just- " Yes, anywhere, I'm yours." He blurted.

Another smile fell to his lips. Then he leaned pressing them to Will's curls, smelling him, his mind flashing to his prior discovery. *Maybe that conversation doesn't need to happen, Alana cant get in the way of them now,...* Hannibal thinks. "When we've gone from this life, Jack Crawford and the FBI behind us, I will always have this place."

"In your "memory palace"? Will questions as Hannibal leads him with his arms and pulls him into a soft embrace. " What are you-"

"My palace is vast, even by medieval standards. The foyer is the Norman Chapel in Palermo, severe and beautiful and timeless, with a single reminder of mortality: a skull graven in the floor. " Hannibal leads Will, they danced slowly, Will gave in as their bodies sway as the fire dies out... *This is all soon to be a memory.*

" All I need is a stream," Will said thinking of the creek on his property he wades in to think. His hand slips down to cup one side of Hannibal's mound of perfect flesh.

" In those moments, when you can't overcome your surroundings, you can make it all go away." Hannibal's eyes glint red, they dance to the door, he spins Will around and catches him and collects their coats.

" Put my head back, close my eyes, wade into the quiet of the stream." They separated.

Or drowned. That's always an option.

Will followed him out, still unsure if he would ever follow him again.

"They Know"

"I don't pretend to know him," Will says, choking down more burn coffee leftover at Quantico.

I do know him. "I just understand him...That's all." Will dialed his feelings down as much as he could. *He had to start somewhere.*

" You saw what no one else could," Alana said it like it was a superpower of some sort... *It wasn't.*

" All it took was the traumatic." The amazingly horrifying, violent sexual awakening he thrust upon him. That trauma.

" Ya know, most of the literature on coping with the traumatic focuses on how people deal with the aftermath. And we're still in the thick of it." *We* as in *you.* Will thought as Alana twirled her dark hair with a finger as the other held on to Will's leg, just above the knee, possessive, protecting, mothering.

" Almost through the worst of it." He said. *He hoped...*

She looked over to him, pitty ran through her eyes and directly at him, she breathed in and said in one big exhale... " Did you know after of before Will? "

" Did I know before are after what?" *Know that he was a blood-chilling fang having monster...? One that Will welcomed onto his bed and not under it.*

" Before or after he...." She paused, shifting, biting her well glossed cherry-red lip, which smelled like vanilla and sunshine...

Damn hormones, he was noticing everything more now with life blooming inside of him, it was unnaturally distracting. He tried to focus as she spoke again.

" Marked you. Claimed you as his." She spits out the words like they were venomous...*Maybe they were...*

" A-After." He stuttered on the partial truth, of course, Will picked up on his behavior, the way he didn't freak out after Will stabbed Cordell to death, the way he looked at Will covered in blood like he was a messiah. The way that he touched him after he killed Matthew, the-

Oh god, he needed to stop thinking.

" How will you get through the rest?"

"You'll have to ask Jack, he's the one with the plan." His words came out bitter out of his mouth, which he could also taste. *The plan Will gave him the means to craft...*

"I'm asking you." She paused, running a hand over his, the big blue eyes of hers all blown out and wide with worry. " You've set some sort of trap and you're goading Hannibal into it." A tear ran down her flushed cheek, " How can you be sure he's not goading you?"

If Hannibal knew of this plan, that he was apart of it, things would be much much different now. But still, he said, " I cant."

" Please Will, promise me you'll be safe. That you won't go to him. " She moved closer, honeyed smell entering Will's air. He blinked, then again.

Was this more than pity? Will wondered as the air between them grew thick, Alana's hand still on his and slightly squeezing as she looked back on forth from his eyes to his lips.

" Will I-" Her lips parted, Will froze, the two omegas so close now he could feel her shaky breath on his cheek. " I can't stand to lose you, not like this. not when I haven't-"

" When you haven't what?" Will breathed, motionless, stunned like a tranquilizer dark to his system. He couldn't seem to pull away. To curious or too coy.

She sighed, then placed another hand on his shoulder, softly rubbing the flannel fabric.

And suddenly she dipped closer, lips an inch from Will's. And just as he was about to pull away, to leave this awkward entanglement. Her lips bypassed his and moved straight upward, leaving a soft light kiss near his temple, and swiftly pulled away.

" We'll talk about this when the monsters in his cage." She said with a half-smile.

Will stopped himself from growling, teeth begging to show at the disgrace to his mate. But she was gone before he had another chance.

"Is it ideal that Jack die? " His mate's voice pulls him out of the fog he had been in since lunch.

Will hesitated almost immediately...His thoughts hovered, some calculating, some cold, others clever. A humble of all the things he needed to be to pull this off swum freely in his head, Hannibal didn't have to know what he didn't have to, but It was a necessity for Will to have the upper hand."It's necessary. What happens to Jack has been preordained." The lie slipped between his teeth, he swore he could hear it squeaking in the way out.

Hannibal's nostrils flared in the slightest of angles as he poured more wine for his beloved. The same scent flooded in, this time stronger, He bit back a growl, doubt pooling in his stomach. " We could disappear now. Tonight. Feed your dogs. Leave a note for Alana to take them in, never see her or Jack Crawford again. Almost polite." He tested Will's gumption as the seeds of bitter truth were sewn into the back of his tongue.

Alana was *more* than a friend. Hannibals eyes spotted the tiniest smug of ruby red lip gloss on Wills's hairline, her omega stink was all over him like a coking smoke.

"That'd make this our last supper." He looked down to the ornately detailed plating and colorful array of stewed vegetables and meat.

" Of this life. " Hannibal chuckled,

Will took up a forkful of meat and silently wondered if it was human.

" I am serving lamb. Sacrificial Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world..." He paused again rolling his shoulder back." I freely claim my sin...Do you?"

" I need him to know Hannibal. He deserves it from the horse's mouth.." Will looked up from his food, barely touched, " What you are."

" What you are becoming, Mylimas." Hannibal took a sip or rather gulp of his wine, eyes inky black over the candlelight. " To the truth, then. And all its consequences." He lifted his glass to clink with Wills and Will swallowed the substance down.

Will left reluctantly, his eyes outlined the shape of Hannibal's house as he went. Rain poured, wetting everything in its path with a slosh and pitter-patter noise.

Wills car was in the center of the storm, the metal deathtrap tossing around like wet laundry in the washer. The inside of the car smelt like iron and wet asphalt, dirt, and leftover pine from lover's lips.

His windshield wipers cant wipe away any more sorrow, although he knows what is to come is for the best but is also the single hardest thing he's ever done. Will's whole body ached, the further he gets away and the more miles he puts between him and Hannibal, the more his womb was shrieking in agony. With his free hand, his thumb rubbed circles over the nearly unnoticeable bump, soothing the croaks and twitches of his heated skin.

The smell of home was stronger than he'd ever noticed. Tallgrass dowsed in water and cold dirt ebbing with life, he breathed it in, settling himself for the ride of the night.

His pack surrounded him in an instant, their fur was somehow more satisfying to the touch now. " Hey guys," He grumbled, sniffling.

He collapsed on his bed, Winston curled at his feet. Suddenly he felt what was a little tongue licking at his heated cheeks. Zoe was beside him, lapping up tears he didn't know fell.

His chest felt tight it was swelling with fear...chaos. He curled his knees up, making himself a ball of emotion as he finally let himself feel, let himself sob.

He hated it. Everything was wrong. Everything inside was twisted and broken. He felt like one of Hannibal's victims, a mangled corpses, ripe with death and blinded with pain.

The voice in his head was so loud, and it took everything inside for Will to pin himself down, make him stay glued, where he was safe...

He listened to the rain, the thumping of his broken heart as he played images in his head. He broke down soon his pillow was wet with salt, his head felt swollen, he squeezed his eyes

shut.

And he just laid, and wailed, and thrashed, until his body gave out, and his eyes were closed in a brief sleep.

* * *

The buzz of his cell woke him. The vibration rang out one too many times as it shook his pocket. With cloudy eyes, Will opened the screen, a series of calls and texts littered it.

Alana.

" This is the last text before I go over there myself to come to get you, "

Shit. She must have thought he was with Hannibal. Will looked at the time...*25 minutes ago.*

Shit! Shit! Shit!

She couldn't be there, it was too dangerous.

He frantically grabbed his coat, hands passing over the holster before filling the empty space with his gun.

His legs took him outside in a flash to his car.

This would be his undoing.

Hannibal prepared Jack and his dinner like any other. He chopped the scallions, seared the meat, even this had to be just right, even this had to be perfection.

It was not long before the smell of another alpha perked his sensitive nose, he turned the flame down to a low setting as looked up, " Hello, Jack. You're early. Hungry?" He poured olive oil in a pan, the flame rose high and Hannibal griped the kitchen cutlery with a steady hand.

" For the truth...It seems." Jack entered slowly, cautiously feeling out the space with his senses. *Even though they would be futile.*

Hannibal smiled as his eyes catch an image in a metallic glint, the older alphas reflection is in his recently sharpened knife. *It was a special occasion after all.* " Would you care to sous-chef?" Hannibal asked, well knowing the man won't make it out of the kitchen once he enters. Hannibal turned into the rhythmic sound of Jack's breathing, the own thumping swell of his own circulatory system, an organic hum all his own.

" I want to thank you for your friendship, Hannibal." Jack's fingers felt for the edge of his rain-drenched coat, feeling for his hostler.

"The most beautiful quality of a true friend is to understand and be understood with absolute clarity." The reflection showed the truth to the alphas movements, subtle but not unnoticed.

Hannibal smiled.

" Then this is the truest moment of our friendship," Hannibal observed Jack's breath shaking. *Nerves, how cute.*

Times slows as Hannibal lifts the knife, thrusting in mid-air, target acquired and waiting for its hit.

Jack cried out in a howl of pain as the blade entered in deep into his upper wrist, the smell of blood was now ripe in the air. Hannibal grined as the alphas gun dropped, skirting underneath a hard to each crevis under an oaky cabinet.

" Will said you would try to kill me in the kitchen." In a flash, Jack picked up the bloodied knife lunged at the other alpha, teeth bared and sneering. " A clever boy to get away from the likes of you."

Hannibal was stunned by the words, but that does make him slow, he makes a quick dive for the food-covered cutting board.

SLAM.

The metal and wood collided with an unearthly force, the juice from the peppers tinging the air with a light earthy acidic smelling dust. Hannibal held his ground, and above him, the older alpha used his weight to push through the unwanted barrier.

Strength on strength, toe to toe, and side to side they stood. The wood began to splinter and as it did, " I didn't want to have to do this to you, Hannibal," Jack blew huffs of concentrated air into Hannibal's face.

" Do what?" Hannibal's hand slipped over Jack's injured wrist, claws seeping in until they too were covered in blood, " You're not doing anything, or rather you won't." Hannibal twisted the man's arm, the older alpha relinquished the knife leaving it lodged in the wooden cutting board.

Jack hissed as his arm was pinned behind him, body violently pressed against the marble island now dripping in fresh red. " Now," Hannibal growled into his ear, his rages fueling him, making him just that much stronger. " Tell me, what makes you think Will had anything to do with this?" He didn't like how desperate his voice sounded as it echoed off the appliances.

Jack squirmed and struggled teeth bared and snapping like a wolf's, Hannibal's claws dug deeper, " Answer me!" Hannibal yelled, disheveled hair falling in front of his eyes, hot labored breath against Jack's neck as he pressed. Jack made a choking noise, lungs compressed against the counter. " Say again," His fangs inches from tearing at the alpha throat.

" H-He's the one who told us-"

" Told. You. What." Hannibal was no longer Hannibal, he was an animal, unhinged and rotten with rage, new pain coming in like waves. Hannibal slammed Jack's head against the marble with an audible crack.

Jack spit blood and out of the corner of Hannibal's eyes, he saw the begins of an arrogant smile lace upon his bloodied lips. Hannibal's eyes were blood-red as Jacks' voice came in gruff and cocky. " He is the- r-reason why you got caught Lecter," Hannibal froze...No. Jack chuckled, gloating, " He doesn't want you, you sick son of a bitch!" Hannibal's balance was off, love blinding him from his senses, Jack took the opportunity to strike.

He broke free from Hannibal's tweaking hold, spreading to pick the red slicked metal up once again. Jack let out a howl, one of anger and disguised as sorrow, his body slamming into Lecter's at top speed as they tumbled to the ground. Jack's fist landed, again and again, Blood sprayed across his knuckles like muddled roses. " You're gonna pa-"

Hannibal snapped back, fear and utter animalistic power colliding, his hands ripping at the other alphas flesh, the two men's body's grasping for dominance. Hannibal's face was smeared with his opponent's blood, iron-rich and tangy on his tongue. He cracked his skull against Jack's, a sickening blow of pain and crazed savagery.

Jack managed to get to his feet, the two alphas danced around the kitchen table, plates and glass wear all around shattered and broken as Jack through them. This was the one place he had his last supper at...The place where Will told him-

SLAM!

There were now too large arms around Hannibal's waist, crushing him from the inside out, his thoughts dangerous as they may be could get him killed...

" Ahhhh!" Jack growled lifting his body in the air...The strangled hold deprived him of any air, and a sick roll of honestly fear ran through his would-be broken spine if he didn't act quick.

Hannibal made his choice...Although it could be considered an honorless one.

He let his body go limp in Jack's hold, like a rag doll, like a dog playing dead as a trick. But this was no trick...

Hannibal kept still as possible as the death grip was loosened and in Jack's exhaustion, he was laid on the floor just for a moment, just enough to-

Hannibal plunged a shard of glass directly into Jack’s neck with near one hundred percent acracy at the jugular. Jack quickly recoils, gasping, clutching at his neck. Blood sprays from the wound as Hannibal quickly picks up the butcher knife, stalking his prey to the end of his line.

Jack stumbles back, feet slipping on blood, his body landing in the pantry. Hannibal charges, teeth bared and ready to finish the job, but the door is kicked shut from the inside before he can properly get to it.

SLAM! SLAM! SLAM!

He puts his full weight on the wooden door, nearly cracking it, again and again until...

That smell again, hibiscus and honey.

Omega.

His neck snaps to the side eyes blared with power and death as he sees her. Alana Bloom entering his kitchen her own weapon raised. " Weres Will?"

Hannibals lip twitches at the mention of the trader's name...Red glowing eyes look up, " I should be asking you the same question, omega." His teeth snarl and snap as he descends on her...

He ran in the downpour, feet smacking the grounds rivers as they flooded down street drains and pipes. Will's blue eyes scanned his surroundings, Jack and Alana's cars hug the outside curb. Even with the wash of rain dulling his scenes, he smelt it.

Blood.

Its rich and thick irony and metallic hue, it hovered in the air and he could taste it. Fumbling for his phone he said with a shaky voice into the receiver, " This is Will Graham. I need ERT at Hannibal Lecter's residence." They had to be alive, they *all* had to be. Even the thought of losing one of them was unbearable, a horror he couldn't bear.

Dark enveloped him as he crept in the front door's threshold, his mind couldn't help flashing back in forth, memories, moments he had in each room. Hannibal's smile, the small touches, the way his eyes felt heavy on him...Even now. In those moments he felt free but in these seconds...His whole body rejected the idea of losing Hannibal, He knew now the plan went array, and nothing would change the tear in his heart.

With his gun raised and hands trembling he surveyed the dining room, it was torn apart. With lights still on the blood and destruction everywhere, like a person had gone through a woodchipper. Knives coated in slick red, the smell of alpha pheromones, the amount of testosterone drenched the air, coated every strand of his hair, every fiber in his clothes...

His shoes crunched glass and ceramic as his coat leaves a *drip drip drip-ing* sound trailing from the zipper.

A wave of nausea lofted through him when his line of sight found the puddle of blood seeping out from Hannibal's pantry door. *No. No. No.*

The door was half caved in, a body shape outline in cracked mahogany. Will's heart leaped in his chest, pounding like a rabbits.

Suddenly theirs tracks on the floor, half blood, half rain, leading into the kitchen...They aren't his. Will inhales, his mate's scent calling to him, he turns slow, eyes brimming with tears..

" Hello Will." Hannibal is looming over him, face splatted with Jack's blood, his white shirt drenched in it. His body trembles as a hand reaches for him, fingers delicately running over his heated cheek, caressing his ear. Water drips from his wet curls, running down and wetting, cleaning his mate's bloodied hand. Will shamefully leans into the touch, groaning low in his throat, then, another smell saturates in his lungs...He pulls back, eyes wide.

" Where is she? " He stumbles back, stunned, Will's voice small and broken. But Hannibals eyes don't leave him, not for a second, wet and glistening like he'd been... crying.

Hannibal looked to Will's lips, parted and wet, pink tongue poking out as he panted...Something felt off about him, something that didn't belong attached to his smell...

A small noise alarmed Will's ears. High pitched and painful like the shards of glass the riddled the floor, his feet crunched more bits as he stepped closer to the monster of the story...Of *his* story. " We were supposed to leave." Will looked up eyes pleading, pleading with someone, and anyone who could tell him that she was-

Another muffled scream sounded, breaking the silence that festered,

" Were we?" Hannibal moved away from his distressed mate away moving backward effortlessly to the door beside the one he had plowed in. He turned the nob, revealing the slim legs of his next victim." Because it seems to me," He pulled out the chair from the coat closet, moving it to the center of the torn-up room, a one-person audience. The omega pulling the restraints in an attempt to free herself. " Like you already had plans...Dearest. " He watched Wills's eyes glass over in horror as the light revealed Alanas tied up body, her cheeks red rouge from screaming.

"What have you done to her?" Will cried, breath hitching in his throat as he tried to keep his heart from exploding.

" The question, my love, " Hannibal crept forward to him, Will vibrated with honest fear for the first time from his mate's approach. " Is what, I am going to do to you? Hm?" His hand held Will's chin thumb smoothing over stubble. He leaned in, lips close. " I couldn't leave without you." He whispered as his surgeon's fingers lifted the blade, steadily sinking into his mate's flesh.

Will gasped, shock rolling through him, " But you've forced my hand." Hannibal continued, breath hot, blade digging deeper into Will's stomach as he moaned in pain, clutching for his arm for balance. Hot blood spilled over his fingers, gushed on the already dirtied floor.

Will choked on his pain, looking down to see a mess of blood and his wound threatening to break further, spill his innards on Hannibal's leather shoes. His mind screamed to make this all stop, but he could say a word, paralyzed.

" You've chosen her, and I forgive you," Hannibal holds him for some time while he makes silent screams.

The ground beneath Will moves, slipping on his own life's essence, he crawls clutching his stomach leaning against the counter. He looks up, " D-Don't" The curved blade is now at

Alana's throat. " P-Please. Don't." He begs, confused, scared, dying. The life inside him fading. His son...

Hannibal's pup.

" Will you forgive me?" Hannibals eyes glow red as he moves his wrist in a swift pull.

Will screams as Alana's blood splashed on his face, he gurgling noises fill his ears as he fades.

"You would deny me my life." Hannibal cuts deeper still, Alana's face goes paler than ever before.

" No, Not your life. " Will never wanted this. He only wanted Hannibal...***He only wanted Hannibal.***

"My freedom, then. You'd take that from me. Confine me to a prison cell. Do you believe you could change me the way I've changed you?" He would have had the man he loved locked in a cage for forever and on... And for what? So Will could run away and play father, a dream, a myth. And maybe something that he didn't deserve.

" I already have." Will's blue eyes flash gold, a symbol of their bond, and his life...Fading... Hannibal kneels beside him, eyes searching his mate's eyes for something, something unknown.

" I let you in. I let you know me. I let you see me..." Hannibal whispers over him, A single tear rolling from his eye. *Love me*. Hannibal scolded his thoughts.

" You wanted to be seen," Will barely got the words out, pain so brilliant and bright it blinded him, he was barely holding on.

" By you. A rare gift I've given you. But you didn't want it." The pain in Hannibal's voice is clear, it echoes through what's left of his mangled body.

" Didn't I?" He lifted his blood splatted head, eye to eye with the monster, the monster he loved, the monster he *craved*... The monster that would have made him a father.

" You can make it all go away." Hannibals breath was like snow on his hot skin.

" I- Is that what you think? " He could never make this go away. His body felt numb, his blood was all but gone in a large puddle on the floor. It all was over.

" Put your head back. Close your eyes. Wade into the quiet of the stream." Hannibal's word fell on his closed eyes as he felt the ghost of his lover's lips on his temple.

The black behind his eyes was filled up with the black stag, its body lying on the kitchen floor, breathing in great steaming gasps. *Dying*...

His mind fixed on the black stag as its breathing slowed and finally stops...

As it *all* finally stops.

!!!Sequel!!!

Will survives! (like in season 2 of the show)
Thank you guys for reading! 💓

I will be working on the sequel

“ To Leave & To Follow”

Soooon💕

It will cover /my/ version of season 3 with plenty of twists, tuns, and heartbreak!

I’m excited to dive in.

🔪🌈🍖💓

emrys

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!